W. H. c. 5. l. 20.

Loveday's LETTERS

Domeſtick and Forreign,

To ſeveral

PERSONS,

Occaſionally diſtributed in

SUBJECTS

Philoſophical, Hiſtorical, and Moral.

By *R. Loveday*, Gent. the late Tranſlator of the three firſt Parts of *Cleopatra.*

The Fifth Impreſſion.

Optimæ ſunt Literæ quæ in lucem prodeunt, proſunt & penetrant. Caſſan.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. Tyler* and *R. Holt*, for *Nathaniel Brooke*, at the *Angel* in *Cornhil* near the *Royal Exchange*, 1673.

To My Friend Mr. *A. L.*

SIR,

I Received yours, deſiring my advice for the publiſhing of your Brothers Letters. Truly, Sir, I ſhould be very ungrateful to him, unkind to my ſelf, and injurious to others, if I ſhould diſſwade you from offering thoſe to the publick, which in the communication may be pleaſurable to all. Many of them being written to my ſelf, and the reſt (as I ſuppoſe) to his Correſpondents, 'tis poſſible that in ſome of them the freedom of his Pen, and Intereſt with the perſon to whom he writ, might in ſome places make his expreſſions not ſo compact, or ſo clear as the critical Peruſer expects. But doubtleſs he knew what he writ at the time when he writ, but was not obliged to circumſcribe his Fancy, either to his own continuing, or the Readers tranſitory underſtanding: yet meeting with one endued with a reaſonable kindneſs and temper, he will find nothing but what may be interpreted without any Interpreters. I remember there were ſome other paſſages in ſome of them concerning the Tranſactions of that Age wherein he writ: ſubjects too ſubtile for a private Pen, I wiſh them rather expung'd than expos'd; for (beſides the danger of treading upon the heels of Truth) there is ſo great a

connection between the ſecrets and acts of State, that we (as private perſons) cannot, ought not, to cenſure one, unleſs we knew the other. There are ſo many neceſſary miſts caſt before our eyes, ſo many umbrages before the light, that it were more ſafe for us to draw our Curtains, and take a nap, than to ſearch about (as *Diogenes* with his Lanthorn and Candle) to find out Truth.

We are ſo partial in our Intereſts and ſelf-concernments, either of Mind, or Body, or both, that moſtly we account thoſe things neither good, rational, nor commodious, which do not concur in all circumſtances with our entire judgment, or individual advantage.

I wiſh I had leiſure to peruſe the whole Packet, before you ſent them to the publick; but in earneſt, Sir, I cannot ſpare ſo much time from my Intruſiments. It is my deſire therefore that you will adviſe with ſuch friends as have an affection to his repute; and if they be of my acquaintance, tell them (as an incouragement to their expence of time) my opinion is (ſo far as I retain the memory of them, and I believe the reſt are ſuitable) that they are very choice deſcants, Theological, Ethical, Facetious and ſolid. The volatile part ſhewing the art of the Chymiſt, as the fixt matter; there is ſomething to pleaſe all Tempers, maſculine and feminine, martial and civil, curial and rural, ſatyrick and amorous: and I doubt not but if he had lived the completing of his Tranſlation of *Cleopatra*, or *Loves Maſter-piece*, I know not whether he would have done greater right to *France* or *England*, by making *French Engliſh*, or *Engliſh French*: the accompliſhments of his Pen therein were ſo clear and genuine, as if his private had conſulted with the publick Genius of both Nations: however, I dare ſay, by accuſtoming his Pen to theſe, and things of an higher nature, he would have proved an Engliſh *Balzack*.

I

I confeſs I wiſh we were reſtated in our primitive Innocency, when all our actions were naked, and yet not aſhamed; and when our thoughts were imparted either by an univerſal character, or the harmleſs Hieroglyphick of a Dove or a Lamb; but now how are we involved in the perplexities of our ſcribling! So that well may the word *Litera* be etymologiz'd *Litis era*, the Epoche, or beginning of all contentions. We began modeſtly with the bark and rind of Trees, till the following Ages having thus deſtroyed their ſhady Groves, tore the skins from harmleſs ſheep, that their impure *Volumes* might be countenanced by thoſe innocent *Volumes*; and not contented to deprive thoſe creatures of their intire Sepultures, they have perverted their bodies to gluttony, and their skins to Impoſtures, and the latter age hath even robb'd the Poor of their Rags, torturing them with Mills and other Engines, till in paper they are made Legatives to moſt of our humane affairs; and no ſooner are they fitted with the colour of Innocency, White, but compounds of Poyſons, Vitriol, Gall and Vinegar (Emblemes of Commotion) do again dye them with the ſad and ſable Tincture, which occaſions ſo much diſorder and unquiet to the World.

And now at laſt we ſeem diſtracted with the number and weight of devices, ſo that an *Index Expurgatorius* hath been practiſed by the learned, and more fiercely executed (without diſtinction) by the inrodes of the ignorant.

Yet *Seneca*'s and *Cicero*'s Epiſtles have eſcap'd, may *Loveday*'s have the ſame ſucceſs and eſtimate; and then after-Ages will not blame me for encouraging you to their expoſure, eſpecially if they pleaſe to read and imitate his leiſurable imployment.

I ſhall only add this (being diverted by ſome other ap-

proaches) that I well knew your Brother valiant, faithful, and diſcreetly induſtrious in all the concernments of Body and Mind. I was his Friend, and am

May 14. 1657.

Yours, J. PETTUS.

To

To his Honoured Couſins,
Mr. *William Crow* of *London*, and
Mr. *Antho. Loveday* of *Cheſton.*

Honoured Couſins,

YOu being the top-branches of thoſe Families from whence the deceaſed Author of theſe Epiſtles *had his deſcent, and thereby having a genuine propriety in them, it were unnatural, by way of Dedication, to put them under the umbrage and protection of any other. He had many Teſtimonies of your affection whilſt living, and I know you retain his memory not unſuitable: they therefore incounter the*

Eye

Eye of the ingenuous Reader, under the patronage and conduct of your names. Accept the tender of them as a pledge of my real affection; and if ever Providence ſmile me into a capacity of dreſſing my power in a more becoming attire, I ſhall be ready to approve my ſelf,

Couſin,
Your moſt humble Servant,

Nephew,
Your real affectionate Unkle,

ANTHO. LOVEDAY.

To

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

THeſe Epiſtles are rallied into a body, and expoſed to a publick view: in the divulging whereof, neither could the inſtancy of the Authors friends, though their eſtimate had an high influence over me; nor a reliance on my own opinion, fearing leſt it might appear too partial through my near relation to the Author, act ſo ſtrongly on me, as to acquieſce to the importunity of their deſires, ſo tender was I of his honour in edition of his labours, till ſuch time, as by the peruſal of perſons of unqueſtioned judgment they were return'd to my hand highly approved. And of theſe, no inducement more impreſſive, nor efficaciouſly perſwaſive, than the encouragement of a perſon, whoſe judicious Pen has ſufficiently diſcovered his abilities to the world: by expreſſing him without any other additional delineature, the maſter of a rich Fancy: being generally known to be not only

only an approved Profeſſor, but a conſtant Advancer of all humane and divine Learning: ſingularly vers'd in both: and whoſe affectionate intimacy to this Author, as it highly obliged him in his life; ſo have his judicious lines conduced no leſs to the perpetuating of his memory after his death. This may appear in the very firſt Letter, which this Perſon of Honour was pleaſed to addreſs to me: wherein he has returned with a modeſt Candour the Opinion he retained touching this ingenious Author, whoſe blameleſs repute, and fair deportment in the whole progreſs of his life, management of his affections, and current of his actions, ſuperſeded all cenſure.

The Author indeed had a reſolution, if God had lent him life, and enlarged his hours in a parallel line to the apparent progreſſion of his riſing hopes, to have ſeen theſe, as they were by him occaſionally compoſed, ſo methodically diſpoſed and compleated; and to beſtow a meriting addition on his Pen, in ſuch manner poliſhed and refined, as they might have clearly diſcovered the precious quality of that Mine, and purity of his Mind from whence they deririved their extraction. As for his Pen, give me leave to return that opinion of it, which all men, who with recollected thoughts have ſeriouſly read him, ingenuouſly retain'd of it: his *Style* was ſuch as it knew how to preſent State with-

without Affectation, render a modeſt Cenſure without bitterneſs, and cloſe the period of his Diſcourſe with incomparable ſweetneſs. Neither were his *Parts* only deſerving, his *Education* and *Deſcent* held an Equipage to thoſe Native Imbelliſhments. To the ſurviving reputation whereof, I ſhall give you this account; He was well deſcended, his Education was in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where in his greeneſt years he did not ſhake off the yoke of diſcipline, and devote himſelf to the ſoft Blandiſhments of Senſuality, but was ſedulous to his ſtudy, and 'tis like had atchiev'd ſome ſuitable preferment, had not Martial times occurr'd, no friend to Science, and diſturbed his ſtudies; This made him run the ſame fortune with others who liv'd to ſtudy, were driven to ſtudy to live; for as that pure *Italian* Wit *Petrarch* ſometimes ſaid, Mars *his Armory, and* Minerva's *Meynie, run ſo much upon* Diviſions, *as they ſeldome cloſe in a graceful harmony.* And thus his determinations were forced to a halt, but his active ſoul mov'd in the Sphere of Vertue, and in thoſe cloudy days was pregnant in ſomething that ſtill witneſſed that Vertue was his Miſtreſs; and many ingenious Pieces fell from his Pen, which hereafter may ſee the World, and deſerve thy peruſal (if clear Fancies may ſuit with the conſtitution of cloudy times.) He had acquir'd to himſelf the *Italian* and *French* Languages; out

of

of the laſt, his Verſion of *Cleopatra*, which he call'd *Hymen's Præludia*, the firſt three Parts are extant, and gain'd applauſe: how his Letters will arride thy liking, I know not, do as thou ſhalt find them. So I take my leave, *Farewel.*

A. L.

Upon

Upon Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY's *Effigies.*

LOVEDAY, thy Feature here by FATHORN drawn,
Though it diſplay his Maſter-piece of Art,
It cannot repreſent the ſmalleſt grain
Of thoſe *clear rays* of thy diviner part;
The Royal Fancies of thy Loyal heart;
For thoſe tranſcend the Pencil, and muſt be
No *Objects* of the *Eye*, but *Memorie*.

Upon the Embleme.

THe widowed *Turtle* leaves the flowery Grove
To ſolemnize the Obits of his Love:
Love day he may; but in a ſecret Cave
He ſpends each minute on his Spouſes Grave;
And when the Sun his glorious courſe has run,
He adds this Note, O muſt *Love* lye alone!
Since Turtles tears ſuch Obſequies do make,
We ſhould be *Niobes* all for thy Love-ſake.
For Fame avers, ne'r any dy'd ſo young
In love more richly ſtor'd, in hopes more ſtrong.

The Embleme explain'd.

LOok on the *radiant ſplendour* of that *Sun*,
Look on that *Turtle* in her *Ebon Cave*;
Whoſe amorous thred of life wov'n up and ſpun,
Look how her *Spouſe* bedews his widow'd Grave:
And in theſe *Models* you his Embleme have.
The *Turtle* of his *Body*'s gone to *Earth*,
The *Turtle* of his *Soul* to her *firſt Birth*.
Nor muſt theſe two *divided* long remain;
"Eternity ſhall *cement* them again:
Where theſe *two Turtles* with Angelick wings
Shall live and love, and laud the King of Kings.

Upon the death of his ingenious and much bemoned Friend, Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY.

COuld pregnant Fancy, Goodneſs, or prompt Pen,
Have here procur'd thee reſidence with men,
Thou hadſt enjoy'd it: but Time held it fit
With Immortality to perfect it.
"The *Law of Nature* muſt give way to *Grace*,
"And *Grace* to *Glory*, ſhown thee face to face.
If this advantage over-ſtript not th' reſt,
I ſhall appeal to thoſe who lov'd thee beſt:
But Heaven and Earth are of a diff'rent Clime,
So muſt we hold Eternity and Time.
He who has *God*, has *all*: he cannot want,
Though Pilgrim here, there an Inhabitant.
Such is thy glorious ſtate, being rankt with thoſe,
Whom though we loſe, they gain by what we loſe.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori, Cœlo beat. --- Hor.

LOVEDAY thy *Name* did to the World diſplay,
That *all* thy * *Day* was *Love*, thy *Love all Day*:
Both which ſo joyntly in their centre meet,
As they have made Eternity their ſeat.
Never did *downy Chin* more *ſage* produce,
Nor in his youth nurſe a maturer Muſe.
None more entirely dear unto his own,
Nor higher fam'd where he was leſſer known;
Whereof his *Cleopatra* witneſs gives,
In which though dead his rare tranſlation lives.

* *Tota dies opus exeat amans! mirabitur ætas*
Si mento juvenis, mens foret iſta ſenis. Afran.

NOr ſhall you find in theſe *Perſwaſives* leſs
Than what his rich *Romances* did expreſs;
In his peruſal he approves them ſuch,
Whoſe Brain can judge, or he has read too much.

A

LOVEDAY's
LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

IF I ſin in troubling you with fruitleſs lines, call it rather the weakneſs of my judgement than the error of my love, which is in too perfect health to lie ſpeechleſs. The thanks I owe you, I confeſs, are diſparaged by my feeble expreſſions; but could you read their more ſecret character, you ſhall find them dreſt in a more becoming attire. To tell you, my beſt wiſhes are Pages to your happy ſucceſs (I hope) were to Tautologize, to your knowledge, at leaſt belief; and though it be no Forlorn Hope, it ſhall march in the Front of my Prayers. For your diſpoſal of me, though I totally relinquiſh my ſelf to your diſcreet commands, yet my humble and earneſt deſires rather aim at the ſervice of Sir *T.* B. than the greater man; however

I will call my ſelf your Creature, and reſolve to be of that ſhape you will faſhion me: In the mean time I ſhall importune Heaven to furniſh me with ſo happy a power as may render me in ſome acceptable ſervice. Sir, Not only your faithful, but

Your grateful Servant, R. L.

LETTER II.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

IF the importunity of your affairs will conſent to a digreſſion, look upon the tender of his true ſervice that was always yours: If my Heart thought my Pen fit to be truſted with thoſe Wiſhes that concern you, I ſhould be more ample; but it needs not, For I am confident you can read them at this diſtance. To put you in mind of my deſires were not to deſerve their effects, ſince I believe the intermitted Truce you take with greater employments, is nobly ſpent in a courteous parley with your friends; more petty occaſions would trouble you, I will therefore bind up my true ſervice in theſe few lines, and reſt

Yours R. L.

LET-

LETTER III.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Had not failed you laſt Week, if a ſudden command from thoſe whoſe breath can blow me any way, had not arreſted my pen, and impoſed a leſs pleaſing imployment; for there is no delight I can ſpare with more regret, than theſe occaſions of ſending you my naked thoughts; for Intereſt is now adored with ſuch ſpecious Idolatry, that it renders even common converſe dangerous: So the honeſt Soul that courts good company, muſt find it in his own thoughts;to the ſtock of which your amity contributes no petty ſum:and when the vacancy of imployment releaſes me to theſe harmleſs recreations, I endeavour to drop thoſe heavy moulded cares, that ſmell of earth, and fall a pruning the wings of ſome lively thoughts, that play like nimble flies in the ſerenity of an unclouded mind; and amidſt the variety of thoſe tasks I impoſe upon them, the principal are diſpatcht to invite Content to come and dwell in the Valley of my humble Fortunes, and ſport it ſelf upon thoſe banks that are happily purpled with their own Violets, Protected thus with a little: me thinks I am proud that I have not enough to ſet the Cove-

tous a deſiring, nor the Ambitious a ſcrambling. Sometimes I ſtrive to build Reaſon as high a Tribunal as my thoughts can rear, at the Bar of which I labour to accuſe my own miſcarriages; and had I power to reform, as well as cenſure them, what could affront my felicity? Sometimes I reviſe my readings in men, and fall a ſetting the beſt Slips my Obſervation can cull from others Gardens; but, I confeſs, few of them grow. Sometimes I prick at the footſteps that books have lately left in my memory; which I find a very weak Conſervatory, and keeps my beſt obſervations but as people uſe to keep choice Poſies, freſh for a day or two, and then let them fade and dye. Then perhaps I roll my thoughts upon Eternity, and that helps me to deride the folly of thoſe blind Wretches that ſo hotly ſcramble for ſublunary trifles; but withal, pity their miſerable miſtake that run away from the true bleſſings while they purſue the falſe ones. 'Tis ſport to conſider how Fortune (or rather Providence) builds up theſe creatures (like Scaffolds for a ſhow) with an intent to pull them down again. Sometimes I am ſo weak as to let my Fancy ramble after Poetick raptures; but in theſe I only ſuffer her to air her wings, and ſo come home again. With theſe agreeable diverſions I often ſend my thoughts a gadding, chiefly to deceive Melancholy, which of late has been much incroaching; for my capital trouble increaſes,

creaſes, and has got a giddineſs to aſſiſt it. I have not yet taken the Phyſick; and now reſolve to defer it till I arrive in the Countrey, which will be about a fortnight hence. If theſe afflictions can ſet me the right way to Heaven, eſpecially as it is now perplexed with ſo many oblique, devious paths of Error and Hereſie, I ſhall hug them heartily. I ſhould excuſe this unravelling my Contemplations in ſuch a ruffled manner, but I uſe curioſity to thoſe that have a leſs ſhare of my affection than your ſelf, &c.

Your entirely affectionate Brother to command, R.L.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

THis happy night I received your laſt Letter, which how I took, I wiſh ſome good thing above man would tell you, for I cannot. Only this, the delights and joys which are dandled by the World were baſe and droſſie to what that brought me, which is only leſs pure than thoſe that make the Angels clap their wings. It has given me a happy, but a hard task, 'Tis to let an Ocean through a Quill, for 'tis the ſame difficulty for my pen to expreſs what my

heart means you. Methinks I would fain ſay ſomething to you that is not ordinary; but I can find no words that I do not ſuſpect too faint to fit my affection: only this, I do not love you the common way, nor with ſuch a kindneſs as doth uſually blaze with a freſh reſentment of a benefit, and learn to cool and dye again, unleſs it be renewed with the ſame repeated fuel: but I have an affection for you that is of the ſame piece with my ſoul, as immortal and undecaying as it ſelf, and will go along with it to the other world, and need not be aſhamed even there to own its object. The buſie waves that roll betwixt us cannot keep me from you; for 'tis with you I ſpend my gladeſt hours. When I ſet my thoughts to caſt up the account of my large poſſeſſions in you, I deride the poor rich ones of this Age, and ſay, ſure if they knew the right way, they would leave the purſuit of their glorious folies, and learn to get a virtuous friend. But pardon my tranſport. Preſent me cordially to your excellent friend, and intreat him to write me in the number of his faithful ſervants, for I cannot be leſs to him, that is ſo to you: tell him I will allow him the better room in your breaſt, ſo he not grudge me a harbour there; to be expelled which, would gall my heart-ſtrings. No perplexities aſſault it but what you help to beat off; no vexations pierce it to which a reflection upon my Intereſt in you does not

prove

prove a *Dictamnum*, and ejects thoſe arrows. Be ſure then you be precious to your ſelf, and regard your health, that you may ſtill be ſo to thoſe that love you; and then you muſt be ſo. But I fear I grow tedious, though I have not ſpoke half what I would fain ſay; but the reſt ſhall be referr'd to my next. Well then, conceive I imbrace you at this diſtance; for all but my clay does. May you arrive at ſo happy a condition that you may pitty your enemies, and enjoy that ſerenity of ſoul that may make you ſo skilful in virtue; and be aſſured, that bate but heaven & there is nothing ſo dear as your ſelf to him that is,

Sir,

Abſolutely yours, R. L

LETTER V.

To Mr. R. C.

Dear Robin,

IF variety of new acquaintance (and more deſerving,) has not conſpir'd with the buſie fingers of Time to deface my memory, there will not be much toil in the task to provoke thee to revive our friendly intercourſe; to which thou art challeng'd by one whoſe heart has kept the impreſs thou left'ſt upon it as freſh and as able to bid defiance to decay, as

when our contract was firſt ſeal'd. Ah *Robin!* whither is fled the beauty of thoſe days that ſo oft ſaw us feed our felicity with the mutual chareſſes of our ſpotleſs amity? when the ſoft whiſpers of an evening *Zephyrus* ſummon'd us to thoſe innocent encounters in *Sylvanus* grove, where ſo oft we unbutton'd our ſouls, and talk'd our naked thoughts, as if the golden Age had got new birth in our boſoms. Sure Heaven was pleas'd with that lovely undreſt viſage of our heedleſs ſimplicity. Doſt remember how the pretty little feathered Miniſtrels, came and gave us three or four of Natures choiceſt Leſſons? and then how we hung together; and how many loth adieus it took to part us, though the next day we were to meet again? How fortune has uſed thee ſince our laſt long Farewel I know not; to me her indifferent behaviour neither ſwell'd my hopes to an opinion that ever ſhe intends to make me her darling, nor frown'd them to the near neighbourhood of cold deſpair, &c.

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To his Nephew, A. L.

Dear Couſin,

I Had long ſince payed the debt of my promiſe had Fame furniſhed me with ought but falſe Coin: ſhe is grown a new-faſhion'd Jugler, puts tricks upon us with a *deceptio auditus*, various reports here like Canons receive their birth and funeral in the Air, and are often ſhorter-liv'd: ſome voic'd like Trumpets ſpread a ſhrill preſage of war; others, like the ſoft warbling of the amorous Lute, perfume the Air with the Aromatick tidings of repeated peace: and thus our erroneous ſouls weakly pay a credulous homage to the alternate dominion of our own hopes and fears. Rumour is a cheating Lottery, from which for one prize of a Truth we draw a thouſand blanks of falſhood. I could make this Paper look big with the ſwelling pride of ſuch news as would be muſick to your ears, but leſt the tune ſhould prove Syrenical, I am loth to deceive you into falſe joys. That which has moſt credit with me, except the K. &c.——

Thus I have given you probabilities, befriended, though not defended, by the moſt prudent opinions I could encounter with. Could I give you the truth ſtrip'd of all partiality, and diſguiſes, ſhe were worth the owning; but her running

ning through ſo many relations makes her change attire every ſtep, and ſometimes loſe her ſelf. But in this aſſertion be aſſur'd ſhe wears her own face without a mask, that I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am now about to change the Scene; and I fear it will be a long time before I ſhall date my Letters again from *London*, a place I once eſteem'd above all the earth could ſhew me; but my liking is almoſt drown'd in thoſe ſcarlet ſtreams have lately ſtain'd it. I may now be ſaid to be retiring from a crowd to an hermitage: for (though 'tis like I ſhall mingle with much people) I ſhall notwithſtanding be alone; ſince 'tis not the eye, but the mind and the affections that create ſociety; like *Tantalus*, that ſtood up to the mouth in water, yet could not drink. But the Arms of Amity are long enough to reach a true friend at the greateſt diſtance; forthough there be a larger piece of earth getting between our heavier parts, yet thoſe that have the ſtamp of immortality need confeſs no other limits than what bound the Univerſe. Thus ſome-

ſometimes my Pen, ſometimes my thoughts ſhall viſit you, and fancy an entertainment ſuitable to the love that carries them. If Nature had not planted a mutual affection in our greeneſt years, and taught it to ſwim (like a fiſh in its proper Element) in the Crimſon ſap we borrow'd from the ſame fruitful ſtock, I think, I ſhould have bidden fair for your friendſhip with much induſtry, and like a ſlip that fetched his Pedigree from ſome excellent root, ſet it with much diligence in my triangular Garden. But no more. As I was reviſing ſome ſcriblings, with an intent to pack each in his proper place before my parting, I lighted on theſe Rhymes, made about the time I firſt put on chains, and upon that ſubject. I had thrown them by with ſuch a neglect as I uſe when I treat with ſuch trifles; but when I re-met with them they had been ſo loſt to my memory, that they prov'd as new to my ſelf, as they will be to you. I do not ſend them with a thought they deſerve your reading, but only to let you ſee that when I am weary of better employment, I have not forgot to dally with the [illegible]kes in *Apollo's* Garden. I wiſh all accidents, events, humours, and diſpoſitions may conſpire to make this your meeting pleaſant and delightful: If my fancy could carry my earthly part as nimbly as her ſelf, I think, I ſhould help to feather ſome glad hours among you. But 'tis not wiſdom to deſire what we cannot

not have. You see I have much ado to keep within the bounds of my paper. Farewel dear brother, and continue to love

Your own, R. L:

TO serve! what's that? let me consider; stay,
What comes it to lease my self away?
What right have I resign'd? pray let me see,
What is't to let away my libertie?
Dull purblind souls, that have so little wit
To value nought but when we part with it!
'Tis to unown my self, 'tis to disclaim
My will, my head, my hands, all that I am;
To sell my right in Nature, that would have
None of her free-born creatures to turn slave;
To bow, to cringe, to stoop, and to be still
Pliant, and supple to anothers will:
With cheap tame patience quietly to stand,
And watch th'arrival of some proud command,
That sets my heels awork, or else my hand.
Thus having basely set my self to sale,
Time is my keeper, and each place my Jail:
The slaves of the same trade are at Ar[illegible]s,
Only my chain will further reach than theirs.
But hold proud thought, the wretch deserve his woe,
That fancies fetters when they are not so;
Shew me the man can boast so free a state,
That is not to some power subordinate:

What

What is he that has uncontrol'd intents?
Seas have their ſhores, and Kings their Parliaments:
This harmony that ſmites does chiefly flow
From theſe two fertile words call'd High and Low.
Were it a ſin to ſerve, did it bewray
A feeble mind put into mingled clay,
I'd throw my fetters at my niggard fate,
And ſcorn to eat or live at ſuch a rate:
But there's no ſlavery but in vice, a ſoul
That can but check his paſſion, can control
His looſe deſires, can temper and ſet right
The ſtrangling footſteps of his appetite;
Rather than life with baſe diſhonour ſave,
Can make a brave retreit into a grave,
Is free, although he helps to fill the rank,
And tuggs with tann'd companions at the Bank.
Farewel then ſordid Sloth, go barren Eaſe,
Morning long ſleeps adieu, go try to pleaſe
Voluptuous ſouls, go dwell upon thoſe eyes
Can lead kind looks to vertues enemies.
Haile Learning, parent of deſert, to thee
My new-rouz'd ſoul repairs; ſweet Induſtrie,
Thoſe ſwetty drops ſet on thy ruddy brow,
Like vertues gems come and receive my vow,
Ne're to forſake thee more, never to be
Sick of thy pleaſing ſprightly companie:
Thou my beſt miſtreſs art, and I will be
When I am moſt alone yet ſtill with thee.

On

Oh dear Companion then, lets make no ſtay,
Where reputations Taper leads the way.
I'll owe no bluſh then as a debt to ſhame,
Becauſe that I no Independent *am.*

LETTER VIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Was always loth to ſuffer breach of word to keep company with the reſt of my crimes, if indiſpenſable neceſſity did not force the guilt. And indeed, we ſhould hate falſe promiſes for his ſake that firſt hatch'd them; deceit of this kind intrap'd mans primitive innocence, and made him leave that large Legacy of imperfection to his unhappy heirs. But, to ſwell this to the uſual ſtature of my tedious Letters, I muſt imitate thoſe Citizens of the world called younger Brothers, that are oft forc'd to range far from home to inlarge their narrow fortunes. And ſince I have caſually chop'd upon this Simile, I think the relation of this kind may prove leſs unpleaſant, than the word, I ſhould otherwiſe deſign to black this Paper. It is the ſtory of the great Cardinal *Mazarini*, that ſits now at the ſtern of the *French* affairs. He is by birth a *Sicilian*, by extraction ſcarce a Gentleman, his education

education ſo mean as might have wrote man before he could write: but being in Natures debt for a handſome face, a ſtout heart, and a ſtirring ſpirit, he no ſooner knew that *Sicily* was not all the World, but his active thoughts were got above his poor condition, and made him reſolve to dwell no longer with his domeſtick penury: and now being come into *Italy*, his good fortune conducted him to the caſual encounter of a *Dutch* Knight, to whoſe ſervice his debonair behaviour ſoon preferr'd him. This *German* was well skill'd in the vices of his Nation, which he committed with ſuch cunning, as (though he drank and plaid very deep, yet) his skill in the one maintain'd his debauch in the other. This was a leſſon which the young *Sicilian* deem'd worth his learning; and having curiouſly obſerv'd how his Maſter ſhak'd his Elbow, began to practiſe his Art upon his own Companions; in which he thrived ſo well, as daily improving his skill with his ſtock, he began to foſter forward hopes, which were well befriended by ſome affairs that called his Maſter to *Rome*; where taking occaſion to ſtep into better company, and ſtill following his faculty at play, it was not long before he had hoarded a thouſand Crowns; then good Luck (the Dam of Ambition) began to hatch ſome aſpiring thoughts, which firſt ſhewed themſelves in a requeſt to his Maſter, thus; Since Providence

dence had lately thought fit to mend his fortunes, he would vouchſafe to do as much to his condition, and to entertain him in the quality of a Gentleman; to deſerve which he promiſed to maintain himſelf proportionably, without expecting any addition to his allowance. This granted, he preſently commences Gallant, and begins to practiſe ſuch generous qualities as are uſually paid with reputation and profit: his good clothes and compleat ſhape firſt admitted him, and his pleaſant converſation endeared him to the beſt ſociety, and ſtill his play ſupported him in it. At length his maſter takes his leave of *Rome*, and therefore he of his Maſter; telling him that he could not forſake that place which he hoped was cut out to be the forge of his fortunes; and being now grown intimate with ſome Gentlemen that attended the Cardinal who ſteer'd the helm of the papal intereſt, he found means to be made known unto him, and profered his ſervice, with a behaviour ſo handſomly compoſed, as at the ſame time it got him both admiſſion and affection. The Cardinal, after ſome trial of his temper and peruſal of his diſpoſition, was well pleaſed with the diſcovery of a piercing wit, woven with a clear judgment and an active Genius, with a capacity apt to receive ſuch impreſſions as are not uſually ſtamp'd in every brain; he was always very careful to fill up thoſe intervals which his buſineſs and play had

had left vacant, with ſtudy of State affairs; in which he proſpered with ſo much felicity, that after his Cardinal had worn him a year or two at his ear, and diſtilled his State-Maxims into his fertile ſoul, he thought fit to breath the Theory he had given him in ſome action that might let the World take notice of his pregnant abilities: he was therefore ſent Coadjutor to a Nuntio who was then diſpatched to one of the Princes in *Italy*, and during that employment he enjoyned his Creature to give him a Weekly account of their tranſactions; which he did with ſo much vivacity of apprehenſion and gravity of judgment, that the Cardinal began to couple admiration with affection; and (as if Fate had combined with Nature and Fortune to advance him) the Nuntio's ſudden death lets fall the whole weight of the buſineſs upon his ſhoulders, which he ſupported with ſuch a ſtrength of ſoul, managed with dexterious ſolidity, and accounted for all to his Cardinal with ſuch a winning induſtry, as he wrought it with his Holineſs to declare him Nuntio. And now as his preferment had made him more conſpicuous, ſo his brave heart uſed the advantage of that new height to diſtribute longer rayes with a more lively luſtre. But to contract the Story; his Commiſſion expired, and the affairs that begot it happily concluded, he returns to *Rome*; where he receives (beſides a general grand repute) the

dear careſſes of his Cardinal, and the plauſive benedictions of S. *Peters* Succeſſour. About this time the Cardinal *Richelieu* had gotten ſo much glory by making his Maſter *Lewis* XIII. of a weak man a mighty Prince, as he grew formidable to all Chriſtendome, and contracted ſuſpition and envy from *Rome* it ſelf: this made the ſtanding Conclave to reſolve upon the diſpatch of ſome able inſtrument, to countermine his dangerous, and give a check to the carreer of his prodigious ſucceſſes. This reſolved, they generally concurr'd in the choice of *Mazarini*, as the fitteſt head-piece to give their fears death in the others deſtruction. To fit him for this great imployment, the Pope gives him a Cardinals Hat, and ſends him into *France* with a large Legantine Commiſſion; where being arrived, and (like his politick ſelf) firſt complying with that grand Fox, the better to get a Clue to his Labyrinth, began to ſcrew himſelf into Intelligence, but when he came to ſound his plots, and perceive he could find no bottom, he began to look from the top of his enterpriſe as people do from Precipices, with a frighted eye; and now finding the deſign not only not feaſible, but very dangerous, (the other never uſing to take a leſs vengeance than ruine for ſuch darings) and then conſidering that his retreit to *Rome* would neither be honourable nor ſafe, without attempting ſomething: he at laſt reſolves

reſolves to declare himſelf *Richelieu's* Creature, and (to win the more confidence) unrips the boſome of all *Romes* deſigns againſt him. This made the other take him to his breaſt, acquainted him with the ſecret contrivance of all his *Dedalian* policies, and when he left the World declared him his Succeſſor; and he is now the great Cardinal that umpires (almoſt all Chriſtendom) and now ſhines in the *Gallique* Court with ſo proud a pomp. But I have made my ſtory too wordiſh; if time would have conſented, I think, I ſhould have pared much away of that which you will find ſuperfluous: but take this rude haſty draught for the preſent, and expect the next to be better poliſhed by

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. K.

Sir,

AFter the wearing out of a tedious year in the dull Countrey, where I met with nothing that had delight enough to charm the account of my hours, I am gotten again into the precinct of this unweildly City; which I find ſo emptied of all thoſe I call my friends and acquaintance, as if I had ſlept with *Endymion*, and

waked again in another Age; among the beſt of which methinks I do not ſufficiently reſent the miſs of you, unleſs I tell you ſo. For you ſhall do me but right to believe that it is not in the power of the new faces, freſh acquaintance, long abſence, with the reſt of thoſe ingredients whereof others have compoſed Oblivion, to raze out thoſe friends from my remembrance, that not a raſh, blind, imprudent choice, but a rational election hath faſtened to it. Of you I have had an experience that made me deſirous to get my ſelf the title of your friend, and it muſt not be the crime of my will, if I do not keep it: and I am the more eager to aſſert it, becauſe I am confident it has a mutual relation betwixt us. I pray let a line or two from you ſhew that you confeſs my claim is juſt, and inform how the Pulſe of your body affairs beat in theſe ill-tempered times. Let it tell me too what you know of honeſt *W. A.* when you heard from him, how he thrives in his Merchantile affairs, and by what means I may ſend him a line. For my ſelf, I ſtill like a Mill-horſe repeat my ſteps in the ſame Circle; and I am contented with a mean ſhelter in this ſtormy Age, for I left aiming at preferment ever ſince it was put out of Honeſties reach; and as I cannot take that upon baſe terms, ſo I muſt not give up my reſolution of living to my friends, and therefore of being perfectly

Yours R. L.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IF imployment from them (to whom my thin Fortunes have made obedience a debt) had not countermanded my intents, my Pen had not held its peace laſt week, nor I been forced to ſet an excuſe on the forehead of this. Your pleaſing reliſh of my laſt, minds me of ſuch palates as prefer ſome courſe diſh they love well, before exquiſite Dainties; thus has affection taught your opinion (like the Philoſophers Stone) to turn my viler metal into Gold. But enough of this, leſt Modeſty ſhould appear Deſign, and I ſeem of that number that would improve their praiſes by rejecting them, and (like cunning Merchants) ſend their goods away that they may return with increaſe. Indeed I ſhould belie my diſpoſition, and wrong my deſires, if I confeſt not that they are levelled at the good opinion of all; but moſt my affection, If I ſhould not ſay it chiefly aimed at yours. For from the object at which Love ſhoots moſt ardour, a reflection of the ſame Rays is moſt paſſionately deſired; but though I can let theſe into my ſoul with much delight, yet the inward reſentment of my feeble deſerts muſt not ſuffer them

to kindle the tickling vanity of ſelf-love. Reputation is the Mother of all beautiful actions; it is the Taper that leads the way to all that is called Deſert; where that is miſpriſed, Vertue is benumm'd, and reaſon it ſelf falls aſleep: but it is not lawfully gained by ſuch merits as make a noiſe on purpoſe to be heard; they bid faireſt for it that mannage a baſhful skill, and (as I have ſeen you cut faces on a Cherry-ſtone) ſhew much artifice in a narrow Continent, that will not brag of a great appearance. The Commodities you exchange for my trifles, have a better eſtimation here than with you; for I muſt tell you my heart thrives by this pleaſing traffick, and grows rich with true delight. I am now taking the Phyſick the Doctor ſent me (for our journey is ſtill delayed;) of the operation I ſhall put my account in the next. My malady ſtill continues a cruel foe to my Fortunes, and in ſpight of all rational oppoſition does too often gall me with vexations, and reproves Content when it grows too forward: by this you may conclude how I would value the man whoſe skill could eaſe my mind of ſo heavy a Manacle. If you ſee the Doctor before your next, I pray let him know that the neezing-powder I take conſtantly, but have much adoe to perſwade it to make me neeze once at a time. If I ſee his means fail, I am reſolved to try anothers judgment; but that to you only.

ly. I have no more time left than what will permit me to tell you that I am and ever will be

Yours in the pureſt and moſt unreſerv'd affection to command, R.L.

LETTER XI.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

SUffer theſe few words, without a blot of Complement, to mind you of thoſe Hoſpitable Courteſies you conferr'd on one, whoſe chief glory is that he hates ingratitude; for which take my true thanks in the ſame ſimple habit that my heart has dreſt them in, and be confident you have purchaſed a heart that will reſign the reſentment of my happineſs in ſuch a friend to no other power than what at laſt will deprive it of all reſentment. This will be made good to you, when you ſhall examine a riper experience of me; in the mean time peruſe this inclos'd, and ſatisfie theſe friendly longings that ſpoke you skilful in goodneſs, that ſet ſo juſt a value on ſo virtuous a man. I am aſſur'd if he had remembred the likelihood of my happineſs to enjoy your converſe, your name had been ſet there faſtned to a kind remembrance; however I know you will aſſiſt my

gladneſs in applauding his health; from whom what I ſhall receive in the future I ſhall communicate to you, though I hide it from all the world beſide: whether to keep it till I come, or ſeal it up, and ſend it back by this bearer, is left to your choice. Preſent my hearty ſervice to ſweet Mrs. *H.* and promiſe your ſelf, that though you have many more deſerving, you have not a more cordial friend than

R. L.

LETTER XII.

To his Brother, A. L.

Loving Brother,

THat we both entered the Worlds Theatre from the ſame Door, is not enough to prove us friends; too many (like *Cadmus* backward brood) not ſcrupling to crack the chain of Nature, this Iron age hath ſhown us: but it is the kindred of our unbegotten ſouls is called friendſhip, when their effluxive beams (by the ſweet conſtraint of aſſimulation) meet, imbrade, and weave themſelves (like *Ariadne's* Crown) into a Conſtellation. Such a mutual contexture betwixt us has pull'd the knot of Nature ſtraiter, and render'd the Union incapable of diſſolution or mutation; which is

as

as great an Hereſie in amity as that lately broacht of the ſouls mortality, ſince love ſtrikes the greateſt ſtroke in intellectual faculties. But as (you ſay) that jewel ſhould not be beholden to words for its eſtimation, 'tis beſt then to keep it in the Cabinets of our ſouls, till we can ſet it in our actions: Nearneſs of conſanguinity is not juſtly coercive to friendſhip. When I am with my Lord (which I hope I ſhall be very ſhortly) I ſhall perfect you a more full account of my own affairs than I am now able: in the mean you may confidently believe that I am

Your entirely affectionate Brother to command till death, R. L.

There is good news ſtirring, but you muſt content your ſelf with the generality, till particularizing grow leſs dangerous.

LETTER XIII.

To his Unkle Mr. W. L.

Sir,

LEſt I ſhould run the hazard of being loſt to your thoughts, be pleas'd to know from this paper that you have ſtill a Nephew who has not forgot what he owes you, nor ſuffer'd

new

new objects and intereſts to untie him from thoſe reſpects, which beſides the near relation of blood, the powerful hand of amity hath faſtned: ſo I have often received from my Brothers pen the account of your happy and healthful condition both in body and mind; and believe it, Sir, you have not a friend hath outgladded me for your well-being, nor outwiſh'd me for the continuance. Inſtead of a better token I have ſent you a dull Tranſlation out of the *French* Tongue, I gain'd in thoſe empty ſpaces of time which were left, by thoſe that command me, at my own diſpoſal: if affection can help you to over-ſee the blemiſhes, and teach you to excuſe what your judgment ſhould condemn, perhaps it may help you to feather a few tedious hours, when the fiſh have no appetite. I ſtill repine at my ill fortune, that would not let me enjoy you while I was in the Countrey: For Sir, though I ever chiefly lov'd you for your own ſake, yet I bluſh not to confeſs that I mingled my intereſt in what relates to your ſociety, which was ever ſo fruitful of delight and complacency, as it might excuſe the greateſt Longer. Well Sir, that nothing may have power to diſcompoſe, to ſtorm or cloud the ſerenity of your days, your quiet contentment; that you may enjoy a conſtant Spring of happineſs in this Winter of your Age, and want nothing, but want it ſelf, ſhall never

never be left out of the Prayes and wiſhes of, Dear Uncle,

Yours, &c. R. L.

LETTER XIV.

To his Aunt.

Dear Aunt,

IT requires ſo much unworthineſs to make me forget your obliging favours, that while the ſin looks ſo ugly I ſhall always loath it: Though like Tenants that enjoy rich Leaſes from a Maſters bounty, the value of my acknowledgment does not exceed their yearly Pepper-corns. Such a trivial payment as that, I have ſent you by this bearer, and do humbly deprecate the crime of my ſloth, that it kiſs'd your hands no ſooner. It is the wild fruit of ſuch hours as I ſet aſide to my own delight, and never intended it ſhould be diſtaſted by any other Palate than mine own; but the importunity of ſome judicious friends revers'd that reſolution, and crowded it upon the Theatre of the World, where it is like to act its part ſo poorly, as I have more reaſon to fear a hiſs than hope a clap. But could you lend your candour to all my Readers, at leaſt the errours would be but ſmil'd at, and I ſhould have no worſe cenſure than young learners to write may expect; who

who at firſt are not much blam'd though they make their letters crooked. Well, dear Aunt, pardon this, call it what you pleaſe, to him that thought it fitter to ſend you the errors, than keep back the acknowledgment of

Your moſt affectionate Nephew, and moſt humble Servant, R. L.

LETTER XV.

To my Brother, A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOurs arriv'd at my hands, and was welcom, becauſe it put ſome doubts to flight that you had farewell'd *Barningham.* I am glad of my High-*Suffolk* friends welfare, and joy'd at their kindneſs that was ſo buſie with my remembrance; for which I muſt yet content my ſelf here to give the tacite exchange of an affection as ſterling as theirs. My Lords longer reſidence than I diſtruſted at his Father in Laws, hath yet kept us aſunder, that houſe being ſtuff'd too full already to entertain any more; but he is now upon his departure thence, and I upon the brink of ſetling with him: when I know my own condition, I muſt not ſuffer you to be ignorant of it. I have much cauſe to thank you for the incloſed lines; and as much to

to admire the unconſtrained purity of Mr. *B*'s vein, that made *Ovid*'s tears to run here in ſo ſmooth a channel; he is likely to redeem him from the unskilful injuries of other Tranſlators that abuſed his ſorrow with ſuch a blubbered Paraphraſe. 'Tis ſaid, Tranſlations(like liquors poured from one veſſel into another) loſe ſome of their vital ſpirits, and are rendered dead and flat to the guſt of underſtanding. I ſhall not flatter to ſay, this has confuted the inſtance, and made *Naſo* complain as movingly as handſomly, in *Engliſh* as he did in his *Latine* Language. But I ought to beg his pardon for the diſparagement of my weak praiſes, and yours for my tediouſneſs, which, at this time, ſhall ſin no further; and I hope I ſhall not ſtand in need of words to perſwade you that I am

Your inviolably affectionate
Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Have but a ſhare in my own condition till you have it wholly in account; their being ſo much of my ſelf reſident with you, that the part of it which is here, goes but halves with you in every action of weight or moment. I am now at *Nottingham* perfectly ſetled with my Lord *C.* My imployment is ſomething too great for an unſeaſoned ſervant, and would diſcourage a new beginner, if I did not ſupply the defects of my experience with an active pliant reſolution. I attend him in his chamber, and uſher his Lady, write his Letters, and whatever elſe that unbeſeems not his command or my obedience. My wages are little enough to make preſent ſubſiſtence circumſcribe my gains; but, I think, I have already a greater allowance of his love than his money; however I ſhall make the leaſt ſerve to keep me afloat without the aſſiſtance of my own bladders. And now ſince the careleſs hand of Fortune has ranged me with ſtrangers that I have not yet begun to read over, I can value it at no lower rate than my beſt recreation to give you the exact ſtory of my actions and imployment by piece-meal, as I tear it from my outworn time; which jewel I have uſed too long like

like *Æſops* Cock, and am reſolved to ſet an higher value on an hour than formerly on a day. Thus having raiſed the price of my minutes, I begin ſharply to cenſure the ſlight of your proffered aid in the knowledge of Simples, for, I think, I ſhall bend my ſtudies that way. I have beſtowed ſome of my latter hours on the *French* Tongue, which I have already half gained, and fear not to bring my attempts to a ſudden perfection, it being familiarly ſpoken by the beſt ſort of this family. That gained, the *Italian* will be but a ſhort ſtride for my intended induſtry, and both will be ſerviceable (if I meet an occaſion) for my intended travel.

Thus you ſee, this time 'tis even an inconvenience to be beloved by me, ſince the ardor of that affection makes you liable to the tedious torment of my impertinent Pen: and yet I think if my paper were longer I ſhould not ſo ſoon ſhorten your trouble, and I am far from mending my fault; that you are like (notwithſtanding my remote removal) to be ſtill haunted with theſe frequent vexations. You cannot oblige me more than to be punctual in reſcription, which will never fail to bring a welcome delight to

Your really affectionate Brother
to command, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To his Brother Mr. W.

Sir,

IT is none of my worſt Reaſons why I am glad of my return to *London*, that Letters may walk between me and my friends with leſs hazard; and it is one of my beſt, that thereby I may contract amity with your deſerving ſelf: which if you think fit to give me under your hand, I ſhall be careful to bid it welcome, and return ſuch a cordial exchange, as may teach us the way to know, before we ſee one another, and make acquaintance precede interview. Be intreated that your reply may tell me how my Siſter does, how her great belly becomes her, and when ſhe is like to increaſe the number of young ſinners. I dare not promiſe, but if it be poſſible, I will come time enough to taſte of the Goſſips Cup, if we do not make too ſudden a retreit into the Countrey. You will oblige me, to ſpeak my ſervice to my Couſin *W.* of *Laurenſet*, my Couſin *H.* with the reſt that know me. Pray tell my Couſin *R. aliàs* my Sweet-heart, that I am ſtill her ſervant. And believe it Sir, I can never quit my deſires to appear

Your faithful Servant and Brother in Law, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

WHat you almoſt called my neglect, I have now repair'd, and (like ſome over-provident Cautioniſts, who finding their bodies prone to one diſeaſe, do ſometimes Antidote themſelves into a contrary malady) inſtead of appeaſing, if I have not cloy'd your appetite, good enough. If I were ſure none of mine periſhed by the way, it were ſeaſonable to return you your own words, and tell you this is the third ſent ſince any received: But Letters are travellers and do often dye in a voyage. I could almoſt conſent to reſign my being for a month, that I might be with you but a week, to ſhew you what kind of Oar it is I tug at; with ſome other apprehenſions that I could be content to eaſe my mind of. Man is oft beholding to his ſufferings for the calling in of ſuch vertues as otherwiſe perhaps would never be of his acquaintance; and indeed we ſhould not mutiny againſt thoſe pains that ſend us a ſeeking for ſuch excellent remedies. Affliction is like a deep Mine that will afford pure Gold if we dig for it; and calamity (well handled) does poliſh with rugged uſage, and even pinch the ſoul into perfection. By that time the Spring will have

done ſtrowing her flowers, I ſhall be able to tell you whether my hopes of a cure do fade or flouriſh: But however Providence deals with me, I hope this trivial world hath not charm enough to give me a repining by the hand of deſpair to enjoy them longer; all my fear is that my errant Condition will not ſuffer me to ſit ſtill long enough to let my Phyſick ſettle. I intend to cloſe this Springs-courſe with opening an Iſſue in my arm on the contrary-ſide by way of revulſion. Did but my health ſmile upon my deſigns, you ſhould ſoon view my imployment in a fairer Character: Till then my Soul muſt write with a bad pen upon blotted paper; and you know how ill Tools will ſhame the Artificer. When I reflect upon my weak hopes of recovery, I am ſometimes ready to deride my own endeavours, and oft urg'd to manumit induſtry, and entertain ſupinity, till victorious Reaſon ſets the ſlaves their task again. And indeed Deſert is never ſo much her ſelf as when ſhe ſhuts her eyes upon the reward, and thinks it recompence enough to be her ſelf. I think we may go ſafely ſo far as to call that a mercenary Piety, that is meerly and abſtractedly ſo, becauſe Heaven is got by the bargain. 'Tis true, I know Morality has not enough to pay that purchaſe, but ſure (if well applied) it goes a great way in the account. But whither am I wander'd? If my ſtaggering diſcourſe doth

not

not well keep the path, conceive that the feet muſt ſometimes tread irregular ſteps that are directed by an infirm head. If I preſum'd leſs upon you, I would have ſent you my thoughts rank'd in a better method. Theſe enclоſed you can beſt direct where they are intended: I pray do my due reſpects to thoſe you think my friends; and to your ſelf and intereſt believe it I am as zealouſly devoted as you can wiſh

Your perfectly affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XIX.

To his Brother, A. L.

Dear Brother,

GIve me lieve to begin my Letter with what I ſhall never make an end of, ſo long as I can hold a Pen in my hand, or a Heart in my breaſt: I mean my thanks for thoſe bewitching proofs of an entire Love, which you lately made me receive with ſuch a beauteous variety both of expreſſion and performance. All I am able to ſay to it, is, that I am paſſionately deſirous you would apprehend me as I am, and then you would never check your heart for being too laviſh of affection. I had no ſooner rent

my ſelf from you (for I find it required ſome violence to re-inforce my reſolution to part) but I far'd like one newly wak'd from a delightful dream, and found himſelf deſpoil'd of all the joys which he borrow'd from the flattery of fancy. This made Melancholly my Companion to *London*, in ſpite of all the facetious rouſings of my merry Major. On *Friday* night we lay at *Woodford*, and reach'd home on *Saturday* morning, where (before I would put my neck into the coller again) we dip'd ſome choice healths, but eſpecially yours, in the beſt *Laurentian* Liquor; and ſo I took my leave of him and Sack. Well, I am now return'd again to my Oar, and though I row againſt Wind and Tide of preferment, yet it pleaſes me that my employment raiſes no ſtorms in my Conſcience: I pray God I may keep it calm till Heaven thinks fit to ſet me aſhore in the ſafeſt Harbour. I cannot want ſuch thoughts as theſe ſo long as I carry my remembrancer about me of what I muſt be, my malady; which I confeſs I ſhould bear with leſs anxiety, did I not fear it will knock me o'th head before I die, (you know my meaning,) and make me ſurvive my ſelf. But God's will be done. If the Doctor has conſider'd of any thing he deems fit to commend to my obſervation, I ſhall gladly receive it; I ſhall ſtrive in my next to render him, if it be poſſible, a more perfect account of his Sons goods. I dare not

not ſatisfie your deſires concerning the grand affairs, nor indeed can I juſtly; there is ſo much fallacy in Fame, that Reports are born and ſtifled the ſame hour, &c. I was in good hopes we ſhould have gone for *Nottingham*; but, I think, the old woman is about a little buſineſs that will quite ſpoil that deſign, I mean dying. Well, my dear Brother, no more but this, you ſhall be happy in all that your wiſhes can dictate, if the prayers may prevail of

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Have yours, wherein you have proved your ſelf a double deſerver: firſt, in ſhewing friendly kindneſs in doing courteſies, and then a rare modeſty in diſclaiming their acknowledgment: a diſpoſition ſeldom known in ſuch an age as this, that can content it ſelf rather to merit thanks than receive them. But you muſt be leſs complemental to be believed unskilful in complement; and though my weakneſs that way make me quit the liſts to you, yet I ſtrive to overmatch you as much in right down reality.

This contemptible Town can brag of no commodity, but is chiefly barren of Intelligence, as if Fame thought it not worthy of a report, till it grows ſtale with the reſt of the Kingdom; and ſo we are ſerved like the loweſt rank of mortals, with nought but her fragments, &c.

I have ſomething unwillingly obeyed your commands in encloſing this Epiſtle, it being the firſt I ever enterpriſed in this kind; which makes me adviſe you to diſtruſt it as well as my ſelf, and not think it a fit forehead for your Book, till a more artificial hand has fill'd up its native wrinkles, and it has paſt the Correction and teſt of ſome ſterling judgment: ſuch an one as Mr. *W.* would reward the pains of an earneſt intreaty.

Yours R. L.

LETTER XXI.

To Doctor B.

Dear Doctor,

I Perceive by yours that I have a juſt quarrel to the Carriers careleſneſs, who (like an unskilful Archer) ſhot my Letter beyond the mark, and made it ſtay his leiſure to bring it back again; and indeed the reception you have given it is like the entertainment of a friend, whoſe

whoſe long abſence has help'd to indear the meeting, and deck the welcom; I am only ſorry it had no better Title to what you have given it, which is a Character that I can own with as little juſtice, as I had either merit or confidence to ask it. But Sir, if theſe be not only breathings of Ingenuity, and rather ſallies of your fancy, than opinion, 'tis fit they ſhould awake my endeavours to be what your friendly apprehenſion has faſhion'd me; which your amity has done, not without ſome diſadvantage to your judgment. But though I fall ſhort in every other proportion you gheſs me at, in affection, with all the requiſites of a true friend, you ſhall ever find me good meaſure, &c. Be as happy as I wiſh my ſelf, and believe me ever, dear Doctor, perfectly and entirely

Yours R. L.

LETTER XXII.

To his Brother, R. L.

Loving Brother,

OPportunities have here but ſlender foretops; I uſe them therefore here as paſſengers that wait for a wind, and unfurle my paper-ſails, when their gale is moſt promiſing: Thus though my affection does not ſympathize with

the aires inclemency, and pays neither fainting tribute to the frying Dog-ſtar, nor ſhuddering to the Northern Bear; yet it is now forc'd to make a leg to Fortune for theſe occaſions, and let fall its words as the Plowman does his ſeed, not at his own choice, but when the ſeaſon invites.

My laſt two letters vext you with the tedious deſcription of my malady; and this has charge to tell you, that I hope I ſhall give you no more ſuch penances; The cure of it being now undertaken by a man in this Countrey, whoſe fortunate skill has triumph'd over ſtrange Diſeaſes; which has got him the acclamations of his patients, and the envy of his own tribe. His ſtory is this; he was born well (being the great Dr. *B*'s Nephew, moſt of whoſe receipts he has;) but bred meanly, firſt bound Prentice to a Shoomaker in *Nottingham* from whom he ran away moſt ingeniouſly, and return'd ſome years after a profeſt Phyſician: how far he fetcht his Art, or whether moſt beholding for it to books or men, *I* know not, (and in it himſelf is reſolutely ſilent;) but almoſt miraculous ſucceſs in the Calling made him quickly known and famous. Preſently after, theſe ſad times burſt forth, in which it was his fortune to ſide with the weaker party. There are many (not unhandſom) ſtories told of his behaviour while the ſword was unſheath'd; among the reſt this,

which

which I had from his own mouth: He having command in a Garriſon near, did often give ſome ungentle viſits to his Townſmen at *Nottingham*, and was for almoſt a year (though a Phyſician) their continual Ague; at length in a skirmiſh near *Derby* it was his fortune to be made Priſoner, and thence was ſtraightly guarded towards *Nottingham*, where they intended to give him no worſe reward than a hanging for his former courteſies. By the way he invites his Conductors (being ſixteen Troopers) to a Crownsworth of Ale, which he privately ſeaſoned with ſuch a ſoveraign ingredient, that it ſuddenly caſt them all into a profound ſleep, which done, he at pleaſure rifles their pockets, and takes from them about 200. *l.* two Caſe of Piſtols, and two of their beſt Horſes, pays the reckoning, leaves them 13. *d. ob.* and returns merrily to his own Garriſon. Since the war his fame is grown much louder, and his ſteps where e'er he goes waited on by multitudes. I cannot hear that he undertakes any in whoſe cure he fails; he refuſes to look on Urines, and only obſerves the Wriſt, then the right hand is griped, never failing to diſcover the nature, cauſe, and ſeat of the malady, which he undertakes or rejects, as he finds it either feaſible or deſperate. I am now his Patient; and though I yet can brag of little amendment by what I have taken, yet his confidence bids me hope well: he has let

me

me blood under the Tongue, and cut a vein in my ear aſunder; and I am now taking of Powders, Electuaries, and Purges. The charge I find will be very great, but I am reſolv'd to buy off this plague at any rate, though I pinch for it all my life after.

I lately received a Letter from my dear Mr. *W.* then at *Antwerp*, which becauſe it gives a hopeful dawning of ſome tranſmarine employment, I have ſent you the Copy of it, and (to ſilence other likelihoods) I ſuppoſe this Winter will determinate my ſtay in this Family; but before that time I doubt not to exchange many ſuch as theſe with you. In the mean time be ſure you believe that my heart loves you, for it is truth it ſelf, and it ſhall clearly appear if ever Providence ſmiles upon

Your really affectionate Brother
to command for ever, R. L.

My dear Friend,

All the good of Heaven and earth attend you; you will eaſily believe my affection, if you remember my induſtry, to have enjoyed you, before I left the Kingdom: and truly I call it my great unhappineſs that I could not meet an opportunity till now, to tell you I muſt be yours for ever. Had I known how to have ſent, I had done it ſooner; but your Letter which directed me to you

was

was in my Trunk at *London*, and I receiv'd it but a few days ſince. Well then, take me as much yours as you can deſire, and aſſure your ſelf I ſtudy your good next my own, and if God bleſs me in the World I ſhall quickly make it evident. In the mean, know I am order'd for *France*, where I have good aſſurance of ſome ſuitable employment: when I come there you ſhall know it, and ſomewhat more of me than this haſty meſſenger will permit at preſent. Pray therefore write to Mr. *K.* that he will receive and pay for my Letters that come to you by the *French* Poſt. I cannot deſire to hear from you where I am, becauſe my ſtay in theſe parts is uncertain: Though I muſt tell you truly, I was never better pleas'd with any place in my life, yet you are wanting to make me happy. I am ſuffer'd to ſay no more, only what I daily ſay to my ſelf; Live piouſly and vertuouſly, and all that's good muſt needs betide you: then be to me, as I am, dear friend,

Your own certainly, R. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

Brother,

To another this might argue me of levity to ſend you things of ſuch cheap moment, and ſo much unconcerning your ſelf; but there is ſo little complement in him, and ſo much

much love in you, that, as I know, the one cannot diſſemble, ſo the other cannot but bid that welcome that may ſuit with his intereſt that ſo truly loves: But bating you two, I am reſerv'd to all the world beſide. I ſtay my writing to my Siſter *I.* till I can know whether ſhe ſhall have the place or not. I fear the worſt. Farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

To his Brother Mr. F. W.

Sir,

I Receiv'd and reſented your kind invitation, for which you will do me but right to fancy me truly thankful. I will take it kindly of my occaſions when they will give me leave to obey your ſummons; and will bring a heart along with me that will only think it ſelf unhappy that it muſt begin ſo late to know you. I ſhould injure my parcel of Reaſon to give a faint applauſe to my Siſters choice, ſince ſounder judgments have ſpoke it happy, and your own hand confirm'd it ſo. I do not dote upon my own weakneſs ſo much as to think my opinion would have quit the coſt of asking; only I could have wiſh'd my preſence had enabled me to vote with the reſt, though it had been only to ſhew I am not backward in the approbation of deſert.

deſert. My requeſt is but reaſonable, that you will ſuffer me to know you better, and even at this diſtance to improve our acquaintance. 'Tis but an eaſie task for your Pen, and will engage mine to be reſponſal. I am afraid you have taken my Character from my Friends to my diſadvantage; I know they would ſpeak no ill, and therefore am jealous have done it too well for me to make good. Pray preſent me moſt affectionately to your Bed-fellow, and tell her I am glad to hear that her want of health is only like to make work for the Midwife. My ſervice to that Couſin of mine to whoſe fair report I am ſo much oblig'd, and to the reſt that know me; and for your ſelf, you may ſafely believe that I am truly deſirous to appear,

Sir, *Really yours both in Love and Service,* R. L.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr. C. S.

Sir,

IF my expectations of kiſſing your hands my ſelf had not been deluded, my Pen had rendered you what I know of the Perſon yours is dire-

directed to; of whom all the account I can give you may read in this incloſed Paper; which after you have peruſed, I intreat you will ſeal up, and deliver Mr. *H.* to be ſent back in one of his: you will perceive by it that I muſt receive another before I can obey your commands in directing and diſpatching yours, which I expect daily. Sir, I thought it my engagement to kiſs your hands with theſe blots, to undeceive your expectations, leſt you ſhould think long for an anſwer of what cannot yet be ſent. I hope you will eaſily believe me ſorry that I can ſerve you no better, nor ſooner in this; and may be confident that I ſhall be glad of any power that may prove me what I really am,

Sir, *Your moſt humble and moſt faithful ſervant,* R. L.

LETTER XXV.

To Mr. H.

KNowing how highly I value your Society, you cannot chuſe but think me much diſpleaſed with thoſe caſual impediments that kept us ſo long aſunder; but repining never made Fortune leſs peeviſh: but ſince you are there, give me leave to husband the incommodity of your

your abſence, by entreating ſuch courteſies, as, could we change places I ſhould with much alacrity perform for your ſelf. My firſt requeſt then is, that if you catch any news that may prove a Cordial to our dying hopes, you will not grudge to ſend it me, as a friendly aid that may help to put ſome ſad thoughts to flight. My next is the proſecution of a former deſire, that you would enquire of *M.* or any other Book-ſeller that is likely to inform you, if there be any new *French* book of an indifferent volume that is worth the Tranſlating, and not enterpriſed by any other; if there be, let me deſire you would ſend it me down, with *Cotgraves* Dictionary of the laſt Edition: and for what you diſburſe, I ſhall appoint you where you ſhall receive it at *London* with ſome quantity beſides, which I ſhall deſire you to ſend me. You may well think me unable for ſuch an undertaking; but my worſt ſucceſs will beſtow a treble benefit, becauſe I ſhall make it ſerve to beguile Melancholy, check Idleneſs, and better my knowledge in the language: for the book, I am indifferent whether it be Romance, Eſſay, Treatiſe, Hiſtory, or Divinity, ſo it be worth the rendring in our Language. You may either ſend them by *G. F.* who lies at —— and comes near to *Haughton*, or by *B.* that comes to *Nottingham*, and lyes at the *&c.*——or by your own *Lincoln-ſhire* Carrier. Let me beg to hear from

from you by your next moſt pregnant opportunity, and I ſhall be induſtrious to let you ſee you have not ſown theſe favours in a barren ſoil, by conferring them upon one that will ever be ſtudious to love and ſerve you,

R. L.

LETTER XXVI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Cannot ſtep ſo far out of the way, as not to find out a path to you; diſtance having only power to render me remote to my friend in my circumſcriptive part, while the unconfined, without toyling with the method of motion, or paſſing through a ſucceſſion of places, can be with you in a moment: and indeed we carry that about us that confutes the cuſtome of painting Angels with wings, when we conſider how ſuddenly our thoughts are charioted (without the penetration of a *Medium*) to the furtheſt parts of the world, by the help of that faculty which doubtleſs is near a kin to their Angelical natures; ſince though a wing be the nimbleſt inſtrument of motion, yet it confeſſes an order of it, which thoſe Divine Intelligences are never

ver task'd to. But why theſe Metaphyſicks in a Letter? will be your ſecret objection; to which I have not room enough to give any other anſwer, than that I had rather ſay nothing to purpoſe than nothing at all. We are now in a Town where moſt of the people get their bread by their water, I mean the *Bath*; and thoſe that never knew how to govern themſelves, are yet Guides to others: of a City 'tis doubtleſs the prettieſt of *England* in a double conſtruction, as it is little, and handſome. I have been ſomething curious to inform my ſelf of its original; but the beſt account I could get, does afford but poor ſatisfaction: the ſobereſt have only told me my own conjectures, that the eruption of theſe hot Springs, which certainly borrow their warmth in their paſſage through a ſulphureous Mineral, was the cauſe of building this City; but in the conveyance of particulars to poſterity, as the time, Founders, with other circumſtances, Tradition has been very unfaithful, in ſuffering the truth to be ſwallowed by a fable, which goes very currant among the common people, and talks of a King called *Bladud*, that being a great Necromancer (I know not for what reaſon) cauſed by the power of his Art theſe waters to be boil'd under ground into ſuch an immenſe quantity, as hath ſerved to parboil all thoſe that have ſince reſorted hither to waſh off their Diſeaſes. I have had but little

time to try the virtue of it, being forc'd to wait upon my Lords humour of peruſing all the Towns and Houſes of remark round about it; yet I have been already in it five times, and found ſo little vertue in thoſe ſteepings, as though I have us'd the hot Pump, according to Dr. *B's* preſcriptions, for my head, yet I find it has rather done me harm than good, and half diſcouraged my further tryal. I find my ſelf dayly more ſubject to your Splenitive malady, which ſince I uſ'd the Bath has made it ſelf known to me with more than an uſual vigour: Beſides, I think, I have gotten the Stone to boot. If all theſe produce but the fruits of a Divine Correction, I may think my ſelf happy in my ſufferings. In my peruſal of the Cathedral here (a ſtructure that is rather handſom than magnificent, and claims as little admiration as contempt) I met with an old Inſcription upon the wall, which at firſt ſtartled me; the words were theſe,

The Trees going to chuſe their King,
Said be to us thou Oliver *King.*

But upon inquiry I learned from a perſon that had read the ancient Records, this Inſcription was made in honour of one *Oliver King*, Abbot of a Monaſtery that laid the foundation of this Minſter; the *Rebus* is alluſive to a paſſage in *Judges*, where the Trees convented to choſe them a King, and pitch'd firſt upon the Olive, though

though at laſt the Bramble carried it. So this pitiful piece of wit was ſet up as a grateful memorial of that Abbot's piety.

We are going from hence into *Devonſhire*, and thence into *Cornwall*, and are like to make it *Michaelmas* before we reviſit *London*. But whereever I go, I will never go from my reſolution of being, dear Brother,

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XXVII.

To his Siſter F.

Concerning Prayer.

Dear Siſter,

I Remember your frequent ſollicites gained a promiſe from me to compoſe you a prayer; for which though the ſenſe of my own inſufficiency might juſtly dig a grave in oblivion, yet I have rather choſe to deſerve a cenſure for the bad performance, than the total forfeiture. Prayer is the Golden Chain that tyes Heaven and Earth together; it is the pure Elemental flame whoſe property is to aſcend upwards, with which the ſoul, like the Phœnix, ſets her neſt a fire; and even expires in the midſt of all thoſe kindled odours; it is a key that opens Heaven gates, and

locks Hells. It is an Engine, that if rightly planted and level'd, breaks a paſſage through all earthly oppoſition to the Throne of mercy. It is the chief weapon us'd in our ſpiritual warfare; nor do we ſtand to't ſo ſtifly in any combate with our common enemy, as when humble Devotion and tender Zeal makes us ſhorter by the whole length of the legs. Thus we aſcend by ſtooping; thus we conquer by ſubmiſſion. 'Tis the beſt Phyſick for a ſickly ſoul, and penitent tears a ſoveraign Diet-drink for a diſeas'd Conſcience. But you always loved it too well to need an encouragement from my weak deſcription; yet becauſe I know you are not apt to take any advice ill that flows from ſo true an affection as mine, I will venture to give you theſe few ſhort obſervations before you enter upon this duty: Allow your ſelf ſome time to conſider the importance of this weighty affair, and try to fly as high in apprehenſion of the Divine Wiſdom, Power, Majeſty, Mercy, &c. as the weak wings of your Contemplation will ſuffer you; theſe thoughts will furniſh you with ſuch awe and reverence as is requiſite in ſuch addreſſes, and help you to ſhut out all vain and idle imaginations that eſpecially at thoſe times flock to the diſturbance of Devotion. Covet not to ſtay long upon the duty till devotion faints, and your fervour cools: I am confident 'tis a more heinous ſin than the miſtaken

World

world is aware of, to bring a cold careless heart to these duties; and as I must condemn those that dare approach the divinity with such confused stuff as their proud ignorance huddles up in extemporal haste, so I do not commend them that only tye their tongues to one prayer, and think that no words can find the way to Heaven but those they got by heart in their childhood. Variety is the Mother of delight: and why the soul may not fancy a blessed pleasure in often appearing to her God in the change of devout raiment, I know not: Customary use changes even the most troublesome imployment into delight. Oh could we bring Divine affairs to that happy habit, how much of Heaven should we taste even on Earth!

R. L.

LETTER XXVIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

WHen my thoughts tell me that success does not always suit with a rational expectation, and future events often falsifie the promises of a present appearance, I am forc'd to feed such uncertainties (in reference to your

malady) as usually flow from the doubtful combat betwixt Hope and Fear, wherein Love discharges both the active and passive part. From this you may judge how glad I would be that the news of your perfect recovery would make peace between them; which pray, as you value my quiet, keep no longer from my knowledge. There is a tenderness that waits upon unvarnish'd amity, which perhaps of some Stoical souls will get no other Title than imperfection: and yet methinks here we cannot love well without it; for though it be not a part, at least it is a fruit of friendship, and as requisite as softness and delicacy in a Feminine Composure: For if I must go with my friend half in all his joys and griefs, I cannot give better prove that I have my stake in the latter, than by such an Evidence. Give me leave then to tell you, that at present you cannot do me a greater Courtesie, (if health hath impowred you) than to cure me of those troubles that are the off-spring of yours. When I found my Lords danger so hopefully over-blown, I wish'd my self again at *Holt*, and half fell out with my Condition, that at the same time called me several ways by the name of Servant and Brother. Yet I did not carry away all my self at our parting; for, believe it, my better part has hover'd constantly about you, and you had the unseen assistance of my earnest addresses to the best Physician.

But

But 'tis more than time to conſider I am tedious; let me once more conjure you to give no advantage to your Diſeaſe by any inward diſturbance; and continue to love him who will live and dy, dear Brother, unchangeably

Yours to ſerve you, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhall be in London *about three weeks hence. Preſent me tenderly to my Siſters* F. *and* J. *and tell my Siſter* J. *that I have conferr'd with Phyſicians about her Scurvey, and they all conclude that there is nothing ſo ſoveraign for it as* Aqua Limacum, *of which ſhe may have the receipt in the new* London-Diſpenſatory. *Farewel. I pray let me hear ſuddenly from you.*

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

THE doubt that my firſt Letter might miſs the way to your hands has made me venture to ſend you this ſecond trouble, conceiving it a leſs ſin to be too obſequious than neglectful: and indeed your kindneſs would win the name

of Charity in vouchſafing a mutual correſpondence; for though I be very civilly us'd from the very top to the toe of this whole Family, yet in this throng I am forc'd to find out ſolitude; none here being made of a better clay than will render them fit veſſels for houſhold-affairs; and I confeſs I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him, I faſten on with a ſtronger tye than the ordinary ſlipping knots of faint acquaintance. This makes me oft put my ſelf to the pain of thinking how much happineſs I loſt at a clap by being pluck'd from your ſociety, and theſe thoughts leave me a kind of a Carkaſe till my ſoul comes home again, which (if it were viſible) you might often ſee buſily hovering about your ſelf, ſtill panting after thoſe delights which, alas! ſhe has loſt in her divorce from you; but it is in your power to reſtore me part of them. I will venture no news, leſt I weary you with the relation of what you know. I muſt only ſay, this ſtupendious victory of late has much leſſened my infidelity concerning your judicious opinion of future events; and there wants but the unmaſqueing of your Parties reſolutions to make me their perfect convert. I am moſt reſolutely bent to follow your diſcreet advice in the Study of Phyſick, and therefore deſire you will pleaſe to know of Dr. *R.* what books are fitteſt to begin withal, for I am deſirous to obſerve as much

method

method as I can; the exact account of which I beg you will pleaſe to receive at my hands, and I hope you will not withhold the continuance of your friendly counſel from him that truly loves and honours you

R. L.

LETTER XXX.

To his Brother, Mr. A.L.

Loving Brother,

I Am never unfurniſh'd of a double welcome for your Letters; the firſt, as they come from your perſon, the other from your Pen: as they are cordially meant, and skillfully writ: and thus both my love and liking are your Priſoners, and have long ſince rejected the liberty of being otherwiſe, as the harder bondage of the two. That which we call happineſs (I mean reſtrain'd to ſublunaries) is ſomething proportioned to ſuch deſires as are uppermoſt, and therefore indefinite, becauſe it always takes a ſeveral ſhape from every ſingle inclination: all aiming at, though few or none hitting, that ſoveraign good, Contentment. One hunts his happineſs in riches, another climbs for it by ambition, a third thinks it ſwims upon the top of voluptuary fruition, the fourth places it in knowledge:

ledge; and in fine, ſo long as mankind dwells on this ſide of the Moon, every one carries his Witch about him. For my part, a true friend is my *Indies*; and I reliſh more felicity in being well thought of by a vertuous perſon, than in enjoying all that the others court with ſo much eagerneſs and ardour: And I hug this diſpoſition with more indulgence, becauſe paſſions of this nature are ever friends with Reaſon, and give no bluſh in their Colours. And thus I have given you my heart tranſcrib'd. It poſes me to expreſs my gladneſs for the fair hopes of my Siſter *J's.* recovery, but the height of it might have been taken in my fears of meeting ill news, which made me ſo much a Coward as I could hardly forbear ſhaking when I opened your Letter: I pray ſpeak me to her in the beſt Language of affection, and tell her I hardly endured the cruelty of my occaſions, that would not let me ſee her in her danger. This Problematical feaver has ſwept many of my acquaintance away in theſe parts: Death never gave ſhorter warning of his approach; therefore we had need ſtand upon a careful guard of preparation, that when he arreſts he may not ſurpriſe. I pray preſent me very affectionately to my Siſter *F.* I ſhall take occaſion next week to write to both. Report ſpeaks the fractures in *France* to be cemented again, and the *Condean* party well ſatisfied by the Cardinals retreit out

out of the *French* Confines; and 'tis ſaid they are upon a Treaty with *Spain*. But the *Hogens* I confeſs are angered into more animoſity againſt us than ever I thought they would have been guilty of: They have lately impriſoned their laſt Ambaſſadour, *Mijn Heer PAW*, ſeiz'd his goods, and pull'd down his houſe at the *Hague*, for promulging his inclinations to peace, and exceeding his Commiſſion by charging *Van Trump* not to ſtrike a blow till he received further order; by which means our *Eaſt-Indian* Ships and *Virginian* Fleet eſcaped his fingers. I have ſent you their Declaration encloſed, which came out but yeſterday, and is ſold very privately. My malady continues ſtill in the ſame condition, ſo ſoon as I take off the Plaiſter it rankles again. I pray ask my Siſter *F.* if my Aunt *H.* does not take it unkindly that I ſent her not a book; and where my Couſin *A. L.* now reſides, and whether her Father in-Law and ſhe be accorded. But I roll like an unruly Flood over all banks and bounds: Dear Brother,

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Cannot grant my ſelf leave to go out of this Country, without leaving a hearty Farewel with you; for ſhould I go away ſpeechleſs, it would ſhew your miſtake in miſplacing your courteſies, and my unworthineſs to keep back their acknowledgement: I beſeech you Sir, then underſtand me truly ſenſible of them, and believe me deſirous to obey ſome command from you that may ſpeak me ſo. We ſet forward towards *London* on Munday next; what the journey ſignifies, how to be contriv'd, whether we ſhall fix there, or (like *Noah's* Dove) finde no ſafe footing till we return again to *Haughton* or *Nottingham* Ark, I canot ſay; for I think they that fill my ſails with the breath of their commands are yet unreſolved: But I know my Lady loves the place ſo well, that it will take her more time to be weary of it than we are all aware of. Well, if you can inſtruct me how to ſerve you there, do it; and be confident that neither an unwilling heart, nor a tardy hand, ſhall diſprove my words, that muſt ever call my ſelf,

Sir, *Your true friend and faithful ſervant*, R. L.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

I pray diſtribute my love and ſervice where you think they are due to thoſe that know Mr. R. *Mr.* G. *&c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L:

Deareſt Brother,

JUſtice enjoins my confeſſion that you have made me amends for your ſilence, and paid me my Arrears in groſs which I expected in particulars; for though your Letters cannot come often enough to leſſen their welcome, yet you know rarity heightens the price of things, and winds up the delight to a taller degree than when it goes and comes in a leſs ſtature at ſeveral parcels. Conclude not from this that I deſire you ſhould write but ſeldom; for believe it, I never had recreation nor buſineſs that out-prized the pleaſant care I always took to keep our Quills in play, and thus to prune the feathers, and ſtir the pinions of our amity. Let not the conceit of an Hectick get any credit with you; for 'tis the cuſtom of theſe Diſeaſes to lye long a gaſping before they dye,

dye, and like Candles new burnt out, leave ſome heat in the ſocket: But, I hope, in a ſhort time to ſee your fears over-blown by a perfect reſtauration; and now you will taſt your health with ſuch a reliſh as half-ſtarv'd men do Feaſts, or the hopeleſs inhabitant of a Dungeon his unexpected liberty. But (which deſerves both my praiſe and imitation) I am much taken with the grateful uſe you have made of Heavens bounty in relation to your deliverance; for ſince the largeſt heart is too narrow to ſet juſt value upon ſuch favours, ſure thoſe that devoutly endeavour to bid the beſt price are beſt accepted. There are many requiſites in Chriſtianity, whoſe conſtant uſe does ſweetly ſet us the way to the New *Jeruſalem*; but thankſgiving (when currantly pay'd) does even place us in the very ſuburbs of Heaven; by it we only take out that leſſon here, whoſe repetition will be both our buſineſs and happineſs to all Eternity. Laſt night with yours I received thoſe rude Draughts which you had from my unskilful hand; but (rude as they are) they are like to do me ſervice in my preſent undertaking. Wiſe men tell us (Religion unconcern'd) 'tis weakneſs to repent thoſe engagements which we cannot retract with a ſafe reputation: elſe I would tell you, that if my bargain were now to make, my Letters ſhould ſtill have ſlept in your hands, and perhaps I ſhould never have wak'd that danger

that

that now threatens my credit with the ſtings of ſome juſt Criticiſmes: but the die is caſt (and whatever I loſe by it) I am reſolved to play out the game. I came juſt now from Sir *I. P.* who ask'd very kindly for you; he looks with a kind aſpect upon me; and if my hopes deceive me not in ſome Courteſies he has power to do me, I may chance to paſs by all the great ones that know me, and direct my Dedication to him. But of this more when I know further. I hope it will prove no task to perſwade you that I ſhall be perfectly glad to ſee you here in *London*, and indeed, if your intereſt where you are be not more conſiderable than your pen confeſſes, I can think it no better than a block to your preferment. In the mean time, while I am here, if I have a capacity to ſerve you, you cannot diſoblige me more than to be ſparing of your Commands. I have not, nor ever will have any thing that is not yours; nay, my ſelf is not mine own if you have need of me; and though theſe words be not neceſſary to perſwade what you formerly believ'd, yet repetitions in Love are only not abſurd. Major *W.* returns you his moſt affectionate reſpects; we never meet (which is very often) without celebrating your remembrance and Health. When you write, which cannot be too often, direct your Letters for me at one Mr. *M*'s Houſe living in *Sandois*-ſtreet in *Covent Garden*, (for there

there we now lodge) right over againſt the *Black-Rod.* Well; Dear Brother, 'tis time to come to a full point; I am

Eternally Yours R. L.

LETTER XXXIII.

To his Siſter Mrs. F.

My deareſt Siſter,

'TIs now too late to expreſs the paſſion I felt for what I hope you have recover'd; only this, if a large part of what you ſuffer'd had been put upon my ſcore, I think I ſhould have pick'd out delight in the affliction, becauſe I endur'd it; for you will give me leave to be glad of your ſufferings, not becauſe they were ſo, but, ſince Providence did ordain them yours, becauſe they were no greater. My Brother told me that the Diſeaſe was not likely to handle you ſo rudely as it uſually doth others, and I was willing to believe him becauſe I wiſh'd it ſo. It is fit you ſhould believe that I am not only contented to wiſh you happy, but would be glad I could make you ſo by ſomething elſe beſide words: But providence thinks it fit that I ſhould ſtill be unable to ſerve the friends I love, and therefore defers my preferment, by prolong-

prolonging my unfortunate and coſtly malady. Well, the beſt of it is, I have ſeen too much of the world to dote upon it; and when I leave it, nothing ſhall trouble me ſo much as that I could not ſerve my friends ſo well as I lov'd them; in which number you hold the foremoſt rank in his affections that is

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R.L.

LETTER XXXIV.

To his Brother Maj. W.

Dear Brother,

THough to ſpeak my ſelf in your debt be not to pay the leaſt ſcruple, unleſs thanks go currant, yet I cannot but acknowledge the freſh expreſſions of your friendſhip, nor repeat my engagement to your laſt kind entertainment and conduct, without calling my Stars penurious in allowing me no other power of requital than a few cheap words: But, ſo, you may credit it, that if ever occaſion ſhews me how to ſhape it in better Characters, I ſhall not be loth to wipe out the ſcore. In the mean time, all I have to ask at your hands, is to conſtrue me right,

and believe my meaning quadrate to my words, and nothing but want of power denies my actions the ſame proportion. I burn to hear how my poor Brother does, which I deſire to receive from your pen as exactly as poſſible. I have endeavoured to find a convenience for our literal exchange by *Lin*, but as yet cannot reach any that I dare truſt to: therefore pray ſend your Letters by *London*, and direct them to my Shoomaker in *Holborn*. Preſent my entire love to my Siſter, to honeſt Mr. *B. B. Don* &c. cordially, and believe it you ſhall incur no error to ſtyle me

Sir, *Your moſt affectionate Brother and Servant*, R. L.

LETTER XXXV.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

THat I had not a line or two from your hand by Mr. *D.* I ſuppoſe was rather miſchance than intention: that I eagerly expected it, may be credited from my frequent importunities, from which I know not how you will defend your ſelf, ſo long as I tenebrize it here in this blind corner; where I almoſt live like a flye in

in winter, and only play in the Sun-ſhine when I communicate with ſuch friends as your ſelf. But he tells me a ſad ſtory of *J. W*'s ſickneſs; which, believe it, does affect me as feelingly as can be requir'd from an unbiaſs'd friendſhip. Let me conjure you to tell by the next how I may meaſure my unhappineſs by his danger: I was ever entirely his from the cradle of our acquaintance; but his laſt condeſcention to fetch me to my ſick Brother makes my apprehenſion too big for my expreſſion. I pray do me the favour to receive all ſuch Letters as ſhall be directed to me through your hands, for he that did me the ſame courteſie, I hear, is lately dead of the new feaver. I ſhould bluſh to give you theſe troubles, if your Commiſſion had not emboldned me; but if I do not requite, I ſhall not forget to acknowledge. Preſent me heartily to honeſt *C. W.* Mr. *L.* and promiſe your ſelf a true friend in

R. L.

LETTER XXXVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A.L.

Dear Brother,

I need not tell you I am now in *Lincolnſhire*, for I ſuppoſe, you will eaſily read it in my literal intermiſſion. Thus to be out of the way is to be remote; ſince now the motion of our Letters muſt be more than ſemicircular; and they travel as people do in *Wales*, round about the hill, becauſe they cannot croſs it in Diameter. When I parted with the Major at *London*, I confeſs I engaged to give you and him a meeting at *Holt*; But ſince our arrival here it has pleas'd God to ſtrike my Lord and Lady, one with a Feaver, the other with a Tertian Ague, which in all probability will reſolve into the new Diſeaſe: which extremely rages in theſe parts, and murders abundance of people: my Lord of *Lincoln*'s only Brother dyed of it laſt week. This inforces a ſuſpenſion of my purpoſe, and bids me content my ſelf to ſend you my embraces at this inſtant.

In this ſame voyage to the Grave, which we call Life, our condition is ſo frail and floating, as we are nought elſe but living lumps of incertainty and irreſolution; ſo eaſie it is for Fortune

(or

(or rather Providence) to unravel our ſtrongeſt-woven deſigns, and unhinge our moſt ſerious intentions; that like the withered leaves of Autumn, we are the game of every blaſt, and our health the prey of every ſickly vapour. But now, Dear Brother, how do you? have you yet ſcap'd the fangs of this new-ſpawn'd malady? Pray tender your health very carefully: for my part, I ſhould deem my ſelf in great danger in this ſtanding pool of Air where we live, if the hole in my arm were not my friend, in giving ſeveral Paſſeports to infection and contagious vapours, which ſo long as nature has power to thruſt out at that Sally-port, my danger is not great. I pray let me know, if my ſiſter *J*'s health be yet perfected, and how the reſt of my friend hold out againſt the batteries of a putrified Climate. Preſent me, as is due, to all that know me; preſerve me in your Affections, Wiſhes, and Prayers; and believe it, your happineſs ſhall be always mentioned in his addreſſes to Heaven that is, Dear Brother,

Your own indelibly, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray let me hear from you as ſoon as you can. Excuſe my blots, for I wrote it in haſte in my Ladies chamber, from whom I do not ſtir.

LETTER XXXVII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

YOu have ſubdued me ſo entirely, and tied the knot ſo ſtrait that binds me to you, that there is as much impoſſibility to undo it, as ingratitude to cut it: ſo as, like the miſtaken huſbandman that tills an unfruitful Soil, you muſt expect to receive a lean crop, not becauſe the earth is unthankful, but unable. After I had ſent my laſt, I received one of your Letters that plaid the Truant by the way, with ſome pieces of the broken Glaſs, which appeared like the disjoined ſtaves of a wreckt Veſſel thrown aſhore by the Tide: the Pills came ſafe, which I ſince took at twice (loth to take proofs of ſo much kindneſs, as ſinners do the gifts of Heaven, not to uſe them, but abuſe them.) You give me more hope than I dare accept, in reference to that check to all the delight I can either taſte or fancy, bating ſome divine Idea's, that by a ſpeculative transfiguring my deſires lift me above all thoſe inconſiderable toyes that the World ranges under the ſmiles and frowns of Fortune: but from thence, alas, the weight of my own weakneſs weighs me down again, and I return (like an inconvertible thief) to the ſame Priſon from

from whence puniſhment ſo lately freed me. But we cannot be more than men, till we be ſtript of our clay, and put on ſomething in its ſtead that poſes our apprehenſions and is beſt deſcrib'd by negatives.

I muſt make one among the admirers of your excellent Fancy, that could retain the impreſſion of a face that time might have wiped out without an almoſt juſt treſpaſs of memory; but you were born to theſe advantages, and do but methodically imbelliſh thoſe qualities in ſingle and ſingular performances that Nature gave you in lump and ſubſtance. The old woman my laſt mentioned is with much ado gotten over the threſhold of the other world, and has bequeathed her Corps to a *Nottingham*-grave; whither I believe we ſhall wait upon them about a Fortnight hence, but 'tis yet an incertainty. Whatever the Major reſolves, there muſt be more than appearance that ſhall make me forſake my intereſt here, though poor and contemptible: I know the ſtory of *Æſop*'s dog, that let fall the fleſh to catch the ſhadow, and you the Moral. The Clock has ſtruck twelve, and my eye-lids grow unruly, therefore take it not ill if I give a dull Farewell, and abruptly call my ſelf, dear Brother,

Yours Eternally, R. L.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. W.

My Dear Friend,

YOu had ſooner ſeen a reply to your laſt, had we not ſtill ſhifted places like feathers in the wind, and too much motion ſtayed my hand. I am ſorry my laſt gave ſo hard a task to your belief, but am glad it provoked you to breath your fancy ſo merrily. I ſhould laviſh words to retort your ingenious glances; only this, if you diſliked the extravagancies in it, ſuffer exceſs of joy to excuſe it, which oft like other paſſions breaks out diſorderly. Well, my dear friend, let it ſuffice, there was not a ſyllable that was not meant before it was ſaid, and meant becauſe deſerved. But ſince you do not like ſuch Tranſports, I ſhall learn to talk ſoberer, though never to love you with leſs ardour. All women have yet appeared ſo indifferent, as the whole Sex was never able to give me a paſſion, much leſs ſuch a one: what the old woman that Fate has marked for mine will do I know not, I think I ſhall honour her venerable wrinkles, and reverence her ſpectacles; but ſhe muſt have better linings than that ſex uſe to wear within, before I can love her like ſuch a friend: Another flood of Rheum has lately confuted my opinion

opinion of a cure, and made me recant my brags; but I do not deſpair ſuddenly to make it find another channel. I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. *S.* does yet mention the token to you; for if you permit, I can tell how to hint it without reflecting upon you. I am much afflicted and upbraid the ſhortneſs of my chains, when I find I cannot ſerve you as I would, & do wrangle with every acceſſary to our ſtay in this dull Countrey; but all alas to little purpoſe, for our return to *London* is both uncertain and unlikely. Our friends in *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* I hope are well, only my Siſter *F.* is now ſick of the Small-Pox; but in my next I will be able to render you a more particular account of yours, which I ſhall receive from my Brother. If you would write to any other, 'tis but venturing a requeſt to *M. H.* to deliver it to the *Norfolk* Poſt, and take their anſwers from him to ſend to you. The man is honeſt and friendly, and I know loves you enough to do much more; I have excuſed you to him. My Lord returns your reſpects with much affection, and I think has much love for you. Good Sir, re-ſalute your friend from his unknown ſervant with much reſpect, and tell him I ſhall gladly do any thing that may deſerve his love. But I ſhall grow too talkative; I have no more to ſay, but to beg you will ſtill underſtand me, as I muſt ever be, my dear friend,

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IT were ſuperfluous to repeat how little the treachery of new objects, freſh acquaintance, long abſence, change of place, &c. is able to do in quenching that affection which I ſhall keep alive with the ſame care that *Veſtals* did their ſacred flame. This you have often had under my hand and ſeal, and you may be confident it will never be forfeited. We are again ſetled at *Nottingham*, where the advantage of a larger leiſure to write is checked by the ſcarcity of opportunities; but rarity does raiſe the price of delight; we ſet a trivial eſteem upon joys that come at a low rate, but indulge thoſe we ſweat for: and thus we ſhall entertain our Letters like our ſelves when we meet ſeldom; nothing ſo much endearing the perſonal interview of friends, as when ſome large portion of time has crept betwixt them. As we came down, one of Fortunes ſpightful tricks (of which, I thank her, to me ſhe has always been very liberal) made me loſe the taſte of a pleaſant journey, which was thus; The day of our ſetting out appointed I conſented to the earneſt ſollicites of my dear Mr. *W.* (then in the Country) to let him know it,

it, caus'd by a deſire of his to meet me at St. *Albans*, where we had decreed to ſhorten a night together with ſuch mutual ſolace as would have ſuffered its hours to paſs by untold: in hope of this he came little leſs than fourty miles on purpoſe; which trouble he would needs undertake in lieu of ſome petty ſervices I was happy to do him in his abſence; but upon the brink of our taking leave a Whimſey predominated, and we muſt needs go another way by *Alesbury*; which though I oppoſed as far as I durſt, was carried againſt me, and my hopes of ſo much delight were ſacrificed to an inconvenience; for we went ten miles about for a worſe way, loſt a Gentleman and a Foot-man that were ſent the other, and my vertuous friend (after two nights ſtay) returned with abuſed expectations: I never took a peeviſh chance with leſs patience. My Malady ſtill continues to afflict me; I pray let the Doctor know with what little ſucceſs I have obſerved his preſcriptions, and if he can bethink himſelf of any other courſe that may prove more effectual I ſhall gladly uſe it: I ſee purging will not do it, and the powder never made me ſneeze to purpoſe. Pray tell him I have a ſtrong conceit that ſome Chymical application ſhould effect it. You will much oblige me to propound it to as many skills as you ſhall converſe with, and to ſend me their ſeveral judgements at your beſt convenience, while I ſtrive to do as much

where

where I am. I would not dare to give you this trouble, if I were not confident that you loved

Your own, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

If I could but ſhift this unhappy trouble, I would not yet doubt to add figures to the cyphers of my thin fortunes.

LETTER XL.

To his Nephew Mr. A. L.

Dear Couſin.

I Cannot always content my ſelf to ſhut up a ſpeechleſs affection in my breaſt, ſince that amity that wants a tongue may juſtly be ſuſpected to want a heart, & lie benum'd like a Snake in Winter; for though Memory and Fancy may poſſibly combine to keep Idea's and Images undefaced by the hand of time, yet where action & exerciſe are wanting, there is no more than poſſibility of life; and that friendſhip that can always lie ſtill, does at beſt but hide it ſelf, and makes as little harmony as an unſtrung Inſtrument. Leſt ours that grew up with our greeneſt years ſhould fade, and fall inſenſibly into ſuch

ſuch a trance, ſuffer theſe blows to rouze it, and invite your pen to contribute a preſervative that may keep it freſh and vigorous. With this Paper you ſhall receive a rude draught of mine by a *French* Original, which I drew at idle hours when my Genius was neither prompt nor propitious to better ſtudies. Couſin, your acceptance will more than requite it; and if you chance to have patience enough to read it over, 'tis all you will get by it. I pray preſent my hearty ſervice to my Brother and Siſter *P.* and diſtribute my reſpective ſalutes among thoſe friends where you think they are due: and to your ſelf, take as faithful an affection as I am capable of cheriſhing, or you of deſiring from

Your really affectionate Kinſman to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER XLI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

MY deſigns of coming over have been ſo oft diverted by unexpected commands and accidental emergencies, as I fear my promiſes have almoſt loſt their credit. But if you knew the vehemency of my longing to ſee you and

and the reſt of my friends, you would pitty my impatience (the froward child of ſo many delays.) Divines tell us, this life is a Pilgrimage; and if ever any people made it good in both ſences I think 'tis our reſtleſs family: The Sun in his annual progreſs through his 12. Cœleſtial Innes doth not oftner change his Quarters. Ever ſince I knew them I have been nothing but a gueſt, and muſt of neceſſity learn to be a wiſe man if ever I intend to be at home ſo long as I am with them. About two months ſince I had appointed my day to ſet out, when a ſuddain reſolution for a *Yorkshire*-viſit to my Lord *F.* his houſe (retir'd thither to a private life ſince he ungenerall'd himſelf) turn'd my horſe head the contrary way. From thence, after a tedious ſtay, with much adoe we turn'd to *Haughton*, and from thence are arriv'd at *London*, (a journey I ſcarce knew of 12. hours before I took it.) I am the more particular in my geſts, leſt you ſhould put my ſilence upon the account of neglect. I had reſolv'd again the laſt Monday to begin my motion Eaſt-ward, and my foot was almoſt in the ſtirrop, when meeting with *Holt*-Poſt, he informed me that my Brother *W.* would be in Town this week; and upon thoſe grounds I deferr'd my journey till he return home-ward about a fortnight hence, if the ſad increaſe of my malady (which I much ſuſpect) does not arreſt me here; I daily feel

feel it incroach upon me, &c. (Whatever Heaven has deſign'd it for I am reſolv'd to welcome) But of this more when I ſee you, if it will give me leave. Pardon theſe perfunctory blots to my preſent indiſpoſition, and be confident I will ceaſe to be, when I am not, dear Brother inviolably

Yours to love and ſerve you, A. L.

LETTER XLII.

To his Brother Mr. R. L.

Dear Brother,

I Wiſh my Pen were not ſo indebted to your opinion, as to deſpair of having right to that Character you have ever given it; but what you call a Garden is little better than a Wilderneſs, and the Thorns and Nettles which it plants are only Roſes in the deceiv'd eyes of affection. Thus the yellow ſands of *Tagus* firſt came by their Gold, not becauſe *Midas* did indeed there waſh off his wiſh, but becauſe *Midas* and his wiſh too were made on purpoſe to raiſe the Rivers credit by the partial ingenuity of its Country-men. Nay, *Tiber* it ſelf (but a brook to our *Thames*) would have made his viſits to the Ocean with no more noiſe than his own ſtreams make, if it had not taken *Rome* in

in its way, and glided by the walks of her clear-witted Poets. True love is wilfully blind to the imperfections of its object; and if the ſcars be not too broad ſhe turns away her head till her hands hide them in Black patches; imitating the great Architect upon the *Chaos*, forcing Beauty from Deformity it ſelf. But to quit Metaphor, I re-thank you for the vigilance of your active endeavours in behalf of my recovery; if ever Providence intends my health (which I have too much cauſe to doubt) I think I ſhall owe it to your induſtry; and indeed there is none to whom I would more willingly conſent to be indebted, nor more gladly find a power to requite, than your ſelf: but I confeſs where there is ſuch true amity theſe terms are ſuperfluous. I ſhall gladly receive any thing from the Doctor that may have reference to my Cure; but I am afraid I ſhall find ſome difficulty to be a circumſpect obſerver of his preſcriptions, for we are here rather a croud than a family, and are rather quarter'd like an Army than lodg'd, few Chambers deſerving better titles than Huts. But I hope we ſhall ſhortly march away; however if I receive ought that may carry any pretence to a remedy, I ſhall ſtruggle hard both for time and place to take it as I ought. I thank you for the Hiſtory of your High-*Suffolk*-journey: I ſhall take ſome order to lay the ſtorm of my Siſter *P*'s. unkindneſs, if the weak

weak Magick of my Pen can do it; for if there be any Art in it, you know 'tis black. For what concerns the Recognizance, I ſhall ſay nothing till your progreſſion teach me both how to ſpeak and do. I made no queſtion but to be as big as my word when my laſt talk'd of your two ſticks coming down; but having ſince met with the Majors maſculine Wife, ſhe tells me that it will be *Michaelmas* before ſhe makes any more; but ſhe has promis'd that the patience of your expectation ſhall be then rewarded with the maſterpiece of her Art. Honeſt *J.* is ready to beat his Wife that ſhe forces his promiſe to ſo ſlothful a performance; he ſalutes you cordially, and ſeems always to be thirſty when he drinks your health. But 'tis time to hold my Tongue. Dear Brother, I am, and will continue unfeignedly

Yours in all that power and will
can manifeſt, R. L.

LETTER XLIII.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

I Received your Letter of *April* 5. which proved a ſovereign cure to the ſuſpicion which hung like a diſeaſe upon my heart; no corner of which did ever yet harbour thought or wiſh concerning you, but whatever endeavour'd to indear it ſelf to your future happineſs. And though Fortune has not ſmiled upon my longing for imployments, by beſtowing ſucceſs on your kind endeavours; yet I have taught my ſoul as gratefully to reliſh the real intention, as if its greedy deſires had been feaſted with the effectual execution. I confeſs my hopes took a ſad fall in Sir *T. B.* but I had rather be content with the misfortune than that it ſhould procure your diſcontent with the man. Sir, I find it fit to acquaint you, that 'tis now my reſolution to break the chains of that unthrifty liberty that has all this time led my wandring ſteps from the path of imployment; to which (rather than ſacrifice any more of the precious off-ſpring of time to the idol of idleneſs) tis my vow to lure my ſoaring deſires to a more humble flight; and ſince their wings are too weak in a forreign ſhore to make prudential Experience their Quarrey, Humility ſhall

ſhall train them to ſtoop at a domeſtick prey: the meaneſt of which (ſo it be not baſe & diſhoneſt) I ſhall want pride enough to diſdain. Nor did I ever want jealouſie that the unskilful weakneſs of my worthleſs parts would render me an unfit Pilot to be imbarqued at firſt in the managing of a Secretaries place; and my now becalmed thoughts reliſh it as a prevention of ſome diſgrace by the kind Providence, that my feeble failings might have betraid me to. In ſumme, not only the covet of my own deſires, but the promiſes of ſome friends have incouraged me to be at *London* at *Eaſter* Term; where I expect (if I am not wide) to hit ſome happy opportunity of imployment: to further which, I hope you will vouchſafe him your teſtimony that always was, and ever will be

Your faithful Servant, R. L.

LETTER XLIV.

To his Siſter Mrs. F.

My Deareſt Siſter,

'TIs now too late to expreſs the paſſion I felt for what you have now recovered: and give me leave to be glad of your ſufferings, not becauſe they were ſo, but (ſince that Providence

did ordain them yours) becauſe they were no greater. My Brother told me the diſeaſe was not likely to handle you rudely, as it uſually does others; and therefore I hope that cruel enemy to a good face has not left the foot-ſteps of his tyranny upon yours. It is fit you ſhould believe that I am not only contented to wiſh you happy, but would be glad I could make you ſo, by ſomething elſe beſides words; but Providence thinks it fit that I ſhould ſtill be unable to ſerve the friends I love, and therefore deferrs my Preferment by prolonging my unfortunate malady. But the beſt is, I have ſeen too much of the World to dote upon it. You are grown very ſparing of your Ink and Paper; if you underſtand my affection as it is, you cannot deny it the content of letting me ſometimes know that you do ſo: I ſhould take it kindly to know where you are, and how you do, with other circumſtances, ſuch as may be expected by ſo perfect a well-wiſher. There is ſo little alteration in my condition, that it deſerves not mention. Let me know how your pretty Boy does, and how he thrives in his learning. Salute all my friends you meet with my hearty love and ſervice, and be confident you ſhall never have cauſe to doubt that I will ever be leſs than I truly am

Your real Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

To his Brother, Mr. R. L.

TO give your Letter a meeting was buſineſs enough to invite me this day to *London*, whence the ſcarcity of time does force me to toſſe you my anſwers with the ſame dexterous ſpeed that a Tennis-player does a Ball, that elſe would die on his ſide unrequited. If ſometimes then I ſend you my thoughts undreſt, blame the haſte that poſts them away in ſuch a ruffled manner. I am glad you encountred ſo much pleaſure in going your uſual rounds, and peruſed the kind entertainment of ſo many friends; to whom I ought to conclude my ſelf ingaged, that they cannot ſuffer my diſappearing from their ſight to deprive me of a harbour in their thoughts. But I am ſorry I can ſhew no deſert to make my title good to ſo much courteſie.

I ſee you have diſcovered that the place I am in gives me no cauſe to be laviſh in its commendations, but I deſpair not to make your hopes prophetick in a happier exchange: in the mean time till fortune clears up her brow, and ſets a better face on my affairs, I am reſolved to improve my ſlender ſtock of diſcretion in the induſtrious purchaſe of commodious friends, and the provident husbanding of opportunities

to drive on my more hopeful deſigns, till the maturity of which, I will neither blame nor forſake the imployment I am in. But whatſoever burden my ſhoulders ſhrink under, in ſpight of Fortune I will be happy in your felicity: which be aſſured is wiſhed as little ſubject to decay as Immortality it ſelf by

Your inviolably affectionate Brother, R. L.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Know your affairs make you but a Tenant to your own time, which it ſeems you rent at a troubleſome Dunning your rent-men: 'tis no wonder then if ſuch a throng of occaſions ſhould croud ſuch trifles as my ſelf out of your memory; but you found not my name in your books, and ſo made no account of me. Yet now I think of it, I had beſt ſay no more, leſt by accuſing you I ſhould condemn my ſelf, who, it ſeems, am guilty of the ſame crime, *viz.* ſilence. I acquainted my Lord and Lady with your Apology concerning the rent, and they ſeem ſatisfied. If your Valentine be offended with any, 'tis with me, for preſenting her thanks no ſooner; and

and ſhe will gladly double them, if you can make your word good of my Lords coming down ſo ſoon: for ſhe is half impatient till ſhe be out of this warm Sun into Gods bleſſing. *S. D.* tells me you are ſhortly for the *Low-Countreys*; I hope your ſhip is richly laden, and will help you to bear a broader ſail; it can be no loſs to you to let a friend now and then take a commodity off your hands, for you know what you ſhall get by the bargain. But of this when we meet, which I believe will be to morrow, for ſo *S.* will have it. In the interim I call my ſelf happy that I am, Sir,

Perfectly yours, R. L.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mr. W. G.

Sir,

SUffer our friendſhip to give a little imployment to my idle Pen; and that, commiſſion to tell you that I am not wavering enough to let abſence write it in a wave. And methinks they that cannot talk at a diſtance without the help of buſineſs, do rather uſurp than uſe amity; and, like the perſons in an Interlude, always act what they are not. The frequent exchange of thoughts, next the Touchſtone of Adverſity, is

one of the cleareſt trials of it. Phyſicians conclude an *Eucraſis* in the body, when every faculty plies its own function; and take the height of the diſtemper, as they obſerve them either let their Oars lye ſtill, or row the wrong way; and ſure that friendſhip cannot chuſe but languiſh that lies long ſpeechleſs. But I hold a Candle to the Sun, and I fear do but ſhew what a Pedigree my Quill comes of; but 'tis well meant, and ſo I hope 'tis taken. I like *Virgil*'s ſtory of *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, and methinks it deſerves the credit of imitation; for though a fiction, the Poet intended it rather to inſtruct, than deceive; and meant it as *Xenophon* did his *Cyrus*, rather to ſhew what ſhould be, than what was. Preſent me cordially to our *Eſculapian* friend, tell him I ſhall be glad to hear that his skill gets an improvement of ability by ſick bodies, and his Fortunes ſoveraign Cordials from ſound Purſes. I pray mention my real reſpects to honeſt *Diſcendam*, *&c.* tell him I could wiſh every man a good fellow for his ſake, drink till they be illuſtrious, and raiſe the price of Malt.

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

MY ignorance of the cauſe of it gave me ſome trouble for your ſilence, not knowing what conſtruction to give it, unleſs that you had not yet quitted *Norfolk*, detained there by the importunity of Sir *J. P.* or ſome others; but lately meeting with *J. W.* he ſhewed me your Letter dated from *Barningham*, which mentioned ſome more Phyſick you had ſince ſent me: what Fate croſt it I know not, but I never received it, or ought elſe from your hands, ſince you had mine in *Norfolk*. I think there is a conſpiracy of chances that traverſe the Cure of this unlucky Malady, and uſe my hopes like notorious offenders, that are only kept alive for their greater torment; yet I cannot but confeſs the rigour of it to be ſomething abated, ſince the fontanel in my Arm rather ran than iſſued. There is more Rhetorick in my meaning than my words, and like a Plant in Winter, whoſe beauty and vertue are retired to the life in the root; I would, but cannot, thank you ſufficiently for your unwearied ſollicitations of Mr. ——— in my behalf: but I am now ſo eſpouſed to incertainty in relation to our ſtay in *London*, expecting daily when the *Exit* of an old Woman that dies

dies by drops, ſhould give us warning to quit our City-theatre, to attend her Corps to her Countrey-grave; as it makes me deſirous you would reſpite the ſending of any more Phyſick, till I know when and where I ſhall have opportunity to take it: and you know, ſuch things unleſs done exactly, are better not begun. Since I wrote ſome of this I received your Letter, which clears all my doubts of your ſilence. Your Letter to the Major found him all in tears for the death of one of the beſt Siſters-in-law, I think, in *England*; ſhe dyed of an Impoſthume; and *Jack*, not without much cauſe, is very ſenſible of his loſs. I ſpied a requeſt of yours, &c. If you can inſtruct me how to ſupply your deſires in ought elſe here, I ſhall take it very ill if you do not freely command, Dear Brother,

Your ever obliged and truly affectionate Brother, R. L.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Received your pregnant Epiſtle, and entertained it with as kind a reſentment, as a heart when it finds it ſelf obliged does uſually feel. But as I receive your love with the fruits of it (your news)

news) as becomes a friend that hates ingratitude, ſo I cannot own your high-flown unmerited praiſes without endangering my whole ſtock of modeſty; nor can take them with a better Title than ſome rich ones of this Age do the goods and lands of others; for which their beſt evidence is that they are too ſtrong for the right owners. In another, that I had known practiſed in the ſmooth ſin of diſſembling, I had called it Complement; but your known goodneſs forces a better Title: and I will only ſay that you beheld my poor deſerts through the glaſs of affection, which deceived you; like thoſe that magnifie objects, and repreſent their forms much more large and fair than indeed they are. Sir, in that ſence I underſtand you, and return (in plain and undreſt terms) the thanks of a friendly heart, that is reſolved not to die in the debt of affection. I am ſorry your hopes took ſo ſad a fall in their aims at improvement in your Seraphick Science; but we that wear chains muſt look for no larger liberty than their length will afford us, unleſs we break them. I hear you are preparing for *Nottingham*, where we ſhall infallibly help to increaſe your family, and I hope joyn our forces in a friendly aſſociation to combat with the difficulties of a tedious winter. Sir, this laſt favour of yours gives me a preſumption to inlarge my engagement by a requeſt, that you will pleaſe (if time will permit you)

to

to go to one Mr. *K.* &c. I would not preſume to give you this trouble, if I were not confident in your friendſhip, and cordially deſirous of an opportunity wherein I may prove my ſelf, as I truly am

Yours, R. L.

LETTER L.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am now the more eager to redouble my hold on theſe occaſions, becauſe they have lately kept their foretops ſo long out of my reach; and though I was never leſs able than now to talk to purpoſe, yet (next to my main deſign, which is to let you ſee that oblivion cannot intrap affection) methinks I would fain rally the retreited ſpirits of my creſt-fallen Fancy, that with this long taking breath have almoſt loſt it; garments wear out by being not worn; Ingenuity and Judgment (like the amphibious Otter) may inhabit the oppoſite Elements of Eaſe and Induſtry, yet if they ſtay too long in either, the firſt plucks inſenſibly the feathers from their wings to make a pillow for ſloth, and the other (if the bow be not ſometimes unbent) does often give them the Cramp with too much ſtretching, and ſometimes a crack to boot, which proves hard you know to ſolder. The only art is to enchaſe and gently checquer imployment with recre-

recreation, that they may rule like City-Magiſtrates by Election, and ſo deliver up the Mace to one another by turns: only I would have the ſolideſt govern longeſt. But pardon theſe weak ſallies; for ſhould I force my Pen to keep the road, and not ſometimes range into extravagancy, it would tire you and it ſelf too with often treading in the print of its own foot-ſteps. And therefore I will tell you that I lighted upon my Brother *W.* by an unexpected kindneſs of fortune, and feathered ſome hearty hours in his company, dipping your health in the nobleſt liquor: and upon Saturday my Brother *W.* vouchſafed to find out my abode, & gave me a welcom account of your well being. I perceive already you were not miſtaken in his character, and have ſeen enough to give a freſh applauſe to my Siſters good fortune. I think his brother (very deſirous of, and well deſerving your acquaintance) and my ſelf (if nothing thwarts our reſolutions) are like to ſee him ſafe at home, and you by the way, eſpecially if you be not there before us. I ſhould hug this voiage with the expectation of much delight among friends, if the ſenſe of this miſerable malady did not render me half aſham'd to invade any company. I ſhall never leave this old trick of tiring your patience with my Country-tales: however with all my faults, my dear Brother, I am

Perfectly yours as far as the ſinews of an unbiaſſed affection can ſtretch, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

To Mr. R.C.

Dear Robin,

I Hope thou knoweſt me too well, to cenſure any thing but my weakneſs in my Pſeudo-propheſie; for the failing of which, I cannot ſuffer you to over-match my ſorrows. I ſhould give thee Reaſons why I apprehended thoſe hopes which are now martyr'd, but they are not fit to be truſted with this paper, and would new gall thy griefs to ſee there was a likelihood of being happy. And now though the common calamity may challenge a conſtant Tribute of reſentment from me, yet let me tell thee, *Robin*, that Divinity does not allow our eyes to be always dropping over a remedileſs evil: nor can it ſure be angry if we do not ſuffer one wide-mouthed wo to ſwallow all our joys. I confeſs that is properly Miſery, which Oblivion cannot intomb; but Heaven gives no griefs which may not admit of intermiſſion. Then for us to divert our ſpeculation upon ſuch objects, as may contribute an innocent refreſhment, cannot be unlawful. And though Fortune ſhould ſpend her whole artillery of miſchiefs upon me, yet ſtill poſſeſſing thy friendſhip, in ſpight of all her malice I would ſometimes be happy; for even while my Pen thus

thus talks unto thee, methinks I have a truce with misfortune. 'Tis not only the fruits, but the end of wiſdom to keep fair weather in the ſoul; all that is called happineſs without that is but a handſome Impoſtor. Vexations were the Vultures that fed upon poor *Prometheus* Liver; let us then try to eſcape our afflictions at preſent, and truſt Providence for a full releaſe hereafter. To put this in practice, I give my fancy leave to range and turn over her world of objects, and (that ſhe may cull content from ſomething) I bid her mark the induſtrious Bee viſiting every flower that may help to ſend her ſinging home with laden Thighs; I bid her ranſack Hiſtorical Records of former ages, and pleaſe her ſelf when ſhe finds an exemplary puniſhment tread upon the heels of unjuſt ambitions; I bid her help me to hug mine own innocence, and to be glad I did not part with it to grow by ſuch conſiderable means: But I enjoyn her as her beſt recreation to viſit thee, and gently inform me, at leaſt by an affectionate preſumption, how kind an entertainment thou alloweſt the memory of

Thine entireſt Friend, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

To his Brother, Mr. A.L.

Dear Brother,

INgagement, Obligation, Requital, &c. are but Crutches for a decrepit friendſhip that cannot ſtand upon its own legs; ſuch courſe hungry flames haſten to their ſnuff, unleſs they be fed with the Kitchin-ſtuff of Complement, while ours ſcorning ſuch groſs material fuel, are their own continual nouriſhment, and ſhine with ſuch legitimate and unborrowed luſtre, as difference themſelves from the baſtard light of the other Comets, by wearing beams that the malice of Fortune, Reputation, Calamity, &c. can neither quench nor dim.

I am now beginning to be beholding to Cuſtom, that mother of Facility, for rendring my demeanour ſuitable to my employment, which at the firſt made me the reſemblance of an unway'd Colt, or an unbiaſſed Bowl, ſo that now I begin to wear my fetters with as much eaſe as if they were Bracelets. Nothing can come from you that ſhall not bid it ſelf welcome; but your precepts that way will find an extraordinary entertainment. I fear the product of theſe uncivil wars will prove our *Chaucer* as much Prophet as Poet; but as it is not in our power to

ſtay

ſtay the hand that ſcourges us, ſo it is not in our knowledge how ſoon the Chirurgery of Heaven will drop balm into our wounds. I thank you for your account of our County; but were the reaſons fit to be truſted with this Paper, I would tell you, why I do now as much diſlike the calm, as I formerly condemned the ſtorm: I could let you know the particulars of the *Kentiſh* affairs; whoſe number, diſcipline, reſolution, &c. have rendered them formidable to the Parliament, Army, and City, but I preſume you have them from a better hand. There is an old acquaintance of yours in Town which ſome call Mrs. *E. F.* and though ſhe preſents her kind reſpects to you, yet ſhe cannot conceal that ſhe takes your long ſilence ſomething unkindly; three or four lines to her, while ſhe is here, (which will be a fortnight) will mend the fault. Want of time and paper releaſes you from further trouble, and gives you the farewel of

Your really affectionate Brother
to command, R. L.

LETTER LIII.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

YOur laſt parcel of Paper I received, not without admiring your skill in contraction, that could put ſo exact a Letter in the bounds of a Note. Me thought it appeared like a fruitful ſpot of earth, whoſe fertility made amends for its narrow Continent. Your ſilence had been better excuſed with any Plea, than the want of complement, for that is a commodity I never had any uſe for: 'tis a faint ſickly friendſhip that is fed with ſuch weak nouriſhment; and excuſe me if I ſay I ſhould make but an ill bargain to exchange my ſtrong well-woven reality for ſuch ſlimy ſleaſie ſtuff. It is a Leſſon only fit to be learned in the infancy of acquaintance, and abſolutely neceſſary to be forgotten in the progreſs: it is the crime of my miſtake if ours be not marched far beyond it, and it muſt not be my fault if ever we ſound a retreit. I could wiſh propitious Fame would put you to the charge of more paper, and tell you ſuch things, as would ask to be expreſt in your paler Ink; but we muſt patiently wait Divine leiſure. I thank you for your domeſtick intelligence. I pray in your next let me know exactly how the Treaty ſucceeds. We

have

have nothing here deſerves the telling, and I have ſaid all when I have ſubſcribed my ſelf,

Sir, *Your affectionate Servant*, R.L.

LETTER LIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

SInce I aſcribe your laſt weeks ſilence rather to accident than deſign, I cannot juſtly take that advantage to ſay nothing; but eſpecially ſince my ſudden removal to a more remote place is like to heighten the price of theſe opportunities, I muſt have leave to cheriſh this, and like the parting of a pair of Lovers to hug it with a tedious tenderneſs. For ſince neceſſity has made another my owner, I muſt bow my will to her proud injunctions, and ſuffer her quietly to ſtrip it of that happy power that gave me the propriety of intention and determination: thus letting go the hold I had in my diſpoſal, I muſt now like a Cock-boat ſuffer my ſelf to be rowed by another ſail, or like an inferiour ſpring or wheel, obey the impulſion of a greater. My Lady *C.* is already in *Nottinghamſhire*, whither I am to attend my Lord the next week; how long our ſtay will be I know not, but I fear too tedious, unleſs

the bonny *Scot* drive us back to *London*, which I am very loth to part with, becauſe I look upon it, as the forge of my better fortunes: this journey is like to afford more pleaſure than profit, and to prove a true reſemblance of my preſent imployment. But I thought it more fit to ſtay the ſtomach of my hungry fortunes with this bit, than to ſuffer them to famiſh in the vain expectation of a plenteous Feaſt. If I had not learned the trick to be at home every where, this journey would have put me to ſome trouble; for I am to begin my acquaintance with every creature in that family, and to part with another, that if I be not my own flatterer, do both know and love me. While I am there, I ſhall be induſtrious to give you the true viſage of my own particular affairs, and ſometimes a touch of the general. In the mean time that your happineſs may hold a perfect proportion with your wiſhes, is the zealous deſire of

Your entirely affectionate Brother

to command, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

To Mr. J.E.

Sir,

ENmity has domineered ſo long, that Amity is almoſt grown out of countenance and faſhion; yet to this dear commodity I am endeared by a double reaſon; firſt becauſe ſhe was never more refined by perſecution, than now; Vice having this good property, that the injuries it does it's oppoſite vertue, often prove her tire-maids, and ſet her off with more lovely luſtre; but ſhe is chiefly beholding to your vertues for the height of my eſteem, the acquaintance with which I would not ſell for a more gaudy jewel, to loſe or forfeit which by neglect were worſe, than for a School-boy to loſe his leſſon or an Artificer to ſell his tools: this through the glaſs of your modeſty may appear like flattery, but if brought to the Touch-ſtone of your worth, it will appear Truths naked metal undiſguiſed in the Alchymy of Diſſimulation. For news, that which is bad, has lately got ſo much unhappy truth of its ſide, that I may well ſay it's good news that there is no news at all. I do here wait upon imployment, like him that is ſick of the contagion of Love, upon a froward Miſtreſs; and ſhe has yet uſed me like that handſom

Idol, vouchſafes a kiſs at this, and gives me a frown at the next interview, though I ſtake my liberty againſt her kindneſs; yet if my blind enemy has ſtored up no unexpected ſpight, I am now near her imbraces. But I think I can miſs a fortune with as much patience as ever I did, and while ſuch as you, and *L*——Family affords me to enjoy your innocent, though chargeable tranquillity, ſhe cannot rob me of all my happineſs. I deſire not only my own profit, but the Ages, when I wiſh thoſe judicious and learned Animadverſions of yours were born to the World, as well as thoſe that ſtand in the deſerving rank of your intimate friend: by that means I might hope for a review. But I cloy your patience in this feſtival time with the courſe ill-cook'd fare that my pen affords, while I hold a ſolemn Feaſt in my breaſt, garniſhed with the choice delicates of thoſe thoughts, that I am and ever will be

Yours R.L.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

THough I believe you are in my debt for many Letters, yet becauſe you do not uſe to be ſo ſlow a Paymaſter of ſuch obligations, I am willing to ſuſpect that Fortune has uſed them as ſhe oft does travellers that undertake long and dangerous voyages, ſaluting their ſayles with contrary winds, that either affront their intentions with a forced delay, or wreck them and their deſires together: however I ſhall continue to ſhoot one ſhaft after another, till I find you have found ſome of them. By this undaunted perſeverance you may gheſs how well I eſteem what comes from you; and I ſhall not need other Rhetorick than what lives in your own breaſt to ſet your pen awork; if you fancy as much delight in the task as I do, to give it the title of Pain will be to miſcall it. We live in a Town, the deſcription of which ſhall ſerve to ſwell this Letter to the ordinary bulk. Firſt it is ſeated upon a firm Rock, which makes moſt of the meaneſt inhabitants to live like *Troglodits*, or Conies, under ground, and are only obliged to the Pickaxe and Mattock for their Manſion. It is beſet with ſuch a variety of

Natures bleſſings, as I know not whether it affords more ſatisfaction to the eye that hunts for profitable objects, or that which gads after delightful ones. On the one ſide it is overlooked by Hills of ſuch a ſtature, as will require ſome pain to climb, but double requite it, when you are up; as if Nature had wiſely contrived a little difficulty on the purchaſe, on purpoſe to indear the poſſeſſion: their proud brows are fann'd with ſuch a delicious Air, as if it be true that Camelions receive no other food, here they might have a continual feaſt; here the eye may dally with a ſweet variety of proſpect, and is hardly perſwaded to be weary, becauſe ſo much diverſity does refreſh and renew the pleaſure; there you have a full view of the flowry fuitful Meads (that creſcent-wiſe in a rich bravery) court this ſweet ſcituation with ſemicircular imbraces: the feet of it are waſhed by the ſilver-*Trent*, which ſeems to murmure as he paſſes by, that he is forced to ſwim away from the ſociety of ſo many beauties. If you ſend your Opticks further, they are entertained with goodly houſes, fair Churches, ſhady Groves, and with a Caſtle the ſame that was entred from a vault by King *Edward* the III, when he raviſhed *Mortimer* from his mothers arms, that (ſtanding upon a tall firm rock) ſeems to bid defiance to Time, and ſcorns to take his ruine the ordinary way by having his heels tript up by a fundamental decay. I have

dwelt

dwelt the longer upon theſe my ſilent companions, becauſe they are the beſt ſociety I converſe with; for conſider how the new found-world (where the earth was lin'd with Gold) was peopled, and you have my meaning; only here's the difference, they were new people to their diſcoverers, and ſimple, theſe are of the new Edition and crafty: Only I am very happy in an old *Italian* Gentleman that ſerveth my Lady Dowager, one of the beſt Linguiſts in *England*; under his tuition I am now a ſerious Student of the *French* Tongue, and have almoſt gained a general Theorical knowledge in the Language; within ſome few weeks I ſhall proceed to *Italian*, which will be much an eaſier task; you may make a ſilent queſtion, what profit I expect to reap from a few varied fruitleſs words? but when I have gained them I ſhall eaſily ſolve that doubt, and let you know how I will make it give larger ſcope to my narrow condition here, or elſe tranſplant my ſelf, where I may thrive better. My trouble ſtill continues and is like to do while I am here: for this Town affords none that profeſs the *Eſculapian* art; but only one dull old thing, who when I tried him in ſome diſcourſe, could quote nothing but *Schola Salerni*, and made me a very dexterous diſcovery of his own inſufficiency. If you have ſpoken with the reverend Doctor ſince about it, I pray let me know his opinion of it without diſguiſe;

for

for if it be incurable, I ſhall try to make the beſt uſe of my own deſpair, and force a ſatisfaction from reaſon, ſince I can have it from nought elſe. I pray ask him if he thinks letting bloud in the temples would not be good, or whether an iſſue in my neck would not infallibly check the courſe of the humour; but, I confeſs, I am ſcarce willing to try that, till I ſee all the reſt fail: if you can prevail with him, let me intreat you to get a receipt of the neezing Powder, and incloſe it in yours; for though I do not hope a cure from it, yet it may ſtay the increaſe of the humour till I take ſome ſtronger medicine. If your affairs ſhall call you to *Norwich*, or if you can ſend directions to my ſiſter *F.* to do it, I would gladly have the opinion of Dr. *B.* from whoſe advice I fancy moſt hope of all. I would not be unwilling to give him a fee; for, if a cure be to be bought, I would not ſtick to pay for it with all I can make, rather than go without it. Well, Brother, excuſe this trouble, and be confident that if ever you have occaſion to call my love to the tryal, either to ſerve your deſires, or deſigns, or both, you ſhall clearly find that I am no leſs than totally

Yours in unfeigned affection, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. A.

Worthy Sir,

SUffer this paper to return your ſalutes with an affection unmixt and immortal as the Soul from whence it ſprings, to which your own worth has given you a moſt unqueſtioned title. It has been ſtill my cuſtom to ask leave of Reaſon and Experience before I profeſs my ſelf a friend; Sir, they have both voted you into my breaſt, and I wiſh I could as eaſily imitate your deſerts, as love them. When you know me better, you will find I am unapt to ſay theſe things and not mean them; and may be confident you have purchaſed a heart that will reſign the reſentment of happineſs in ſuch a friend to no other power than what at laſt will deprive it of all reſentment. I confeſs I have done ſo little to make this good, as your thanks might well have ſtayed at home till more deſert had invited them. What you call a favour in my tranſmiſſion of Letters, is perfect nothing, and a ſingle remembrance over-values it: but ſince you will needs make it a courteſie, I will confeſs it, on condition you will give me leave to preſcribe the recompence, which is, that you would believe me to be as I truly am

Yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Have a better title to Integrity, than Ingenuity; and the Robes which you with an over-partial affection term neat and handſome, are rather taken from the wardrobe of my heart, than my brain. Indeed I find more cauſe to affect my own rude honeſt plainneſs, than by indeavouring bravery only labour to be ſuſpected. Your apprehenſion ſtrayed when you underſtood me ſo ſudden a proficient in the ſcience of Serving; I lay claim to no ſuch promptitude of parts to learn my leſſon, ſo ſoon as I have taken it out; my only intent in my laſt was to let you know that I had ſhak'd off thoſe daunting agueiſh perturbations that uſe to affect weak minds when they are dazeled with an unwonted preſence: for in the firſt trial of my reſtraint, I far'd not unlike a bird that formerly had ranged the large field of Air with a careleſs and wanton, unchecked wing, newly taught to know the narrow limits of a Cage, where it will ask the documents of ſome time to inſtruct that little creature to forget her liberty, and re aſſume the alacrity of her former chirping; ſo I was a while to ſeek with what behaviour to perſonate my captivity,

tivity, but cuſtom has given me confidence, and I hope diſcretion will keep off inſolence. I have not only received, but eaten your inſtructions; and am reſolved (by rendring them the nouriſhment of my future demeanour) to ſhew the proof of their good digeſtion: but yet both my deſerts and hopes are of too humble a growth to fear the artillery of Envy.

I delivered your Letter to my Siſter *F.* who ingaged my Pen to return her thanks and reſpects. I dare not venture to give you any news this week, 'tis ſo unſafe and uncertain; only this of ſad conſequence, that my Lord is fallen dangerouſly ſick of the Small Pox. Mr. *W.* preſents his ſervice to you to whom I am deeply obliged. I have no more to ſay but that I am

Your really affectionate and deſirous
Brother to ſerve you, R.L.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Can think of no other interpretation for your ſilence, but that you keep it to puniſh the miſchance of ſome of my lateſt Letters, and ſo I am made a ſufferer for Fortunes fault: if ſo, let this deprecate my imputation of neglect; and did I not conceive that ſome of yours have met with the ſame misfortune, I ſhould ſeverely examine my ſelf how I have deſerved to be forgotten. However you reſent your endeavours that way, I ſhall not injure judgment to indulge affection; if I ſay that I never read any thing with more delight than your lines, and ſo oft as I receive them, in ſpight of all my Melancholly and the cauſe of it, they remember me that I am happy. If I were not ſtill like a ſhip that has loſt her Anchor, and can therefore take no courſe but what ſhe is driven to by the imperious winds, I had long ſince landed in *Suffolk*, and there unladed my breaſt into your ear: but though my longings be ſtill green and vigorous, my opportunities, like Vegetals that die to revive again, are faded with the ſeaſon; but they will bud with the eldeſt children of the Spring, and I am reſolv'd

ſolv'd ſhall be gathered at their firſt appearance. The main cauſe is, my Lady ſuddenly expects to increaſe the world by one more at leaſt; and though I can never be leſs uſeful than in thoſe feminine tumults, yet great ones love at ſuch ſolemn troubles to have their ſervants preſence ſignifie they have ſuch pertinents; and thus I muſt ſtay to piece up formality, and the important affair of being at home will be gravely diſpatched in making a ſhow that I am ſo. I have nothing to acquaint you with but what you already know, &c. This is the third ſince I received any from your ſelf; but I adventured to ſend them by ſome wool-men that came out of *Lincoln-ſhire* to your parts; but if this miſcarry too, which goes the ſame way, I will never truſt men more whoſe wits go a wool-gathering: the inch of time that is allowed me to ſcrible this, makes me commit as many errors as there are lines, and make as many blots as words, for I ſend this by my Ladies Bayliff into *Lincoln-ſhire*, who is always in haſte; and by plain force have rent this time from my other preſſing occaſions, thus to ſin over my good will: do but pardon this, and the next week you ſhall have amends by the Poſt. When you ſee our *Holt*-friends, I pray mention my affectionate reſpects to them all; tell my brother *W.* he ſhall do me right to believe me leſs exceptious than I have been repreſented: and

and believe it, I am, and ever will be

Yours perfectly to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOu had not miſt a Letter the laſt week, if my Meſſenger had not miſt the time of its delivery, ſo it fell ſhort of the Poſt, and returned to my hands, when I thought it at *B.* And indeed Fortune here ſeem'd to withſtand its paſſage with diſcretion; not deeming it fit, that pieces of ſuch deformity ſhould ſcape unſtifled in their births to ſhame their parents: but Fortune has no skill in friendſhip, and knows not that Imperfections are more eaſily pardoned, than Neglect, at the Bar of Love; I have therefore ſent it, though the ſame thing that will vindicate, muſt accuſe me: reſembling Phyſicians medicines in ſuch ill brew'd conſtitutions, as mine; the ſame thing that corrects the intemperate heat of the Liver, increaſes the unnatural cold of the ſtomach; and indeed the extreme oppoſition in temper between theſe two parts, I take to be the original of my miſerable trouble, of which this

this incloſed does give a more particular infor-mation: and when you preſent my apprehenſi-ons of it to the Doctor, I pray let him know what I have underſtood of his ſon.

He had by the affability of his carriage, the ſolidity of his parts, and the ſucceſs of his skill, purchaſed an high eſteem with the beſt; beſides the good will of all that knew him, having done many cures there, by relation, that might have proved problematical to the moſt grey-headed experience. When an unfortunate cu-riosity got into the head of young Mr. *Bendiſh*, eldeſt ſon to the Ambaſſadour, to take a voyage to the Holy-Land, and particularly to *Hieruſa-lem*, to ſee the holy Sepulchre, with other re-liques and repoſitories that time has not yet quite effaced there; the Fathers opinion of his prudence, made him joyn his authority with the ſons amity and his own curioſity, to make him a companion in this voyage. So they ſet out from *Galata* in *February*, 1649. travelled by land to *Smyrna*, and there went aboard the *Talent*, which was bound for *Leghorn*, which young *Bendiſh* reſolved to take in his way, with deſign to ſee a Siſter of his married there to an *Engliſh* Merchant, and ſo take his way by *Scanderoon*; but paſſing by *Porto Longone*, which ſince the *French* had it, has ben the *Dunkirk* of *Italy*, much about the time that the news arrived there of the fatal blow was given to Monarchy in *Eng-*

land, their Ship was aſſaulted by divers *French* Men of war, who then took all *Engliſh*, without diſtinction, for enemies; and maintaining a deſperate fight with them for ſome hours, at laſt an unfortunate Bullet from the enemy happened into their Gun-room and fired the Ship; the heat of the fight would not allow them leiſure to hinder it, till it was paſt hope of extinguiſhing. Mr. *Bendiſh* leapt over board and ſwam to the ſide of one of the enemies Ships; but they barbarouſly cut off one of his hands, that had laid hold of the Ships ſide to climb the Deck, and ſo ſent him to feed fiſhes: poor Mr. *R.* ſtaid in the Ship, and in all probability periſhed by the more furious Element; only one Gentleman, called M. *L.* eſcaped, which after the receipt of many wounds, had quarter given him, and was carried to *Porto Longone*; where the danger of his life being paſt, he was forced to buy his liberty, and returning to *Leghorn* made this relation, the ſame man is now in *Genoua*. Mr. *R.* left behind him at *Galata*, in the cuſtody of his man one *T. M.* two Cheſts full of rich Drugs, many ſilver inſtruments, beſides wearing apparel and linnen; 'tis ſaid he left a ſumme of Money, beſides, but of how much, or with whom, is uncertain: only this *M.* is now reputed worth three or four hundred pounds, though before this but in a poor condition, he now ſerves the Ambaſſadour. Mr. *R.* left a Shapet of Turkey-Carpets and Hang-

Hangings, which in all probability he deſigned for *England*, at *Leghorn*.

And now to ſet aſide all thoſe fatherleſs Stories that fly abroad, as of the loſs of all our Armies, Infantry, and Carriages, with the Generals being taken priſoner, &c. the trueſt and moſt modeſt intelligence tells us, that our Army being at *Pinkland-hills*, which is weſtward beyond *Edinburgh* about eight miles, had notice that the *Scots* Army was riſen, and upon their march towards *Sterling*; which made us preſently riſe with ours, and with all expedition endeavour to prevent that retreit: the truth is, we did outmarch them, but 'tis more than probable they ſuffered us to do it by deſign, for they have ſince taken our ſtation upon *Pinkland-hills*, ſo as our Army is now got into ſuch a ſtreight, as they muſt either fight upon local diſadvantages, or indure the extremities of much want in that penurious Country, before they can reach their ſhipping. The laſt Poſt but one ſaid the Armies were drawn up in Battalia in view of each other; but we are not yet ſuffered to know they have fought, though I am confident there hath been a ſignal battel, which gives the Malignants high hopes, becauſe our Grandees do think fit to conceal the event of it. Letters from *Holland* ſpeak very partially on the *Scots* ſide, and talk of a great victory they have late gotten; Believe what you pleaſe of it,

for my part I am ſomething incredulous, becauſe we make no more haſte with our ſupplies thither. We lately ſeized upon eight ſhips laden with Merchandiſe belonging to the *Hollander*, which hath given occaſion to the States Ambaſſadour to complain of it to the Houſe, and call it in very diſobliging terms a breach of League, but we hear not yet of reſtitution. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador made a paſſionate complaint to the Houſe of the interception of his Packet, and breaking open his Letters laſt Week, but he had good words given him, and a promiſe it ſhould no more be ſo, only 'tis thought the ſparing of Mr. *Aſhcombs* murderers hath made us a little angry, and jealous that the *Spaniard* profeſſes more friendſhip than he means. There is a Letter intercepted, from the Prince of *Orange* to the *Scots* King, which aſſures him he has gained his deſires upon the refractory *Dutch-men*, and in a ſhort time will be able to ſend him the ſuccours of men and money which he promiſed, leaving the time and place to his appointment: Report ſays, he hath 14000 men, whereof 2000 *German* Horſe, ready to be ſhipped, upon what deſign none knows: It ſeems they are raiſed by contribution from the King of *Denemark*, Queen of *Sweden*, the Marqueſs of *Brandenburgh*, Landgrave of *Heſſen*, with other *German* Princes. The *Scots* King has lately made *Inchequin* Generaliſſi-

neraliſſimo of his forces in *Ireland*, who with his Army, made conſiderable by the addition of the Garriſon-forces of *Dungannon*, *Carlow* and *Waterford*, is now in *Connaught*, and promiſes himſelf a ſucceſsful Winter. It ſeems he was glad to be rid of thoſe Garriſons, by reaſon of the plague which rages there, even to the depopulation of whole Towns: and appears by a moſt pitiful Declaration ſet out by General *Ireton*, which invites not only his own party, but all Chriſtian nations and the very Papiſts themſelves, to joyn in an humiliation to God for the ceſſation of judgments upon them.

This being my laſt that I am like to write from *London*, I have ventured to be the more tedious, and the rather becauſe my ſhort allowance of time hath hardly ſuffered me to make it ſence, but you know lame things are objects of charity, and pitty my preſent indiſpoſition that aſſiſted my precipitate haſte to make it ſo. I dare not ſay more, leſt the Poſts departure make me ſay nothing, and ſo ſpoil this Paper riddle that brings you the elder Siſter in the belly of the youngeſt. Dear Brother, farewel.

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. S,

Monſieur,

YOurs I received, and entertained with better welcom than can be expreſſed by a faint affection. You confeſs obligations that are not due, and ſo run the hazard of being ſuſpected complemental; but I muſt allow the privilege that ingenuity challenges, and ſuffer your fancy to create deſert for me, that it may ſhow how handſomly it can acknowledge. Experience, the beſt Miſtreſs, does daily ſhow how to mannage my umbragieux with more dexterity, only his uncouth pronunciation makes me ſometimes put the bridle on his tail, and he kicks me for the miſtake. The *Maiſtre de Hoſtell* ſtill keeps his ſtate with the better ſort of peticoats, and we our ſtation with the inferiour cattel; which only ſerves to ſhow you how much I can ſuffer for my own intereſt. I am not ſorry to hear that you ſpur your Jade when he kicks, but you ride him with ſo much skill, that it were preſumption to offer counſel. By this time you may think it fit that I ſhould ſend you your own excuſe for bald writing, being fitly applied to my ſcribling, beſides the faults committed in my *Engliſh-French*, which if you will pardon, I will one day travel

travel into your Country on purpoſe to fetch you better *French.* Preſent my *Baiſe les mains* to all our friends &c. *Sarah* writes to you your friends here ſalute you; and I kiſs your hands that am,

Monſieur, Yours, R. L.

LETTER LXII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

AT laſt with much ado we are grown Citizens again, where ſince we lighted, we have ſcarce had time to prune our feathers; only my haſte has ſnatcht up this piece of a wing to tell you I received yours of the firſt of *April,* with a reſentment raiſed to a fit height to meaſure with the tall ſtrong affection that indicted it. I was about to ſay there was not a word in it but deſerved a ſeveral welcome: but at the inſtant I threw my eye upon ſome praiſes which I dare not entertain; and if your love had but truſted your judgment, you had left them out: Diſtance deceives with both extremes, by preſenting objects to the eye too little; to the apprehenſion too big: we no ſooner begin to

fancy any thing that is not with us, but we preſently mend all its diſproportions, and ſhut our eyes upon every blemiſh: this imperfection is almoſt as old as Mankind, and few beaſts can boaſt they never harboured it. I have grumbled at my Stars for placing ſome things beyond my reach which I apprehended would make me happy, and yet I have ſeen them poſſeſſed by thoſe that were quickly weary, & little leſs than diſpleaſed at what I over-valued. But I ſtraggle. This Town is ſo metamorphos'd by this laſt Edict ſince I left it, that bating my dead Companions, there is ſcarce any thing that I can know with ſafety. Certainly there is a mighty ſtorm ariſing, but where, when, or how it will ſpend its fury, I dare not name. Error has humbled my Reaſon, and unbuſied my reaches at futurity, to a quiet reſignation to the great Diſpoſer. I cannot ſay my Malady is more remiſs than it was, and have little reaſon to hope it ever will be; but for that I told you my reſolution, which has ſince loſt no ſpirits. My trivial imployments have not ſuffered me yet to ſtruggle with it this Spring, but I am now about it. I ſent you a Letter by Mr. *B.* which I believe you have anſwered; he had carried it with him into *Lincolnſhire*, thinking to find me there, for we ſet upon this journey on a ſudden, &c. Let theſe blots be pardoned. Let me hear from you by the next,

next. Forgive my blind haſt, and call me

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER LXIII.

To his Siſter, Mrs. F.

My Dear Siſter,

I Had newly taken my Pen to ſend you a ſalute, when I was interrupted by a Porter that brought (with ſome Bands and Cuffs from my Siſter *Jane*) your kind Token; & it pleaſed me that the ſame hour which puts me deeper in your ſcore ſhould be a witneſs of my acknowledgement. Believe it I wiſh my thanks were as reſtorative, as they are cordial; but take them as they are, and if it be poſſible to apprehend me more yours, than you have done, do it; for it is impoſſible to be more, than I am. I ſhould be glad I might ſay theſe things to your ear, as well as your eye; but *London* finds me too much buſineſs to grant me yet ſo much happineſs; my condition ſtill keeps the ſame countenance, and I am treated with the old indifferency. I am not inſenſible that I here waſt my beſt days without improvement of my Fortunes, but was contented to be no bigger, ever ſince Preferment was put out of Honeſty's reach.

My

My old trouble ſtill vexes me, and I am again in Phyſick for it; it has coſt me much money, and I think at laſt it will coſt me my life; for the diſtillation has given me a Cough with a bad preſage. Heavens Will be done.

I pray ſpeak my ſervice to my Couſin *W.* my Couſin *H.* with the reſt that know me. Let my Sweet-heart know I am ſtill her Servant. And if I may ſerve you in any thing here, my dear Siſter, command

Thy entirely affectionate
Brother, R. L.

LETTER LXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Received yours, and cannot conceal the delight I taſte in theſe delicious repetitions of your intire affection; the true reſentment of which when I conſent to part with, I deſire I might loſe that and all my happineſs together. I am glad your pen tells me that you like this way of eſcaping ſorrow; 'tis not only the fruits but the end of wiſdom, to keep fair weather in the Soul; and I am ſure Divinity does not bid our eyes be always melting over a remedileſs evil;

evil; 'tis not fit we ſhould ſuffer one wide-mouth'd Woe to ſwallow all our joys: and for my part I am reſolved to be never ſo miſerable, as not to have power to reap an Innocent refreſhment from the ſenſe of what I poſſeſs in you: and be aſſured, that all the power I have to make this good is already in your poſſeſſion. Methinks man is not unfitly reſembled to a ſtream, whoſe employment it is, to travel from its Source to the Ocean: the obſtructions that affront it's paſſage are the vexations we ſtumble at: which we uſe like Brooks, utter a murmuring complaint at the firſt encounter, and ſo paſs by, but the deepeſt Currents ſwim paſt and ſay nothing. Yeſterday I received more Phyſick with inſtructions from the Doctor, which I fear (beſides the diſſwaſions of the weather) that the continued agitations of my imployment here will not permit me to take, till I arrive in the Country of *Nottinghamſhire*, which will be about a fortnight or three Weeks hence; where I hope to find leiſure enough, not only to obſerve his directions with a ſpecial care, but alſo to refaſten my ſelf to my ſtudies; from which, the continued importunity of my *London*-employment has kept me ſo long looſened. I ſhall there have time to improve my Phyſical endeavours, and to thrive I hope in my *French* and *Italian*, which I intend to ſet upon with the more induſtry, becauſe I know not how

how ſoon I may meet with an opportunity to travel, for my allowance here is too ſmall, &c. in the mean time the beſt recreation my fancy has, is to viſit you, and to bring me word (at leaſt by an affectionate preſumption) how kind an entertainment you allow the memory of

Your entirely Loving Brother
to command, R. L:

POSTSCRIPT.

I pray let your next make me happy in the knowledge of your deſigns; to which if I may be ſerviceable, no man ſhall be ſo happy, as my ſelf.

He that cruciates himſelf becauſe fortune is miſchievous, claſhes with wiſdom.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

To Sir J. P.

Sir,

I Received your lines, that came happily to confute ſome doubts, that I was loſt to your memory: but indeed I could not expect in reaſon a gentler puniſhment for the crime of my ill-woven words, than your ſilence; all I can ſay for my ſelf, it was a ſin of ignorance that provoked it, and your clear judgment, no doubt, found it ſo; though your goodneſs allows it a better Title. Sir, you have heretofore vouchſafed ſome propriety in me, and I wiſh I could find the way to ſo much deſert, as might perſwade you, not only to own, but challenge that intereſt: from theſe deſires, I but ſhow boldneſs to let you know that I ſtill continue in the ſame condition of a ſervant to my Lord *C.* without any ſenſible alteration, either to better or worſe: indeed if preferment were ſtill the reward of deſert, I might bluſh to want it; but as it is now rated, though it were laid at my foot, I think I ſhould rather chuſe to tread upon it, than ſtoop to take it up. My chains are not ſo ſhort here, but that they give me Elbow-room enough to lead a ſtudious life; though I confeſs the fruits I have gathered from them, have been rather plea-

pleaſant than laſting. I have ſpent ſome induſtry upon languages, which has not altogether been unſucceſsful, eſpecially the *Italian* and *French*; from the later I have tranſlated ſome pieces, that I am encouraged to publiſh, but my more ſerious endeavours (for I call the other but my recreations) have been bent at the ſtudy of Phyſick, how proſperouſly, I am not fit to judge; and though they befriend me no further, I ſhall think they have done me ſome ſervice in ſtaving off idleneſs. But I ſhall ask pardon for theſe Impertinences. I beſeech you, Sir, preſent me humbly to your noble Lady, and believe me deſirous to appear, what in heart I ever was,

Sir, *Your moſt humble and faithful Servant*, R.L.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. W.

Worthy Sir,

I Received yours with the incloſed, and the pound of powder, and with them a perfect confirmation of the opinion I ever cheriſhed of your reality. I wiſh I could as juſtly applaud my deſerts as my fortune, for the gaining of ſuch a friend, but though I fall ſhort that way, at leaſt I ſhall be careful not to loſe him by ingratitude,

titude. You have given me ſo clear an encouragement to put more figures to my debt, as I have got the confidence to crave an increaſe of my obligation, and to deſire you to find ſome vacant hour to deliver this incloſed to my excellent friend Sir *J.* upon the receipt of it he will, &c. What you laid out for the Powder, or what other charge you have been at in my behalf, either for ſending Porters, paying for Letters, going by water, or ought elſe, I deſire, nay I conjure you, you would take out of it, and to ſend me the reſt, either to be paid to Mr. *D.* in *Lincoln-ſhire*, or by one *C.* a *Nottingham* Carrier that lies, &c. I am not ſo haſty of it, but that you may keep it till you have a fair opportunity. Sir, what you have done already, and what you will do, give me leave to mention my hearty thanks, with my reſolution never to appear inſenſible of theſe favours that bind me, Sir,

Your faithful Friend
and Servant, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. L.

Sweet Miſtreſs L,

BEſides the Civilities I had from you, which claim an ample acknowledgment, I remember I tyed my ſelf by promiſe to kiſs your fair hands with a few lines, though all their errand be only to tender you the unfeigned ſervice of the ſender, and to mention his wiſhes for the accompliſhment of yours; if the effects of which might but hold a proportion with your deſerts, you would be ſufficiently happy. I know you are Miſtreſs of goodneſs enough to pardon the ſlow payment of my word, and it ſhall encourage me to amend it with future diligence. You will much oblige to honour me with a line or two, and let me know how the ſtate ſtands in your Family, and when we are like to bid you welcome into the Countrey. One requeſt more and I have done; put me into the number of thoſe that you count your moſt faithful friends, for indeed I am, and ever will be ſo, &c.

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I See you will make me an uſurper againſt my will, by laying deſert enough to my charge to dazle the Eyes of Pretence, and even ſtagger the ſtouteſt undertaking reſolution. I confeſs I cannot keep off ſome wiſhes, to be what you would make me; and if I could arm, as much power, as deſire, 'tis poſſible I might endanger the Fort, you ſay I am Maſter of; and I am contented to diſlike my own weakneſs, that I am not ſo: but I have too much Earth about me to fit my ſelf for ſuch a flight, that with dull intice-ment is ſtill ſeducing me downwards to its own Element, and hangs like a huge plummet upon my pinions, when they are ſtretching at ſuch a pitch: ſure ſome pale flegmatick conſtellation threw a melancholly look upon my Nativity, and gave my Soul theſe blunt ill-temper'd tools to work with: methinks I cannot behold the time-ly advantages of other Conſtitutions, and not upbraid my own. But certainly 'tis not amiſs in ſome things to be unhappy, for if wants do not ingender deſpair, they muſt needs be fruitful. Wiſdome is a Coy Dame to all the World, but moſt inflexible to the Courtſhip of Fortunes

Darlings; and 'tis one of the beſt reaſons why that blind Wenches ſmiles are dangerous, becauſe 'tis ſo hard a task to taſt her kindneſs, and not ſurfeit; and indeed not to overvalue thoſe ingredients with which common opinion compounds her falſe felicity, is the way to purchaſe the true one.

If I were able to ſhew you events as *Aſtolfo's Logiſtilla* ſhewed the race of the Houſe of *Eſte* before their Conception, I would not hide them from you, though I kept the reſt of the world in ignorance; but 'tis long ſince I left off the pretences to *Delphick* divination, and reſolv'd to ſhut the eyes of my Reaſon, ever ſince ſhe look'd through ſo falſe a Perſpective. Certainly they that are, now, in the Saddle do ſit very ſure, and while they keep their feet in the ſtirrups of ſtrength and vigilance, though they may receive a rude ſhock, it will be hard to unhorſe them. I ſhould be glad if you could keep your ſhelter till the clouds clear up: but whenſoever you leave it, you have parts that will make room for you in the World, where-ever you direct your ſteps, and I ſhall never take a temporal favour more gratefully of Providence, than a capacity to ſerve you in ſuch a deſign, or any other. I am now ſuffered to ſay no more but what I muſt ever ſay, that I am, and muſt ever be

Principally yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

THough I had a confidence in your affection, that can never be tempted to be leſs, yet methinks I ſhould not do right to your laſt, if I did not confeſs that it ſet my apprehenſion to work upon you perfect friendſhip: things may be incapable of addition that are not of agitation: there are ſome generous liquors that never give ſo clear a proof that they have ſpirits, as when motion calls them to their active task; ſo theſe dear repetitions of profeſt amity from you, though they cannot make me love you better, they wake it into a better appearing, and teach me to take a more exact account of my ſelf, of the right you have in me; and theſe (if you dare believe me) are my pleaſanteſt recreations, ſince love (the parent and framer of delight) predominates in the employment. If this world be well ſcann'd there is nothing valuable in it but a true Friend: Community is not only the hinge of the Univerſe, but the ſignet of every ſingle delight; for were it poſſible to domineer over the whole Earth (pack'd into an entire Monarchy) and to be Maſter of all that wears the ſtamp of ſublunary happineſs, yet if the poſ-

ſeſſor be not allowed to latch his own felicity(at the rebound from others approbation) he will but brood his tireſome pleaſures, as an Uſurer does his Gold, only own, not uſe them; and all his joys (like Witches banquets) will only ſeem and ſerve to cheat the appetite with a few falſe promiſes of ſweetneſs. It were eaſie to prove, that ſince Communication coins our earthly delight, that there it comes neareſt to perfection, where it receives a Copy of it ſelf. By this it is fit you ſhould gheſs, how happy I deem my ſelf in your kind invitation, which is backed with abundance of ſuch tempting Arguments, as Love and Reaſon, when they are joyned in Commiſſion, do uſe to urge; and believe it, they are received as the legitimate iſſue of your entire affection: what reſentments ſuch uſe to produce in a breaſt, that has no harbour for ingratitude, cannot poſe your apprehenſion; by that, fancy the influence they muſt have in me, and therein read my thankfulneſs. But the quality of my imployment here is ſuch, as I know, it cannot yet conſent to make me ſo happy. I have now almoſt deſtroyed a years time in this ſcurvey Countrey, ſince we laſt wandred from *London*, *&c.* You may find out many reaſons to induce you to accept my Couſin *C*'s invitation of your company into *Lincolnſhire*; I ſhall not need to mention my wiſhes to ſee you there, nor tell you how happy you

you will make me in ſuch a meeting, for the repetition is needleſs: if you come while I am on this ſide *London*, I will enjoy you in ſpight of all my Fetters; but make as much haſte as you can, for this morning my Lord told me, we ſhould ſet out for *London* in the beginning of *May*. Your Picture I received, and am ſorry I have no token to return you, that may deliver a viſible meſſage of my gratitude; it is applauded of all that ſee it, only your Pencil has left out ſome gray hairs, that the Epilogue of his misfortunes had planted on his viſage. I have inclos'd the tranſlation of a mad fantaſtick Dream, which is the fruit of my firſt Enterpriſe upon the *French* Tongue, I met it in a Romance call'd *Francion*; and it pleaſed me ſo well, as I was eaſily inticed to ſpoil it thus into *Engliſh*. I was tempted to make the whole book ſpeak the ſame Dialect, but could not conſent to loſe ſo much time, as the work would have demanded. Read it over, laugh at it, and return it again, when I come to *London*; and now I have almoſt tir'd my pen and your patience, it is time to ſubſcribe my ſelf, as I ever muſt be,

Your truly affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER LXX.

To Mr. L.

Sir,

I Received yours, and delivered thoſe incloſed to my two Lords; the younger has in this return'd a reply. Sir, the report of Mr. *W.* and others, has given you ſo fair a character, as I ſhall deem my ſelf happy to inlarge your acquaintance in my Lord's houſe, and increaſe the number of your ſervants. Mr. *W.* if not lately removed is ſtill at *Antwerp*; we do now and then exchange a line or two, though many miſcarry. If you will venture yours in mine, I ſhall do my beſt to make it reach his hands, for he has right to much more Service than I can do him; we ſay nothing to one another, but what we care not, if it be conſtrued by the way. If Mr. *B.* once Fellow of Chriſts, be in thoſe parts, I pray ſpeak my ſervice to him. Sir, if I may ſerve you here in ought elſe, I deſire your inſtructions, that am

Sir, *Your moſt humble*
Servant, R. L.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

IF the ſky had been clear, and the paſſage free, your ſatisfaction had not been ſo long deferred. The Letters mentioned are irrecoverably loſt: whether any buſie hand, or prying eye be guilty of their interception, I know not; but though I am confident there was nothing in them that could find work for a jealous conſtruction, yet bettter judgments concurr with my opinion to loſe them quietly. What you would ſay to the other two, if you think fit, ſpeak it to me only, and if I do not get your deſires effected, the defect will only be found in my power. You are ſaluted with much kindneſs by the Gentleman, and intreated to let him know by your next to me, whether you received a Bill of Exchange of 5 l. which was ſent in Compenſation of the charges you expended in your viſits to the Priſoner; if it miſcarried, as he fears, ſignifie ſo much, and you ſhall receive another incloſed in my next. Methinks you are very tardy in ſhowing me, how I may ſerve you. I muſt never ſuffer any to love better; and if you can think, as it is, my truſti-

neſs equivalent, ſpare not to command

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER LXXII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Sir,

THe miſtake that begot, what you call your trouble, is become mine, and I am much afflicted for being preſented to you in an exceptious character by the miſapprehenſion of another; and ſhould be more, if it were no error. Indeed Sir, I have ſeverely examined my ſelf for the words I let fall, that might provoke this gloſs, and my memory can acknowledge none but thoſe: When your brother asked me, when I would write to you, I told him you were already in my ſcore for a Letter, and till you had leiſure to reply to that, I thought my ſilence might be well taken. If theſe words will bear ſuch a Comment, as diſpleaſure, &c. I am ſorry I did not underſtand them, and do beg the charity of your belief, that I did not mean them as they are taken. I have been taught to prize your good thoughts at a higher value, than to forfeit them with ſuch a frantick piece of arrogance, which would render me, as weak an underſtander of your

your worth as a deſerver of your friendſhip. I was in good hope when we left *London*, if a ſudden occaſion had not prevented, to pay you my perſonal thanks for your kind invitation; but we rather dwelt, than viſited by the way at my Lords of *Lincolnes* and *Weſtmerlands*, ſo as we are but newly arrived at *Nottingham*, where my Commanders have found me ſuch imployment, as will ſcarce diſpenſe with my abſence on this ſide *Chriſtmas*; and when I come, though I muſt bring that along with me, that will give me a better title to your contempt, than admiration, yet I make my ſelf happy with the hopes of an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am not the ſame which miſinterpretation had made, but will ever be induſtrious to appear,

Sir, *A true reſpecter of your worth, and an earneſt deſirer of your amity*, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

To his Sister F.

Dear Siſter,

BY this time you have accuſed my abſence and ſilence of much unkindneſs, and I ſtand condemned by your judgment for a forgetful promiſe-breaker; and indeed did the reins lie looſe upon my neck, I ſhould deſerve the cenſure. I confeſs the receipt of a Letter from you that overflowed with Love; and, if I have not loſt all my credit with you, be confident I met it with as high a tide of affection: I ſhould have return'd a Paper to tell you ſo, but that I cheriſht ſome forward hopes to do the meſſage with more content to us both in perſon. When yours came, we every day talk'd of leaving *London*, though our ſtay was prolonged from day to day, above ſix weeks after; and when we did, we conſum'd as much time in coming down: and thus my ardent deſires to ſee my friends were dallied into torment; and I brookt the delay ſo much the worſe, becauſe I had ſtill a likelyhood in gaze, but now I am forced to wait with an extended patience for a remoter opportunity; for the Lady that I wait upon, has got a belly ſo big, as till that ſwelling falls, and the thing be made a Chriſtian,

'tis

'tis impoſſible I ſhould break away. I confeſs dear Siſter, I have been ſo often forced to deceive your expectations, as you may think I rather make, than ſuffer theſe delays; but be aſſured they have been as unwelcome unto me as your ſelf; and if it be a property of love to deſire the preſence of the thing beloved, I may claim the reſtauration of your good opinion, for none is more deſirous to ſee you, than Dear Siſter,

Your perfectly affectionate Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LXXIV.

To his Siſter J.

Dear Siſter,

I Have no other way to expreſs my ſelf to thee but the old one, which is that I am ſtill thy Brother, as well in love, as blood. I have contracted nothing from my acquaintance in three years abſence that can deface the remembrance of thee and thy deſerts; for though the world preaches that Doctrine, it muſt ever find me unapt to learn the Leſſon: and believe it, however you apprehend my condition, I have no intiſements here that may help to excuſe the forgetting

ting of my friends and kindred; it is ſo little impaired or amended, as I muſt deſire you to underſtand it where it was, only in one reſpect rather worſe by the help of my Malady's increaſe; how the Divine hand intends to uſe me by that means, I am uncertain, but will learn to welcome the worſt. And now, Dear Siſter, I will give thee back thine own frequent expreſſions; I do impatiently long to ſee thee and the reſt of mine, and cannot fancy the world has a delight that exceeds the pleaſure I ſhall then reap; and whatever you think, I have often fallen out with my narrow fortunes that have thus tranſplanted me. Well, I will ſet no more times of my coming, leſt I be forced, as formerly, to falſifie againſt my will; but when leaſt expected, 'tis probable I may ſurpriſe a welcome, and be reſtor'd the happineſs of appearing what I muſt ever profeſs my ſelf, dear Siſter,

Thine own, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

To his Brother, Maj. W.

Dear Brother,

YOurs came very welcome to my hands, for it brought me a Preſent that I have laid up in my breaſt, I mean the confirmation of your amity; and now 'tis no more a gueſt, but a dweller; no longer hath a ſingle Lodging, but commands the Manſion, and ſhall do, till Time demoliſhes the Fabrick: in requital I re-preſent you with a Copy of it ſelf, or another of the ſame, and intreat you to keep it, with as fair an allowance of credit, as I ſhall make it, or at leaſt would have it deſerve: and I hope nothing but a ſummons for one of us to leave the world ſhall perſwade us to draw ſtakes. But I cannot pocket your praiſes without deſpoiling my ſelf of a parcel of modeſty that I muſt not ſpare. I would tell you; they are more due to their Author, but that I hate flattery ſo heartily, as I ſcarce dare ſpeak the full truth, leſt I ſeem to deſign it; in the mean time pray take them back, and keep them or me till I have learned to deſerve them. But now after all this, I could almoſt conſent to chide you for repreſenting me to your brother in ſo unbecoming a character, that has made him charge me in his Letter

ter with taking offence, unkindneſs, &c. at his ſilence of which he has almoſt made it an entire deprecation; indeed I was not willing to be apprehended ſo exceptious, and thus, before I am ſeen, to be known by a Soleciſm in good manners, was not convenient; and conſidering how much his worth outweighs me, I ought to have ſtaid his leiſure of writing with leſs impatience, than you have made him fancy: But I apprehend your generous clear ingenuity in it, and that ſtops my mouth. I pray you give your pen leave to make me acquainted how it is now imploy'd, with what kind of gale Fortune kiſſes your Sails, whether you intend ſtill to anchor there, or to hoiſt for another Port; and what time you will take to air your ingenuity in *Norfolk*: theſe Queries are not the children of a bare Curioſity, but of ſuch an affection as muſt ever render me, dear Brother,

Yours in all requiſites of a friend and Servant, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mr. W.

My Dear Friend,

YOur laſt indearing lines I perus'd with as much delight, as ever love engendred; I found things there not only worth the reading, but the uſing; and, which is not ordinary, gather'd beauty and medicine from the ſame ſtalk: I will not be aſhamed to confeſs I have received much aſſiſtance from it; for it was capable to charm the moſt unquiet thoughts, and to aſſure the moſt unſetled and irreſolute ſpirit. By this you may judge it came welcome, though not to welcome me home; for my *Norfolk*-journey is yet to take, and I think muſt be perforce defer'd till the Spring, and ſo I ſhall be welcom'd with Noſe-gays: the reaſon is, beſides the inclemency of the ſeaſon, my Lady, &c. I hope my laſt that gave a particular account to your deſires, got ſafe to your hands; I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. *K.* hath done any thing in what I intimated concerning the young Gentleman, *&c.*

Your own

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am glad to ſee you are ſo well arm'd againſt your Domeſtick Enemies, and can pull out the ſtings of vexation ſo dexterouſly: 'tis a Science that comprizes the whole art of living happily; and he that has perfectly learn'd it, is rich in deſpite of the frowns, and without an obligation to the fawns of Fortune. Diſcontent is the Gout of the mind, and ſo much the harder to be cur'd, becauſe it is hereditary, and as old as ſucceſſion in poſterity; but if we often repair to the great Phyſician, he is always able, and for the moſt part willing, to eaſe us: though it ſprings from the wombs of various cauſes, that are themſelves complex'd in the concupiſcible and iraſcible faculties; yet moſt commonly it proceeds from a ſurfeit of unſatisfied deſires, which run madding after that, they cannot have; or if ſometimes they chance to overtake it, commonly they are as much tir'd with the fruition, as before perplext with the defect; and like Huntſmen, reap more delight in the game, than the Quarry. But I draw faces with a blunt Coal. We are ſuddenly reſolv'd to morrow without fail to begin our journey to the Bath, and ſo from

from thence almoſt to the Lands end weſtward; which precipitate reſolution does almoſt put me to my wits end, having ſo little Elbow-room of time for preparation: this makes me that I can yet ſay nothing to the latter part of your Letter; and when my leiſure is largeſt, my poor abilities will not let me ſay much to purpoſe, however I ſhall ſtretch them to an equal contribution in that charitable deſign. My multiplicity of buſineſs does you a kindneſs, and ſhortens your trouble, by inforcing me to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Dear Brother,

Yours in the very abſtract and ſpirits of affection, R. L.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Am adviſed by many reaſons, to copy your content for my nearer approaches, but none ſo powerful as what you alledged; for, believe it, I ſtudy nothing with more circumſpection and delight, than to preſerve the perfect heat and health of our friendſhip from thoſe cold diſeaſes that uſe to ruine others. I am proud of my friends affection, though not their praiſes; yet I

could wiſh (though only to ſave the credit of their Judgments) that the one were as due, as the other. Pray return my ſervice to Mr. *S.* when you ſee him next, and tell him I am much in his debt for being preſerv'd in his thoughts. I could never be at quiet with a Bookſeller, till I promiſed to make him ready the ſecond Part of *Hymens Præludia* againſt the next Term; but my ſhort allowance of time will inforce me to huddle it up in ſuch haſte, as if I got any credit by the firſt, I have much reaſon to fear the ſecond will forfeit it: he offer'd to be at the charge of cutting my own face for the Frontiſpiece; but I rejected his offer, reſolving the World ſhould have no cauſe to ſmile at the vanity in putting my Picture to a paltry Tranſlation; but finding him ſtill eager to put a Gay before his Book, I deſign'd him this which is now a cutting, —— Upon an Altar dedicated to Love, divers hearts transfix'd with Arrows and Darts are to lye broiling upon the Coals; and upon one of the ſteps of it *Hymen* is repreſented in the habit of a high Prieſt, with a Miter on his head, a Cenſer in one hand, and a Taper in the other, holding it in a poſture as if he were going to light it at the Altar; when *Cupid* is to come behind him, and pull him by the Saffron ſleeve, with theſe words proceeding from his mouth, *Nondum peracta ſunt præludia*, as much as to ſay, 'Tis not time to light your Marriage Taper, for the

the wooings are not paſt: which alludes to the unfiniſhed Story, as well by the Author, as the Tranſlator. I ſhould gladly have been oblig'd to you for the Draught, not ignorant what advantages the Cut would have borrowed from your hand, which it now muſt want; but our ſcarcity of time could not permit it to ſtay for ſo much perfection, and ſo he that graves it has drawn it, though methinks but unskilfully, *&c.* If I alter not my intentions, I think I ſhall dedicate my Book to my Lord *C. J. W.* is gone to one Sir *A. C.* in *Cambridg-ſhire*, near *New-market*, and made me half a promiſe to viſit you at *Barningham* before his return. By this time I have tyr'd you moſt unmercifully with my tedious ſtuff; but you have learn'd to pardon, by oft induring theſe tricks from, Dear Brother,

Your really affectionate Brother, R. L.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Mr. R. C.

Dear Robin,

THe now ſilent Nightingale does not with ſo much ardor wiſh for the flowry moneth that gives an harmonious Tongue to his ſorrows to deplore *Tereus* cruelty, as my ſoul labours

with the throws of the ſame deſire that thy expectation pants with; for thy love to me, it is celebrated by every thought my heart wears about it with a firm belief, the weakeſt of which was never ſpotted with the leaſt ſuſpicion: and for my affection to thee; though the defence is needleſs where there is neither accuſation nor jealouſie, yet I dare defie the Witchcraft of Time, the ſtupifying charms of Abſence, the frailty of mine own memory, and all other *Promethean* neceſſaries to forgetfulneſs, to ſteal away a ſpark of that fire of love which thy vertues kindled: And Heaven (to which than pure love nothing can be more acceptable) has refin'd to an Elemental Subſtance which is neither capable of decay nor change. And though we owe little to Fortune, for ſuing an unkind divorce betwixt us, yet the influence of her malice had no operation but upon our earthly part, when thoſe more noble diſdaining to owe a circumſcription to her coy wayward power, I mean our ſouls ordinary Meſſengers, have wing'd with love after, and mutually viſited by a ſecret ſympathy our intelligential faculties; and ſometimes laden with wiſhes and prayers for one anothers happineſs, have met in the Ethereal journey to Heaven, and there congratulated the reciprocation of each others affection.

I have now gain'd an unhappy liberty by the loſs of a dear Mother, and the cold unbribed hand

hand of Death has cancell'd that obligation of duty, which I did owe, and to my power paid her. The World will therefore ſhortly be my large home, and the enjoying thy Company my delightfulleſt repoſe; and till we ſhall again compleat our contract, I ſhall truly reſt

Thy moſt affectionate but unſatisfied Friend, R. L.

LETTER LXXX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

HAd not my employment made me a juſt excuſe, my ſaying nothing would have been more criminal, than bad language; neglect in friendſhip being leſs pardonable, than injury, becauſe 'tis harder to bring up coldneſs to a juſt temper, than to bring down anger; a feaver being much eaſier to cure, than a Lethargy. At my return to *London* (for I have been all this time in the Countrey) I found no leſs, than three of your obliging Letters together, in which I read ſuch an acceſs of affection, and that ſo pure and ſo near approaching to perfection, as, if I did not find ſomething in my own breaſt of the ſame ſtamp and impreſſion, I ſhould give you the

prize of friendſhip from all men yet, that ever ſtrugled for it. 'Tis not a bare ſpeculation of things in their cauſes and effects, nor a notional penetration into the Pedigree of every ſingle Eſſence can render a man wiſe, without an apprentiſhip of uſe and practice: ſo to be able to define friendſhip, to know her juſt baſis and true centre, her conſtitution, temper, object, & end, will not all make a true friend, unleſs that knowledge (after a fit choice) can make its way through the affections, into ſuch proofs, as either neceſſity or occaſion ſhall dictate: That you have both the contemplative and the active part, has appeared, not only to my opinion, but experience, and will never want a place in my memory, and ſhall always be a task for my Induſtry both to pattern and requite. I am moſt ſenſibly afflicted at my poor Siſter J's Feaver; and though I even fear to know, how it ſtands with her, yet I pray put me out of my pain, as ſoon as poſſible: in the mean time I ſhall not fail to ſollicite Heaven in her behalf, which is the beſt aſſiſtance I can lend her. My Lords only Son and Heir is newly arreſted with the ſame malady, which I believe will make us remove for *Lincoln-ſhire* next week. I pray preſent my hearty thanks to the Doctor for beſtowing his Receipt upon me; this day I intend, God willing, to make it. Let your next tell me, whether my Nephew *Anthony* ſpake of a Letter I ſent him, with a Book, wherein was inclo-

cloſed

cloſed another to my Unkle. This Feaver is grown almoſt Epidemical in the Countrey, and the ſmall Pox here, *&c.* Well, my dear Brother, I am

Yours and will be ſo, in all places, times, qualities, conditions, &c. R. L.

LETTER LXXXI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Am reſolved to keep our entercourſe alive, though ſcarcity of ſubject, and barrenneſs of ingenuity allow it but courſe fare with friendſhip: 'tis Term-time all the year, and when it grows weary of ſealing alternate Writs, it becomes a burden to it ſelf; like a ſickly ſtomach, perverting that into humour, which ſhould convert into *Chylus*. My cloud that our laſt parting exhal'd, is not yet diſpel'd; which for the ſame thing does both accuſe and excuſe me, indicating the imbecillity of Reaſon, and ſtrength of Love; but neceſſity is the daughter of fate, and her Laws, as indiſpenſable. I confeſs, reſolution drawn from reaſon cannot fortifie my ſoul ſo ſtrongly, but ſometimes the battery of this malady makes a breach wide enough for anguiſh to

enter: but ſince I cannot overthrow it by encounter, I am reſolv'd to evade it by diverſion, and no more to invenome my wound, by handling it, *&c.* I do paſſionately wiſh far more power, that I might encreaſe my happineſs by it in ſerving you: but I fall ſhort in every thing but affection, which makes, and will preſerve me

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Doctor B.

Dear Doctor,

I Perceive by an hint in Mr. *H.* his laſt, that the Carrier has been the miſcarrier of two Letters that were level'd at your hands, and ſeduc'd by his neglect to an irregular motion; if Chance ever yet conducts them to their Centre, they will tell you the ſame that this has Commiſſion to ſay, though perhaps, in another dreſs: like ſeveral Structures, that expreſs variety of ſhape and contrivance, though they derive their pedigree from the ſame Quarry and Architect. And now D. D. I am ſorry I was never ſo great a Favourite of Fortune or Nature, as to raiſe any juſt pretence to the tribute you ſpeak of; all that I dare claim is but the due to ſuch

a

a friendſhip as you have character'd and drawn ſo lively, as it would bring the moſt unapt ſoul in love with the love that feeds it. In the mean time I can give no precedency to thoſe wiſhes of yours that would cut off the large diſtance betwixt us, ſince I have ſome of the ſame mould and making of an equal ardor; but ſince neceſſity votes them down, do but ſend *H.* to *London* as oft as I ſhall *L.* to *H.* and we need not court a diſpenſation of her ſevere Laws for a meeting. Pray mention my due reſpects to your vertuous Bedfellow Mr. *H.* honeſt *C. B.* and the reſt that know me, and to do him the right (*cujus pectori nunquam decedat amicitia veſpere ſurgente, nec rapidum fugiente ſalum*) to let him keep the ſame place in your affections that will ever continue, Dear Doctor,

Immortally yours,
R. L.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

My laſt weeks failing was not becauſe I did not write: but I think my woman was drunk

drunk that uſually calls for my Letters, and ſo let the laſt lie like a dead Commodity in my hands, reſembling ſome inſects here, that are born, live, and die, to no purpoſe. I ſhall not have room enough in this to raiſe a bank againſt the overflow of your unmerited praiſes, and confute the height of your eſteem, as I ought: but it ſhall be my task to make the beſt uſe of them, and make that my mark which you have made my Quarry; for ſince they are not Eſſences, as your good opinion would have them, 'tis but fit I ſhould keep them by me here, as Idea's for imitation. I know not the conſtitution of your Intereſts where you are, and therefore cannot judge whether they be healthful or ſickly, only I know your ingenuity is ſo well tempered with Judgment, as you need no aſſiſtance at the forge of your own fortunes; all then I have to do in relation to that, is to wiſh all your hopes prophets, and your fears impoſtors. I know not what to ſay to the Bark you ſpoke of, becauſe I am ignorant how ſhe is built, and therefore can give no opinion whether ſhe be worth the manning: but 'tis yours and not mine that muſt either keep you aſhore, or ſet you aboard; in the mean time methinks her Lading is not inconſiderable, eſpecially being to be coupled with your induſtry. I delivered your Letter to Mr. *M. W.* who reſents your well expreſt affection very kindly, and deſired me to give it you ſo with

with this ſervice. I need not ſay more of my vertuous Friend Mr. *W.* than you find, or at leaſt may apprehend, by judging what he is, by what he ſays; and believe it, he is no diſſembler. There was nothing but my haſte in fault, that I did not acquaint you with the contents of my Siſter *J*'s Letter, and therefore you might have ſpar'd that excuſe for breaking up her anſwer; there is nothing in it but you are equally concern'd in with my ſelf; and were your Intereſt leſs, I never had cauſe to think a ſecret leſs ſafe in your breaſt, than mine. I hope I need not conjure you by all that here is dear betwixt us, to ſtrain your endeavours in *J*'s behalf, who has deſerv'd ſo well of us all: her other Friends that approve Mr. *B*'s Propoſitions may perhaps look no further, than the Bark; but I know you will not content your ſelf with likelyhoods and appearances, without a ſubtil and ſolid penetration into true Beings and Realities; and I ſhall never doubt that metal, that comes with approbation from your touch-ſtone, *&c.* My Meſſenger ſtays for my Letter which poſts me to a period. Dear Brother,

Ever yours with all my heart and ſoul,
R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Dear Brother,

THough you owe me for a Letter, yet I am ſo much in your debt for things of greater value, as I cannot be unwilling to leſſen the ingagement, though ſuch petty payments are like to wipe out but little of the ſcore. I have ventur'd to ſend you by this bearer the mis-ſhapen iſſue of my idle hours, hatch'd at ſuch ſittings when my wanton Genius was too lazy to follow the purſuit of more ſerious ſtudies. I confeſs it has ſome deformities which I am not guilty of, I mean groſs faults eſcaped in the Preſs, which you will eaſily find and amend, if you loſe ſo much time as to read it over; but if you think it unworthy, you are of my mind, and may beſtow it on ſome that does not exact from himſelf ſo weighty an account of his hours. I have no more to ſay but what I muſt ever ſay,

Your really affectionate Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mr. R. W.

Sir,

I Cannot ſuffer the Fate of my former Letters to diſcourage me into ſilence; for if but one ſcapes Ship-wreck, it will do the buſineſs of the reſt, and tell you all that they treated of (though with leſs variety) which is, that I am perfectly yours: and till you find out ſome command that may ingage my pen to ſome other diſcourſe, I muſt ſtill only talk upon the ſame ſubject. You know I was never prone to meddle with news; but now it is forbidden with a penalty, I hug my averſion. The other day I caſually met this incloſed page in a Pamphlet, and though it was directed to a Gentleman I know not, yet being dated from *A.* and ſubſcribed with *R. W.* I gheſs'd your acquaintance Mr. ——the Author; if you have intereſt enough in him to wiſh him well, let him ſee it for his future caution: if I be miſtaken, I hope the error will find an eaſie pardon. I have not yet been long enough in *London* to give you account of your Eaſtern friends, I hope my next will do it. I muſt ſtill repeat my deſires, that you will uſe me while I am here, for I muſt ever be

Entirely yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A.L.

Dear Brother,

I Should be as unwilling to be overpriz'd, as undervalu'd, ſince every man is oblig'd to preſerve, as ſtrict a guard of modeſty, as courage. There are ſome ſpecies of vertue (according to Moraliſts) though they all aim at the ſame mark and agree in their end, yet in their operation are ſo vaſtly diſcrepant (not to ſay contrarious) as they are ſcarce compatible in the ſame ſubject: and thus (unleſs the œconomy of our ſelves be very cautiouſly manag'd) to con one vertue throughly, is to forget another; nor can there be an higher proof of wiſdom, nor is man ever ſo exact a Microcoſme, as when, in imitation of the Elements, oppoſite qualities are equally mingled to a juſt temperament, and ſo tame themſelves to a perfect harmony. But to return to yours; had the Frontiſpiece of it been drawn by another Pen, it would have been conſtru'd Complement; but from you I give it the uſual reception, and only believe (though the expreſſions much overtop me) Love guided your hand, when you ſet down thoſe miſtakes. To judge aright is a task ſo difficult, as they that come neareſt (bating things demonſtrative) may be

be rather ſaid to fancy, than attain it; eſpecially every man being ſubject (at leaſt ſometimes) either to opinion, paſſion, or partiality, great enemies to a clear Judgement: but I ſhew the weakneſs of mine, by tiring you with theſe unneceſſaries. This week contributes little ſatisfaction to your appetite of news, *&c.* But I outrun the Conſtable: Dear Brother,

Unconfinably yours to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Mr. E.

Good Landlord,

I Received a Letter from our Friend, incloſed in one of Mr. *H*'s by which I perceive he found it unſafe to abide in a place ſo unworthy of his reſidence; 'tis a ſad world, that your treacherous Ocean ſhould only rage with ſuch ſtorms, as threaten wrack to none but the vertuous and deſerving; but you had the advantage of me, and had a taſt of his ſociety, which I pine for, but love you not ſo ill to grudge it: he tells me you are ſuddenly to remove to *Briſtol*, which renders me (though ſenſible of my own loſs, in the diſcontinuance of our friendly entercourſe) truly glad

glad for the advancement of your condition, I never found it a difficult task to make my own intereſt do homage to my friends felicity, which if you purchaſe, I will taſte the fruit of my own well-wiſhes. For my Trunk, I deſire you would uſe the means to ſend it down to my Landlords in *Holborn*, I will write to him to pay for the carriage. My true love and reſpects to my good Landlady, and Mrs. *B.* with the reſt, and if ever my affairs carry me near *Briſtol*, you ſhall ſee you are not forgotten by

Your true Friend, R. L.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

THough this ſhall run the hazard of miſſing the way to your hands, yet I cannot content my ſelf only to remember you, without indeavouring to tell you ſo. I received yours dated the fifteenth, the laſt of *May*, which pain'd me with no little regret that M. *R.* finds his affairs in ſo bad a condition, and my judgement of them ſo erroneous. I have not yet left admiring the laſt rare proof of your affection, nor reproaching Fortunes ſpight that would not let me

me tell you how tenderly I reſented it. I am not friends with our fruitleſs reſidence here, when I conſider how I might ſerve you at *London*, and I bluſh to think how little I have performed to deſerve your ingenious acknowledgments; but my remote abode does now increaſe my deſpair of mending thoſe faults. I am not able to tell you how well I love you, for I have it better expreſſed within than I am able to utter: but of this be aſſured, I would not be maſter of all my other wiſhes on condition not to render them ſerviceable to yours, whoſe joys and griefs ſhall be inſeparably twiſted with thoſe of

Your unalterable friend, and faithful ſervant, R. L.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Am ſorry for the firſt impediment your pen acknowledges, *viz.* the want of good news; for the ſecond, you muſt give me leave to imitate yours, and play with it, for even my own imperfections do delight me when they make you merry. Your profeſſion of a ragged garb is but a moleſt diſguiſe of your inward bravery: and

thus you go backward in your own eſteem, that you may take the farther leap into others; thus being over laviſh in my commendations, you are too much a niggard in denying your own abilities. Mrs. *B.* is nothing ſo much beholding to your pleaſant humour as my ſelf, for it has created her an unworthy ſervant, and made me a very deſerving Miſtriſs before I thought of it; but I believe diſtance and abſence will conſpire to continue it ſtill a jeſt, as ſure you meant it; however Sir, notwithſtanding you forbid it, I muſt renew the profeſſion of my ingagements to you, and do but wiſh for ſo much power as may make you find that the reality which you ſuſpect the complement of

Your truly affectionate friend and Servant, R. L.

LETTER XC.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

WHat you are pleaſed to miſcal extravagancies of your Pen, are better conſtrued by him that receives them, who never reads theſe welcome repetitions and confirmations of your amity, but (referred to that) he boldly concludes

cludes himſelf happy in ſpight of all the affronts of Fortune, and defects of Nature; by this you may gheſs how deeply you may oblige me in being ſtill ſo extravagant. You had not been laſt Week unſaluted, if an accidental emergency had not ſnatcht my Pen out of my hand, and alarm'd my obedience to an indiſpenſable imployment (impoſed by the commands of thoſe I ſerve) which ſwallowed all the time that offered the opportunity. I hope my ſiſter *I.* received my laſt Weeks Letter, which had layen three or four days by me ready written, or elſe ſhe had miſſed as well as you. I am contented ſhe ſhould think me willing to the matrimonial bargain ſhe has made, and am ſorry my inforced abſence has rendred me incapable of diſpoſing my endeavours to ſerve a perſon I love ſo dearly, in an affair of ſo much importance; though ſince you condeſcended to accept the Province of treating and concluding in her behalf, my confidence in your caution and prudence tells me, that all other aſſiſtants would be ſuperfluous and ſupernumerary. I am extremely melancholy'd at your dilated reſolutions of ſeeing *London*; and the rather ſo, becauſe I fear we ſhall ſpend the two following Terms in the Countrey, and ſo miſs the happineſs of your ſociety. I have not yet received ſo much as a tittle from the Lord *C.* when I do, you are ſure to have a ſudden account. You will oblige Mr. *W.*

to inquire of his friends preſent condition and welfare. I have here incloſed his little token to you, the ſtone may boaſt a very antient pedigree between his birth and his preſent being; the face was intended for one of the *Roman* Emperours, but whether the hand was happy that grav'd it, is beſt referr'd to your judgment. Let me intreat you to pay my reſpects as they are due to all my friends you ſhall encounter in your voyage, eſpecially at *L.* hall. If I may have the opportunity of writing once more before you ſet forward, I will venture to trouble you with a book or two to *L.* and my Nephew. When you next ſee Mr. *P.* pray return him my reſpects proportion'd to his civilities. I have much ſorrow for my poor ſiſter *W.* and as much wonder at her husbands ſilence, from whom I have not received a line this half year. Preſent me very kindly to my Couſin *W.* and tell him ſince he lik'd the firſt part ſo well, if I knew how to ſend it, he ſhould have the ſecond. But I have made no conſcience of tyring your patience: pardon all my faults, and believe me, Dear Brother,

Your own to honour, love, and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

To his Couſin A. L.

Dear Couſin,

TIs time to recover my credit, that I doubt almoſt languiſhes in your eſteem, through the ſlow performance of my promiſe. But ſure you have goodneſs enough to make the interpretation gentle, and I hope faith enough to believe what I profeſs, without a ſpot of Complement, that I am to you all that you can deſire in affection, though leſs than what I paſſionately wiſh to be in the proofs of it: would my occaſions have allow'd time enough, I ſhould have ventured fair for the beſt of Titles, I mean a Peace-maker between you and your Father-in-law; but that was denied by the ſeverity of my affairs, requiring more time than I was maſter of; and indeed treaties of that nature are better let alone, than not perfected. I know not how your Mother interprets my forbearance of an expected viſit, but I fear unkindly; though indeed only theſe conſiderations, and not any coldneſs of affection to her, would have it ſo. Well, if you want any thing that *London* affords within the reach of my poor power, I am here to ſerve you; for, take my word I deſire nothing with

more ardour, than to appear as I am, Sweet Couſin,

Your truly affectionate Unkle and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER XCII.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

I Am once more grown into a condition to claim your promiſe of correſpondency, and ſhorten the diſtance betwixt us, by a literal intercourſe. Upon Saturday night we reacht the Bath; and as if the Heavens intended to inure us by degrees to what we went for, we were bath'd by the way by an almoſt continued rain; thus againſt our wills imitating natures method in the conduct of her maſter-piece, Man, to his perfect growth; firſt ſhe teaches him to creep, then go, and ſo forward: ſo we began with drops, and are now ſucceeded to Fountains, but whether thoſe will (like *Bethſaida*'s Pool) cure our Diſeaſes, is yet an Embryo in the womb of Time, when their own reſolutions are better known to themſelves, perhaps like the nature of weighty things they may deſcend to me, however to give you my gheſs, I think we are travelled to the Weſt like a Winters Sun, where our ſtay will take

take up more than our voyage; and to make the Simile run upon more wheels, all the days I ſtay here will be as tedious as ſo many long nights without ſleep. Preſent me cordially to my Brother, and tell him, if I thought I ſhould not loſe my labour, he ſhould not receive them thus by a glance, but by a level point-blank from my pen. You may aſſure *Polycarpus* I have no more leaves to take, unleſs he will give me leave to wiſh his wit may never ſhrink in the wearing, nor his mirth in the wetting, ſo long as he has uſe for them. If you can, let me feel how the great pulſe beats, and preſerve me in your belief, as I am, Sir *J.*

Your moſt affectionate friend, R. L.

LETTER XCIII.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

I Had ſooner given you a receipt for your laſt, if the motion of my head would have given my hands the liberty; for ſince our arrival here, my Lord and I, like *Don Quixot* and his *Sancho*, have done nothing but ſeek adventures, viſiting all the Towns of remark, and inchanted Caſtles we

could hear of, as if we intended to give the World a more exact Geography of the place, and mend *Camdens* Map of the County: only we have charg'd no Windmills yet, nor any thing elſe but his purſe. We are now iſſuing out upon a ſecond enterpriſe upon *Briſtol*, but I think we ſhall quickly finiſh that adventure, unleſs we meet with ſome diſtreſſed Damoſels. The I's and No's you ſpeak of, put them and their power altogether, I think ſpell nothing but *Inoſe*. I would fain live to ſee the day that the ſweet ſinger may have cauſe given him to ſet his Pſalms to the Tune of *Lachrymæ*, firſt hang up his Harp and then himſelf, for an imitable example to the whole congregation in the Chappel: methinks the Members falling out about the reckoning upon the marriage day of their new authority expounds the Fable of the *Lapithes* or *Centaurs*; make you the conſtruction. We are now in a Town where moſt of the people get their bread by their water, I mean, the Bath; and to ſtrengthen the Paradox, thoſe that never knew how to govern themſelvs are yet guides to others. Of a City 'tis doubtleſs the prettieſt of *England*, in a double ſence, as it is little and handſome. Moſt of the inhabitants live the life of fiſhes in Summer, and Flies in Winter, for then they have nothing elſe to do but ſleep in their crannies. He that comes of the beſt houſe of the *B* — is come to Bath, and we drank your health yeſterday.

Preſent

Preſent me as is due to all: but 'tis time to make an end, and call my ſelf, Dear Sir,

Yours perfectly to his power, R. L.

LETTER XCIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Am very glad your Ague has once more taken his leave, in a double reſpect, becauſe it has releaſed you at preſent, and (in all likelihood) of future troubles, at leaſt remov'd them to a remote diſtance; it being the property of thoſe concuſſive maladies, (reſembling a friends reproof, or a Parents correction) to trouble the body into amendment, and pinch health into a greater purity: and indeed methinks the turns of health and ſickneſs, like the viciſſitudes of joy and grief, while they overflow not their banks, are not only tolerable, but ſometimes neceſſary; no Halcyon day ſo pleaſant, as that which ſucceeds the precedency of a lowring morning. Your decoction no doubt was very ſafe, and the admixture of *Diagridium* and *Sal Abſinthii* not improper; but believe it, this conſtant taking away the bran by an artificial Sive, does but tye the

the hands of nature, which if let looſe and at liberty, no doubt would do it better her ſelf: health haſtened by a Phyſical aſſiſtance is like fruits ripen'd by artificial glaſſes, which are neither ſo fair to the eye, grateful to the taſte, nor ſo laſting as thoſe that ſtay the leiſure of time for a genuine maturity, and I am confident that a good Diet, moderate Exerciſe, and a merry heart, are the moſt ſovereign Remedies you can take to perfect your recovery. My Brother *W.* came hither on *Thurſday* laſt, and parted hence for *Oxford* on *Tueſday*; his Brother the Major keeps him company in the Journey; he excuſed it, that he did not viſit you by the way, and is reſolv'd to mend his fault in his return, which I believe will be about *Tueſday* next; I think we ſent your Ague to flight by drinking your health. I pretend not to any confidence, or indeed belief of what my laſt told you in reference to news, but rather take it as the child of ſome ſingle conjectures, that are ever limming likelyhoods of what they would have, and conceiting themſelves into their priſtine happineſs; yet I will not ſwear that all is Apochrypha. I am acquainted with a Welſh Prophet here, one *E.* which ſeldom dreams without a Revelation or ſleeps without a Viſion as he calls them, who tells the world of a ſudden return of Monarchy to its old bias, and has been ſo ſaucy to petition our grand Councel to bring home *Charles Stuart*

to

to his Engliſh Throne, and threatens their diſobedience with an utter deſtruction; yet this man has not only ſcap'd hitherto with impunity, but they ſay is privately cajol'd by ſome Starrs of magnitude: it is true his former predictions have been ſtrangly credited with events, as the death of the King, the lifting the Lords *Eſſex* and *Fairfax* ſucceſſively to the Generals place, the downfall of Presbytery, and diſſolution of this Parliament, which he hit to half an hour: but I ſuppoſe you have ſeen moſt of this in his Books: if you have them not, I will ſend you them next week bound in one: for my part I read them for nought but ſport, but he is not half ſo much laugh'd at, as he was at firſt. I did intend to put out my Letters next Term, but I ſee I ſhall be hinder'd by a ſudden reſolution my Lord and Lady have lately taken, to make a journey to the Bath, and ſo from thence into *Devonſhire* and *Cornwall*, to viſit two Siſters of my Lords, which are there richly married. Preſent me duly to all my friends; and preſerve me in your affection as I do you, that am (dear Brother,)

Indiſpenſably unreſervedly
Yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

IF this ample interval and vaſt intermiſſion that has inſenſibly crept between our laſt correſpondency, had not on my part been conſtrained by the invincible and indiſpenſable laws of Neceſſity, I ſhould affix an Apology to the forehead of my Letter for neglect, and torment my head to excuſe the offence of my heart; ſince he that can take commiſſion from his own ſloth, to let fall the thread of a friendly intercourſe, betrays a labaſcency and a languor in his amicable reſentments, and is no better than the ſhell of a friend, that would be thought to hide what he has not. I am now freſhly return'd from the *Engliſh-Scythia, viz. Cornwal*, which entertain'd us as the land of *Canaan* did the *Iſraelites*, with all that plenteous variety which was complext in the general terms of Milk and Honey, &c. But really I found as little correſpondency betwixt them and *London*, or any of the Eaſtern parts, as if they had been as well of another Nation, as language; and venturing ſome Letters twice or thrice in vain by a lame Poſt, in which Packets ſtill ſomething to you, and finding they all fell ſhort of the marks they aim'd at, I ſate down

down half angred into an obſtinate reſolution of adventuring to ſay no more to my friends, till I could do it with greater aſſurance; which made ſome of my intimate acquaintance in *London* to conclude me dead or ſick; and their conjectures were nor altogether ſo wide as I could have wiſht them; for I ſcarce enjoy'd one well day in ten Weeks abſence. At my arrival I met the deplorable news of my dear ſiſter *W*'s death, which has afflicted me beyond expreſſion, as well in reference to my loſs in her, as to the poor boys ſhe has left deſtitute of a diſcreet and indulgent Mother. I pray let me know by the next miſſive without fail how the condition of our family is ſtated, in relation to the health and affairs of thoſe perſons that compoſe it, eſpecially your ſelf, who ever led the Van to the whole World in my wiſhes, &c. I have now nothing more to ſpeak, but my deſire that you would pardon my haſte, with the faults it commits, ſince my time is too penurious to allow me a preſent circumſpection. Expect an amends in my next, and continue me ſtill in your thoughts, as I am, Dear Brother,

Sincerely, ſolemnly, unreſervedly yours to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

To his Aunt H.

Honoured Aunt,

SHould I ſuffer oblivion as well as my ſelf, to ſwallow your laſt excellent entertainment, beſides the proof of my own ingratitude, I ſhould ſilently accuſe your goodneſs for miſplacing it ſelf upon a ſubject ſo unworthy; give my Pen then leave to return you what I can, my true thanks, ſince what I would is beyond the reach of my power. I ſhould willingly give you fewer words, could I make my deeds Rhetorical; for though acknowledgment ſeems the cheapeſt kind of requital, yet could I find out the other way, I ſhould eaſe my ſelf of many paſſionate wiſhes that have yet been loſt upon mine own inabilities; but I dare go no further in this ſubject, leſt circumſpection to ſpeak all the truth, ſhould make all look like Complement. I was lately importun'd by a friend of mine, to give him my opinion, whether *H.* would not be a fit place to ſet up an Academy for the breeding of young Gentry, in all ſuch qualities as paſs in the opinion of the world for Ornaments: he profeſſes to teach the French, Italian and Spaniſh Tongues, Mathematicks, the uſe of the Globe, beſides Latine and Greek, and

and I am confident will prove no Mountebank in any thing he undertakes, for I dare ſpeak him one of the moſt compleat Gentlemen of this age; but I ſuſpended my opinion of the deſign, till I knew yours, by which if approv'd I ſhall render mine with the more confidence, becauſe I know your Judgment ſo little acquainted with error, as it ſeldom miſſes to miſs of it. Dear Aunt, if you vouchſafe to give me a line or two how you reliſh it, he ſhall ſteer his courſe accordingly, and I ſhall range it among thoſe favours that have made me your deſperate debtor, but, dear Aunt,

Your moſt humble and faithful Servant, R. L.

LETTER XCVII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Dear Brother,

BEſides the deſert of your kind expreſſions, which call'd to a ſlow hand for a reply, I am hinted by the news of my Siſters ſafe delivery to wiſh you as much joy in your young Son, as if the preſent hopes in him were already ripene'd to their future perfection, and expectation were chang'd into aſſurance. I know not whether you

you ſhould more skill in the diminution of your own, or extolling my deſerts, in the firſt act put on the face of modeſty, in the ſecond of kindneſs; and fighting with ſuch Weapons, ſhe cannot chuſe but triumph. I dare not enter the liſts that way; but if an honeſt heart that ſpeaks plainly, and means well, that takes care to preſerve its own ſimplicity from ſuch mixtures as will harm it, I have it for you, and will keep it ſo. Preſent my dear reſpects to my Siſter, and tell her, I wiſh you may make her Mother to a numerous off-ſpring, on condition they may all prove as ſo many acceſſaries to the Parents happineſs: by that time this is like to reach your hand, perchance the gueſts and goſſips may be aſſembled at the Chriſtening, to each of which, if I know them, I beſeech you Sir, preſent me as is due: I cannot chuſe but mention honeſt Mr. *H.* Mr. *E.* Mr. *D.* &c. So oft as your Pen gives me a taſte of your welfare, I reliſh much happineſs; for Sir, believe it, you cannot loſe any confidence upon my affection, that deſires to appear to you,

All that is requiſite in perfect Amity and Service, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

For Mr. J. E.

Sir,

I Received your laſt, with your thanks for thoſe blots, whoſe ill contrivance may rather ſummon my own bluſhes, than your acknowledgment: all the diſpoſal I will challenge in the noble proffer of your heart, is ſtill to reſerve him a harbor there, who is never ſo angry with his Stars unkindneſs, as when he conſiders he can pay down no greater earneſt of deſert for theſe favours, than a few cheap words. Sir, I know no greater encouragement to any indeavour, than obedience to your Commands; for which the imployment it ſelf would be an ample recompence, and I ſhould reap a plenteous Harveſt in the very tillage. I know you are all thirſty of happy news, but this week affords not a drop to quench it: you have not deſerv'd to be cheated with hopes for realities, nor do I think it fit to ſend you Conjectures for Poſitives. The ſtrongeſt incounter with our fears is given by the *&c.* what that may produce, I leave to the ſteadier ballance of your Judgment. Our expectations have been ſo oft, like the early bleſſings of a forward Spring, been betrayed to the tyranny of a following Froſt, that I am reſolved

mine ſhall bud no more, till the uneclipſed Sun ſhall chaſe keen winter before his victorious rays, *&c.*

R. L.

LETTER XCIX.

To Mr. R. W.

My deareſt Friend,

I Received thoſe lovely Copies of a virtuous and knowing ſoul in the laſt lines, with ſuch a gladneſs, as none but you, that had power to create it, can fancy: this Paper will not hold the deſcription, and therefore think it but the reſult of an affection ſo ſimply pure, as has long ſince left off the capacity of growth and decay, and then you have it. You do well to ſay we cannot be divided; for the remoteſt corner of the Earth cannot hide you from me, and even at ſuch times when I know not where you are, I viſit you; you have put ſuch ſweetneſs, and yet ſo much gravity in your words, as I know not whether I am more raviſh'd or inſtructed, and have much ado to ſcape ſelf-love, becauſe I am ſo lov'd, though I do more than like the Character of diſpoſitions, obſervation of national propenſions and proper diſtempers, your tracing the footſteps, skilful reading upon the decay'd

cay'd Skeletons of Antiquity, with the rich imbroidery of a clear judgment upon all; yet when ſuch a Bee flies among Flowers, I cannot wonder if ſhe carries home ſtore of Honey; when ſo active a fancy encounters ſuch apt materials to frame Idea's, 'tis not ſtrange if ſhe brings rich ladings to the underſtanding. But above all, my dear Friend, I muſt remember to thank you for thoſe ſweet and candid inſinuations of Piety and Virtue which with a cunning affection you gently communicate, by preſuppoſing that I have them already; and thus your skill and kindneſs combine to interweave delight and profit, and conſpire my happineſs. Well, could I but take my viſible Example where I had my Precept, the Leſſon would be leſs difficult, and I ſooner ſhap'd to your mind; for though I ſtrive to love as perfectly as poſſible, yet I dare not think my ſelf qualified enough to deſerve ſuch a Friend, *&c.*

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER C.

To ——

Madam,

I Cannot pocket your excellent lines, without expreſſing my own unhappineſs in aſpiring to

what I ſhould only have been contented to admire: had I but gaz'd, and then given over, the impreſſion had not gone ſo deep, and I might have outworn the wound; but it was too hard a task to begin to underſtand you, and not ſuffer Love to undo me with ambition. Had my eyes only betray'd me and your face and feature ty'd on my chains, I might have truſted time and abſence for a Cure, and read for it in the variety of other cheeks that are white and red; but 'tis your diviner part has charm'd me, that ſoul of virtue and diſcretion that guided your Pen, took me priſoner: nor can I hope a releaſe from Reaſon, ſince Reaſon it ſelf is a fellow-captive with the reſt. I confeſs I am ſtagger'd as well as you in my reſolution of ſeeing of you no more, and ſorry I did not except Viſits, when I forſwore Addreſſes; but 'tis in your power to interpret the Oath with that condition; and though more reviews cannot mend the ſculpture of your Image in my heart, nor a perpetuity of abſence deface it, yet I could willingly (before the wind carries me away) take incouragement from you once to ſee the dear cauſe of my unpitied ſufferings; which you may ſafely grant, becauſe I re-inforce my promiſe to let alone that ſubject that ſo much offends you, and torments your ſervant. I ſhould now indeavour to confute the modeſt injury you have done your own deſerts, and tell you how your ſtriving to extinguiſh

guiſh increas'd the ardour, that you vainly beſtow the title of Candour and ſincerity upon the ſame thing you ſcorn, or at leaſt miſprize: beſides, I ſhould gratefully mention the cruel charity of your wiſhes, that would have no thought of your ſelf diſquiet me, which you know is impoſſible; but this would be to anſwer your Letter, and coldly to diſpute, which my preſent tranſport will not allow: well, though you have raced it out, I muſt ever faſten the Epithet of Loving to the title of

Your Eternal Servant, R. L.

LETTER CI.

To his Brother, Mr. A.L.

Loving Brother,

YOur laſt undated Letter I receiv'd laſt night, and perus'd the well-woven variety in it with ſo clear a delight, as it reſembled the Suns victorious glory in a Cloudy morning, diſpelling the miſts of melancholy which has lately got a trick to ſit ſomething heavy on my dull ſpirit; but I am reſolv'd to rowſe it. How Sir *J.* has digeſted my miſtake, and the ſtupid effects of it, I know not, nor do I much diſturb my thoughts about it, for he has parted with much

of his Candor, if he does not reſent true affection in it, (though ill expreſt.) It is not in my power to overvalue your laſt kindneſs, ſuch cordial condeſcenſions in a true Friend being (like the greateſt number in Arithmetick) impoſſible to be expreſt; and had my will a power adequate, you would ſoon ſee the requital would much ſurmount the acknowledgment. I ſuppoſe my laſt (if it ſcap'd the danger of ſo long a journey) told you, that I am now a Patient to one Mr. *D.* whoſe Phyſick I ſtill daily take, (though yet with little apparent ſucceſs;) but he is confident, and therefore I do not deſpair; however if you have a *Recipe* from Dr. *B.* of ſome ſovereign *lotium*, it will be gratefully welcome. I am invective againſt cruel Intereſt, and do upbraid my narrow condition that will not ſuffer me to meet you at *Norwich*, (ſo much love being the inviter, and would fain be the Gueſt) but my Chain is not long enough to reach ſo far, and (till opportunity grows ripe) I am loth to break it; I will therefore content my ſelf to wiſh your meeting happily divided betwixt ſucceſs and delight.

I cannot diſapprove the Character of the Gentleman, and not be Cynical; only I could have wiſh'd (for my Siſters ſake) that his mind had not held more of his Treaſure; but it ſeems, affection makes her willing to accept of an *Utopian* Joynture. The joys are confeſt more purely

purely genuine that wait at thoſe Nuptials, where Love makes the match and not Intereſt; but this age is ſway'd with ſuch a blind injuſtice, that it even forces a biaſs upon the moſt prudent virtue. Indeed I always obſerv'd in her a diſcreet foreſeeing Providence, while ſhe ſtood at the ſtern of her own Cock-boat. In which, (if he does match her as well as in affection) no doubt but the bigger bark of their family will be well Piloted, and ſo by a joint Induſtry their ſtock daily encreaſed. I do exceedingly applaud the ſolidity of your caution, in making ſure of that ſumm; but if I were able to adviſe better (as I am not) it would be fruitleſs, ſince you know with reſolution all counſel is incompatible. This day I wrote to my Siſter *J.* and incloſed it in one to my Siſter *F.* wherein I do (not without much regret) acquaint her with my unfortunate failing in her behalf, though I ſtirred in it with as much dexterity both of mind and body as was poſſible; but the main cauſe of our failing was, that I knew not the opportunity ſoon enough. I am not now in ſo good a condition to ſerve my Couſin *C.* as I was when my Lord of *Lincoln* reſided at *Tatterſhall*, within four miles of his Uncle; for now he is come to *Sempringham*, much more remote, where I think he will winter; ſo as I do much upbraid my own negligent omiſſion to ſee him before I came from thence

to *Haughton*, though I was fool'd into it by a promiſe of my Ladies, to return thither in ten days, though we have already worn out the tedious Age of ſix Weeks in this unfrequented Cave: nor do I look for a ſudden deliverance from this ſolitary confinement; but indeed it is not much unſutable with my preſent diſpoſition, which can reliſh nothing delightful, till I get rid of this deplorable trouble; but when we return into *Lincoln-ſhire*, it ſhall go hard, if I break not priſon for one day to ſee the old *Midas*, and then I ſhall not forget to urge what you hinted concerning the *&c.* Excuſe the extravagancy of theſe inconſequent diverſions, and expect method when health bequeaths me a more fixt temper; but you ſhould never be thus aſſaulted with the ſallies of theſe petty diſcontents, if you were not perfectly confided in, and peculiarly lov'd by

Your moſt faithfully affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER CII.

To Mr. J. P.

Dear Jack,

I Am ſorry thou couldſt not carry health out of Town; but here is never a ſhop that ſells that Commo-

Commodity: I hope it waited in the Countrey, to welcome thee home; for if well-wiſhes may make thee well, I have redeemed it for thee, and thou art reſtored to its poſſeſſion. My pawned promiſe is redeemed by this incloſed, which though it be too plain to be precious, I would be loth to forfeit it to a Friend. I prethee intreat ſweet Mrs. *Mary* and thy ſelf, not to ſpoil theſe courſe lines with expectation. My haſte has done it too much already, they being the deformed iſſue of a few minutes ſtoln from my ſerious occaſions; but if my miſtake did not miſs your directions, I have not ſhot much wide of the deſign. My belief has been ſo often abuſed with news, that I am reſolved not to adventure the cheating of thee with ſome ſuch unwilling falſhood. Let me injoyn the happineſs in my behalf to kiſs Ms. M's fair hand, and lay the preſentation of my Service at her foot, and let her know that if the dull performance of this firſt has not diſcouraged her bounty in beſtowing further commands, I queſtion not but to give her a better taſte of my zeal to ſerve her. In the mean time, honeſt *Jack*, if it requires it, I commit thy peccant body to belly-racking diſcipline of thy guilded Pills, but thy mind and ſenſes to the ſovereign Cordial of her precious ſociety, and reſt

Thy cordial friend to ſerve thee, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CIII.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

WE are at laſt got looſe from our Weſtern entertainment, and deliver'd from the puniſhment of an importunate kindneſs, which was always in travel, and every day delivered of an overflow; but I hope we have eſcaped all the danger (*viz.* of ſurfeits) for which we ought to keep a ſolemn thankſgiving, and are ſafely arrived at *London*, which we ſhall only make a baiting-place by the way into *Lincolnſhire*, and there ſpend the remains of the Summer. At my return to *London* I met a pair of your Letters that had long ſtaid my coming; I flew to their peruſal, with a greedineſs as great as ever was the child of a teeming impatience, and found that in them which at the ſame time ſatiated and juſtified my longing. I was truly glad to hear my friend had ſo happily pleaſed my Lady *L.* in his Factorſhip, which was confirmed by a Letter I received from her out of the Countrey, (for they left *London* upon the brink of our arrival) which commanded me to return you her thanks by Bill of exchange as a gratuity for your prudent care in her behalf, and a requeſt from my Lord that you would (if poſſible) procure

cure him ſome more *Italian* ſongs. I have incloſed this Bill from your friend Mr. *B.* whereof I deſire you will ſignifie the receipt with as much expedition as poſſible, and direct your Letters again to —— for I ſhall be out of Town till *Michaelmas*. But now my deareſt friend, I know not which way to turn my Pen, nor how to ſhape an anſwer to thoſe praiſes you laviſh upon a toy that I cannot own without ſome bluſhes; which was the only reaſon it was kept ſo long from your knowledge, for fear it ſhould get me a deſerved chiding from your ſevere affection, for laying out my time with ſo much improvidence and ill-husbandry: nor do I traffique with that ſtale piece of modeſt policy for an improvement of reputation, becauſe I diſavow it, like a cunning Angler, drawing away the Bait that the Fiſh may follow it more greedily; for really I ſpeak my thoughts without a dreſs, when I tell you that I have much wondred how it comes by the credit it carries in the World, and that ſo many judicious palates ſhould guſt a piece ſo inſipid; however it is, I cannot content the importunity of ſome of my beſt qualified friends without I go on with this ſtory, and I think there will be another part out at *Michaelmas* Term, if I come time enough to *London* to overſee the Preſs, *&c.*

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

Your advertiſement of the happy Errour came too late to intercept the abortive iſſue which my Creſt-fallen Muſe miſcarried with: but I was never more glad of being abuſed, and am friends with Fame for the deceit, ſince it is like to coſt me more, than a laughing at. But reports of this nature ſhall henceforth only play faſt and looſe with my ear (as Juglers do with the eye) and claim no credit till backt by apparent certainty. Your imagination cannot fancy a more grateful heart, than mine, made ſo by your laſt courteſie, a trouble which none but ſo perfect a friend as your ſelf would have undertaken; and though I know you are none of thoſe that can put their courteſies to uſe, and ſo become kindeſt to themſelves in being kind to others, yet I ſhall never judge my ſelf truly happy, till I be able to return yours with intereſt. I would gladly find Doctor *B.* not miſtaken in the ſituation of my malady, and I hope my experience will hereafter aſſure me, as now my obſervation begins to perſwade, that there is no flaw in his judgment. I have a ſtrong fancy that I ſhall reap much benefit by thoſe lotions he ſpeaks

ſpeaks of, and therefore when you go next to *Norwich* let me intreat you to take a note of the ingredients from his dictates, for I conceive no time of the year unſeaſonable to take that kind of Phyſick. 'Tis poſſible Mr. *R*'s directions, as one well skill'd in ſuch medicinals, may prove available, though I intend not to ſtraggle the breadth of a hair from what Doctor *B.* preſcribes. We are now retir'd from my Lord of *Lincolns* to a houſe of my Lord of *Clares* in *Nottinghamſhire*, where a Hermit is not more alone than I, this Countrey affording nothing fit to converſe with but dumb companions, as pleaſing walks in Gardens, Groves by Rivers, *&c.* of which it is not unfruitful; that had I *Adams* innocency and knowledge, my preſent condition would reſemble his before *Eve* was created. I have lately not without much regret loſt my *French* and *Italian* Tutor, who is parted from my Lady *D.* I am unfeignedly glad to hear of the health of my ſiſters, and that they manage their deſerts with ſo diſcreet a providence to improve reputation. If you find Hymen is like to light an auſpicious torch, and the true loves knot be worth the tying, I ſhall not give a faint applauſe to the change of my ſiſter *K*'s condition; I ſhall be glad to hear in your next that ſhe draws in a happy yoke; they ſhall have my hearty wiſhes that their ſweet bondage may know no other fetters than what are woven by the ſoft hand of

vir-

virtuous unfading Love: might I hope the happineſs to meet you at *London*, nothing would be able to out-glad me; but I do more than fear that we are to conſume this winter in theſe parts, unleſs a new-kindled Warr do ſend us packing, and then I am ſure that unſanctified City muſt prove our Sanctuary: that which makes it too probable, is, that my Lord of *C.* is coming down thence with his whole Family, to increaſe ours here. I pray preſent my humble ſervice to my Couſin *H. C.* and tell him, that if I can ſerve him in ought with his Uncle, who lives within five miles of my Lord of *L.* Caſtle, at *T.* (which we ſhall often viſit) he ſhall not find my indeavours tardy; I have not yet ſeen him, but intend at our next going: 'tis reported there, that the other *H. C.* is grown a great favourite; but if report ſays true, he is like to plague their expectations with a moſt unconſcionable long life, as if time had forſworn to ſwallow his *humidum radicale*, to whom he yet has denyed the homage of either ſtooping or drooping; I intend to ſend him a pot of red Deer, which they ſay will be welcome. I pray preſent my affectionate reſpects to my Siſters, and tell my Siſter *J.* that I am now in chaſe of a place for her, which if obtained will pay for all her patience; 'tis to ſerve the Lady *A. W.* and I intend to ingage no worſe Soliciter, than my own Lady her Couſin German; but I am afraid 'tis pro-

promiſed already, and therefore let her not hope too much; only if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, 'twere fit I had notice where a Meſſenger ſhould find her; for I intend to ſend one on purpoſe. But I grow intolerable: pardon this rout of words, and call me as I truly am,

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER CV.

To Mr. R.

Sir,

MY ſhort allowance of time will only ſuffer me to tell you, that I am (what your friendly Courteſies have made me) truly yours, and will be ready to appear ſo, when any of your Commands ſhall direct me, how. In the mean time, take my hearty thanks for the trouble you have undertaken. It was a requeſt of that nature as (without the aid of much Candor) you muſt needs have conſtru'd Preſumption; but your ingenuity has help'd you to give it a better interpretation: be aſſured I will ſtrictly require of my ſelf ſuch indeavours as may learn to deſerve theſe favours. So if you pleaſe to let me know your clear opinion of this mans intentions, I ſhall ſteer my courſe accordingly, and if you find

find it requiſite) come to *Nottingham* my ſelf, and get him Arreſted before occaſion ſhows her Bald-pate. I beſeech you, Sir, return my Love and Service where they are due to my Friends you have with you. Pardon my rude haſte, and do me the right to believe me

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER CVI.

To Seigneur G.

Sir,

I Underſtood by a late Letter of Mr. *H.* and ſince by your laſt to Mr. *H.* that you had ſent divers Letters to me; which if ſo, I cannot do leſs, than wonder at the ſtrange contrivance of Fortune, in not ſuffering ſo much as a ſingle line to arrive at my hands ſince I ſaw you; when none of thoſe that weekly travel between me and my remote Friends ever met with the ſame fate. Indeed I was glad to hear that *Seigneur G.* was yet among the living; for I judg'd nothing but Death could have ſtruck him ſo dumb. I underſtood your deſires, and the reaſons of them by Mr. *H.* to receive your *Seamozzi*, which I preſently communicated to your *vale Milner*, and prevailed ſo well by perſwaſion, as you

you will receive it by this Carrier. I am ſorry my Lady *D.* does not accept your Preſent; I ſuppoſe Mr. *H.* will render you a larger account of it. In the mean, I ſhall (uſing the Books carefully) read over your Tranſlation with the Original, and ſo keep them, till your reply to this directs a further diſpoſal. Haſte will now let me ſay no more, than that I am

Your conſtant friend, ſtill ready to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CVII.

To Mr. A.

Sir,

AN unexpected Command for *Lincolnſhire* with my Lord beguiles me of the happineſs to kiſs your hands. Becauſe your *Suff.* Journey takes advantage of my defer'd writing, and forces me to ſay nothing to my Brother by you, to mend this unintended default you may much oblige me to ſummon him by a Meſſenger to *B.* while you are there, I know his affection will carry him further at any time to hear of me; where if you pleaſe to give him an account of what you know of me and my condition, you will put me much in your debt: tell him I will write by the next Carrier, but deſire him not

to expect my coming over, till I tell him I will come. I pray let him know I received his laſt with the Picture in it. Sir, may the ſucceſs of your journey compare with your wiſhes. Preſent me kindly to all you meet that know me. Forgive the haſte that made theſe blots, and be confident I am

Yonr faithful friend and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

MY laſt had not been followed at ſuch a diſtance, if the ſudden news of a *Lincolnſhire* journey had not arreſted my Pen in the very act. My condition ſcatters uncertainty among the broken parcels of my time; and I muſt be no leſs, than a Prophet to foretell, how I ſhall ſpend the next hour; my firmeſt purpoſes being ſtill curb'd with a conditional bridle. Thus I utter the larger part of my indeavours, as an inſtrument does ſound, that only talks over the inſtructions of an imperious hand. Yet I cannot ſay that any new reſtraint does raiſe the price of my leiſure: but the continuance of my trouble, which I now ſuſpect will keep me company to the

the threſhold of another World (in ſpight of all the aid of reaſon) does often untune and diſcompoſe my ſoul, that (though I ſhould bluſh to ſay ſo) it even faints my induſtry, ſlacks my carreer, and makes me halt after ſuch deſigns, which otherwiſe I think I ſhould purſue with vigour. But I take it as a fatherly correction ſent with commiſſion to ſet me the way to Heaven, and ſo I hope I ſhall uſe it. We are now more, than two years older ſince we laſt ſhak'd hands; which (when I look back upon, at a lump) methinks (in reference to my ſelf) looks as if woven into a Chaos. From ſome I have incountred affronts that have ſtruck fire in my breaſt; from other (ſweet ingenious ſpirits) I have been fann'd with a gentle gale of ſerene affection; ſuch humorous waves have flow'd round my Bark, as (at the ſame hour) have mildly kiſs'd my keel, and ſpit foam at my top-ſail: and for earth, I am a double debtour to the conſtitution of my body, and my fortunes, that my Chaos has been plentifully furniſht with that melancholy element. It cannot poſe your conjecture to conceive how tenderly I would hug an occaſion that might revive me the delight of ſo dear a ſociety; for (if I deem aright) you may eaſily cut out ſuch an imagination by the pattern of your own heart. But if I gain my health, I taſte what others call pleaſure with a feaveriſh palate; I am therefore loth to appear among the friends I love ſo well,

till I can bid adieu to a dull humor that now predominates, and my ſoul may have elbow-room enough (at leaſt) to render my company not tedious. If providence does intend me ſo dear a Preſent, ſure this ſucceeding Spring muſt bring it, and then I ſhall venture to ask my firſt leave to play, *&c.* I do much applaud the diſguſt the creature made you; I know you have a ſoul that loaths to ſin ſo ſlaviſhly (though tempted with fairer hopes, than any can court you that way:) 'tis the badge of a worthy heart that can rather indure to appear leſs, than to be leſs worthy; and 'tis a rare diſpoſition that will not ſuffer it ſelf to be cheapned in ſuch an age as this. But (though vertue ſometimes ſets a long day) her pay is currant and Sterling, all the reſt falſe coin.

My Lady has newly got another ſwelling in the Belly, which I believe about five months hence will make us hoiſe ſail for *London*, (for there they apprehend is the ſafeſt unlading for ſuch fraights;) if I may meet you there, you will give me more happineſs, than I have reliſht ſince I laſt ſaw you: And be confident your Perſon and Parts will find a more eaſie task in the purchaſe of preferment, than mine have done (in ſo many reſpects their inferiour;) and if you can ſafely manage, the intereſt is ſtill left you to make it laſt till then, it cannot be amiſs. In the mean time you ſhall do me but right to promiſe your ſelf the cleareſt advice, attended by the

moſt

moſt active diligence, and ready indeavours that may be performed by the ſoul and body of

Yours while he is his own, R. L.

LETTER CIX.

To Mrs. F.

Honoured Aunt,

THe debt due to your obliging goodneſs, I can better confeſs, than ſatisfie; and till Providence inrich me with ſerviceable power to pay the whole ſumm, I muſt beg you will receive the intereſt of true thanks, a coin (though often counterfeit) has here the ſtamp of a true heart; in the Mine of which your kind ingagements have digged for ſuch metal, and though it be not precious, 'tis beyond the power of an Ordinance to make it no currant pay; for Heaven it ſelf received it, and if the Impreſs be not forged, returns an acquittance. I promiſed you news, but its ſcarcity bids me crave a longer day for the payment, only this, The *Scot*, &c. You have the abridgment of what this Week produc'd: if I may uſe my poor power any other way to ſerve you, let me beg you will continue your favours in commanding

Yours, R. L.

LETTER CX.

To my Brother, Mr. A. W.

Sir,

YOurs of the third of this Current was brought to my hands by your Brother, and now mine; a Gentleman ſo happily accompliſh'd with what is brave and ingenious, as I am juſtly proud of his acquaintance, and muſt therefore render a juſt acknowledgment to you that gave it me. So you may ſafely believe there is nothing in me that ſways with ſo great a power, as affection to my friends; and therefore my remote abode ſpoil'd the taſte of other recreations, becauſe it made that almoſt ſpeechleſs. I hold my ſelf much advantag'd by the conſent you have given to let me know you, and will gladly ſtir any indeavours that may ſhew me the way to ſo much deſert: what you are pleaſed to ſay of your ſelf could not be excus'd, if your own modeſty were not the Criminal; and whatſoever that forbids, I ſee there was no error in thoſe that ſpoke of you, ſince one that has beſt reaſon to know you, hath confirmed the Character. It will be none of my fault if I do not help you to entertain your Goſſips, but I dare not venture a poſitive promiſe, leſt ſomething that has more power over me than my ſelf

ſhould

ſhould infringe it; but let me intreat to be thought, as thankful, as if I had already taſted all that your Courteſie intends me. Good Sir, ſpeak me deeply affectionate to my Siſter, ſay as much in my behalf to my Siſter *F.* and believe me

Perfectly yours in all that I can ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXI.

To his Siſter C. L.

Dear Siſter,

I Have had too much proof of thy diſpoſition, to doubt its integrity, and I hope thou haſt known me too long to ſuſpect my affection: let us then in ſpite of all miſtakes mutually maintain ſuch a plain dealing love, as may well reject the gay diſcredit of a Complement. But now though I find my head and hand too weak to cope with your ingenious Champion, yet leſt no reſiſtance ſhould render her victory inglorious, theſe few words in anſwer, that I perceive ſhe did not well underſtand, or at leaſt willingly miſconſtrued my meaning, the better to introduce her own ingenious reproofs; and firſt I perceive ſhe was pleas'd to underſtand ſome words (only merrily intended) in a ſerious ſence, the better to

let me feel how ſharp the weapon of her wit is like to cut, when it has a juſt provocation. Secondly, I muſt take leave to ſay, I know not well what ſhe means by impoveriſhing Fortune of glittering toys, *&c.* however, I am reſolved to do her the ſervice, rather to impute the fault to the weak eye-ſight of my own underſtanding, than lay any erroneous miſtake to her charge. For the deſire which your own hand expreſt on the top, I am ſorry my power is yet unable to promiſe any pregnant hope of its effect: only this, you may confidently aſſure your ſelf, I ſhall providently improve all means and opportunities that may give you a ſtrong belief of the moſt unfeigned affection of

Your truly loving Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOur laſt kind one met me at *Nottingham*, whither my Lords recovery, (if I may call it ſo, for I fear 'tis but an intermiſſion) hath return'd us; where in ſpite of all my fair hopes, and eager wiſhes, we are like to re-ſettle. If this comes directly

directly to your hands, (which becauſe of your intentions for *H.* I am jealous of) I pray let it ſpeak me as I have ſtill deſir'd to be underſtood, and will ever ſtretch the ſinews of Induſtry to continue the opinion. You tell me of two potent enemies you have to ſtruggle with, *viz.* Malice and Envy; indeed they are two of the moſt angry Waſps that Satan lets fly; but where they meet with integrity, (of which I know you are not unfurniſh'd) they may ſeem to ſting, but there riſes no bliſter; and thus their emiſſive venome, like the foreſeen Baſiliske, (which for ought I know may be no more, than an Emblem of them) will fatally recoyl upon themſelves: for the cauſe of it, becauſe you think fit to bind it up in clouds, I will not ſtrive to unwrap it; only I ſhall love my own conjectures well, if event applauds them, that it portends you ſome conjugal preferment. I am ſorry *C. T.* grows ſo laviſh of his reputation to go in danger of a Warrant, becauſe he does things unwarrantable: I pray God, he does not buy wit ſo dear, that he will have nothing left to make any other purchaſe; if I knew how to direct my Letter I would write to him, but will forbear advice, till I grow more able to give good Counſel, or at leaſt he more willing to receive it. I could wiſh poor *N. S.* had manag'd his Merchandiſe with more providence, than to be ſhipwreck'd in a Dungeon; and 'tis much to be fear'd, ſince

ſince he could boaſt of the ignominy: that the Sunſhine of his new fortune will but light him to ſuch another Farm, and ſo leave him in it: but I deſire my Augury may get no credit by the event; and indeed I ſhould be chary in unripping others imperfections, till I have fewer to mend of mine own; no doubt they are deform'd in others eyes, could they be ſo in mine, I were happy. I thank you for the hopes you give me of a Cure when I come over, which I believe will now be ſhortly; I am reſolv'd to conſult Dr. *B.* about it; but cuſtom has taught me to fear the worſt. I pray let me know how long you intend to ſtay in *N.* that when I come, I may certainly know where to find you; for if you be not there, I ſhall unwillingly go ſo far out of my way as by *B. H.* being full as near: but I talk too confidently for one that has not yet ask'd leave, and may perchance be denyed it. I am ſorry your trouble has ſtill ſuch a ſpleen at your ſide; a ſolid conſtant virtue diſheartens malice, and diſarms envy, and could rival your own gladneſs, if the gold you ſpake of, with a matrimonial Plaiſter, could remove the Lead from thence; but I applaud your reſolution of content, with what you have, and will endeavour to write after the Copy. In the mean time, I cannot better requite your wiſhes, than by paying of you in your own Coin,

Coin, which (if it be poſſible) is done with intereſt by

Your cordially affectionate Brother, paſſionately deſirous to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Received yours, and in it much more than was due, by way of acknowledgment, in reference to your Son. You are pleaſed to call that a Courteſy, which was a debt, and indeed not pay'd at the full; for I muſt ever confeſs, that I owe much more to your preceding Civilities. I find your Son indued with all thoſe qualities that may frame him a fair fortune, and a high repute, both by natural and acquiſite parts, which are more than likely to render you a happy Father; his apprehenſion is clear and quick-ſighted, his memory ſtrong and retentive, his fancy dexterous and lively, and theſe auſpicious ſigns may well be conſtru'd into hopes of a well-built Judgment, which is the nobleſt faculty of man. I perceive his induſtry in his ſtudies is elaborate, and his obſervation always ready to cull Honey from every Flower; in ſhort, I think he will no way deceive your expectation, unleſs

it

it be in going beyond it. Sir, I deemed this account due by obligation from, Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and humble Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mr. C.

Sir,

GIve this Paper leave to preſent my acknowledgment of your laſt civilities at *Tatſhal*, & my reſolution of taking the hint to ſerve you, from any opportunity that ſhall becken me to it. It has pleaſed God to viſit my Lord and Lady, one with a Feaver, the other with a Tertian Ague; but as yet neither expreſſes any violence, and therefore perſwades no fear of danger. The remembrance of your conditional promiſe to give them a Sermon next Sunday made me deem it fit to ſend you this notice, that you might preſerve your performance for a fit time; unleſs you will convert your intentions to the charity of a Viſit. I ſhould be glad to hear Mrs. *C.* had ſhaken off her Shaker. As my promiſe ty'd me, I have ſent her the *Polonian* Story, which perhaps may feather ſome tedious hours; when ſhe has done with that, *C.* is at her ſervice, or at leaſt

leaſt ſhall be at a Weeks warning. I pray, Sir, ſpeak me much her ſervant, and conclude me

Yours as far as the wiſhes and power can reach of R. L.

LETTER CXV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L:

Loving Brother,

THe three Letters you mention, I confeſs I received; and if we had not ſtill been ſhifting places, like feathers in the wind, my ſilence would want excuſe, and in plain Engliſh be tranſlated ſloth; for I was forc'd to take an unwelcome Paradox from the hands of Neceſſity, for too much motion ſtay'd my hand. Since we loſt the ſight of *London*, I have dated all my Letters not where I dwelt, but where I was; but now I hope we ſhall ſit ſtill and breath a while, ſo my dumb Pen will come to its ſpeech again.

I am deep in your debt for abundance of loving expreſſions, and want words to tell you how tenderly I entertained them; the task is too big to let you ſee how dear you are to me: do me but the Courteſie to fancy an affection, pure, unbyaſſed, unreſerved, that ſcorns limits, loaths change, and is only leſs excellent, than that which

which makes the Angels clap their wings, and you have a draught of mine; to deſcribe which in particular were to let an Ocean through a quill. I am ſorry you are faſtned to Mr. *B.* with Goſſomere-tyings; but though thoſe Cob-webs were Cables, I believe you might find a more commodious harbour to let fall your Anchor in. If you think it fit, let your next a little more unmask your ingagements, and ſhew me how your inclinations ſtand, and whether you can draw off upon a ſudden warning. My friend on the other ſide the Sea has not yet accepted imployment, (this Age looks too much aſquint on true deſert,) he ſtill redoubles his kind expreſſions upon me, and ſo far as he is mine, he ſhall be yours. I pray if you can learn, let your next tell me how his *Norfolk* friends do; for he deſires to know. I am not yet likely to draw my neck out of the Collar; but when I do, I ſhall be loth to invite yours into it: without flattery, your perſon and parts do deſerve better, and muſt have it. If this wretched malady did not ſtill haunt me, I ſhould not long trifle away my hours in a dull and barren ſervitude. I am now my own Phyſician and Patient; from my own preſcription I have taken a Vomit, a Purge, a Collution, a Dentifrice, *&c.* if theſe fail, the hopes of a Cure will ſicken, and I ſhall only comfort my ſelf, in the calamities of a ſhort life, with eternity. Sorrow and joy chaſtis'd one another

other in my breaſt, at the news of my Siſter *F's* gentle miſery. I will not wrong your apprehenſions to give you the reaſons, I hope by this time ſhe is perfectly recovered, and will congratulate it ſhortly in a few lines to her. I pray preſent me affectionately to my kind Siſter *J.* and tell her I was not maſter of ſo much time to write to her this opportunity; for I am forc'd to blot you out theſe words I ſend you in exceeding haſte. Let me beg your furtherance in my Phyſical Studies: I would gladly intreat permiſſion to tranſcribe your Book; but 'tis an unfit requeſt to venture it ſo long and dangerous a voyage: only this let me crave, that in your next I may receive the Copies of three or four of your moſt virtuous diet-drinks, eſpecially Dr. *Butler's*; and the receipt of your rare Balſom, with a little quantity of it, if you have any made. I am happy in my Friends welfare, proud of their love, and wiſh I had worth enough to make it appear they have not diſplaced their affection. I will make amends for my laſt long ebbe with a future overflow. Salute all that know me with becoming reſpects proportion'd to them; and now give me leave to cloſe all with ſuch words as I muſt make, till death cloſe my eyes: I am

Your truly affectionate Brother to ſerve you, till death, R.L.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

For Mr. J. E.

Sir,

I Am not wiſe enough to plot an excuſe to defend my ſilence from your cenſure, unleſs it be, that I made a conſcience to call you from your better imployments to loſe time upon my trifles; but ſince I thought better of it I found it fitter to chuſe the leſs ſin of the two, and rather venture a reproof for importunity, than a mulct for ingratitude. Believe it Sir, I mean it no complement in profeſſing my ſelf much in your debt; but you always rang'd your ſelf in that ſmall number of mankind that ſow their favours without expectation of a crop, and place their delight rather in planting courteſies, than gathering their fruits. I beſeech you Sir, mention me to my Couſin *E.* as I am a grateful reſenter of their laſt excellent entertainment, and a paſſionate deſirer to appear ſo, when either they or I can find a fit occaſion: let my ſhe-Couſin know, that I did lately find means to ſerve her in the buſineſs we diſcours'd of, as will come a cure for the greateſt calamity either of body or mind. But our Great Ones are ſo overflown with this Spring-tide of ſucceſs, as they have not leiſure to mind the bubling of little Brooks. I

would

would fain ſay ſomething elſe if I were ſure I could only ſpeak to your apprehenſion, *&c. M. W.* kiſſes your hands with much reſpect, and deſires the liberty (ſince *London* will not afford any of the ſame) to make your Books ſpeak *Engliſh* before he returns them. I beſeech you, Sir, preſent my *baiſe mains* to that incomparable Lady my Couſin *E*'s Lady, not forgetting the terreſtrial Cherubins, and take my word, Sir, to you I will endeavour to be all that is requiſite in

A faithful Friend, and Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXVII.

Deareſt Siſter,

THough ſilence be ſometimes a ſign, yet it is not a proof of forgetfulneſs; I am ſure in me it has ſignified no greater offence, than what a large abſence from *London* (in ſuch places whence it was almoſt an impoſſibility to convey a Letter to *H.*) has inforc'd me to commit; and therefore if my affection has got a blemiſh in your thoughts, pray reſtore it to its former credit and beauty, for really I have ever kept it fair in mine, and will always take care to preſerve it ſo. There is ſo little change in my condition that refers to my preſent intereſt in this Family,

as it is not worth my account; only I live, and that's all, for my allowance is so short, that if my own industry did not draw in additions some other ways, I should find it a hard task to subsist. In requital of this, pray let your pen tell me how, and to what degree, your self injoys your health and content; how my Cousin *L.* thrives in his studies, and to what imployment and profession his inclinations are bent with the greatest ardour; and if I can find my self in a capacity either by advice or assistance (though I want them both my self) to serve you or him in the choice of a Calling, procuring a Master, or ought else that may help me to express how cordially I am yours, you need not scruple to command it from,

Dear sister,

Your own in all that a sincere affection can promise and perform,

R. L.

LETTER CXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Sir,

To say nothing after the receipt of so much kindness can no way be excused but by the utter shipwrack of my memory; be pleased there-

therefore to believe that I reſented your friendly entertainment as I ought, and do paſſionately wiſh I could requite it ſo; however accept the acknowledgment of it from a heart that means as much as the moſt puiſſant gratitude can act. I beſeech you Sir, ſpeak abundance of affection from me to my dear ſiſter your bed-fellow; tell her I do not ſuffer my ſelf to forget how much her indearings are aforehand with me, nor will ever conſent to ſlip any endeavours that may ſhow me the way to overtake them: tell her I ſhall earneſtly pray for a ſafe unlading of her fraight, and wiſh, if I may uſe *Eraſmus* his expreſſion, *Ut non majori moleſtiâ elabatur, quam illapſum eſt.* My Brother-traveller and I made it *Saturday*-night before we reach'd *London*, as I doubt not but his incloſed ſpecifies; but if you find the Date old, impoſe the fault upon me; for accidentally meeting Mr. *T.* and gaining his promiſe to deliver this, I was rather willing to truſt a ſafe though ſlow convenience, than a ſpeedy hazard. I pray preſent me cordially to honeſt Mr. *H.* Mr. *B.* Mr. *D.* and their Wives. I ſhall only add this, be as happy as your hearts can wiſh, eſpecially in one another; and take my word I ſhall always be forward to prove my ſelf, Sir,

Your really affectionate Brother and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CXIX.

Dear Brother,

I Am glad you have ſhak'd off your ſhaker, and begin to wear your health, which before you put on, as people do new Boots, for a trial, how they will fit, and ſo put it off again; Pardon the courſe reſemblance, for to him I mean ſo well I ever thought I might ſpeak any thing: but I hope you are now recover'd with advantage, and are grown ſo ſecurely well by your conqueſt in this ſecond incounter, as your victory is ſignal, and will diſable your foe from reinforcing. In the mean time I muſt not forget to commend the aim of your pious reflections at the right mark; all the joys and griefs, pains and pleaſures, falls and riſings that ſtart from thoſe under-cauſes we incounter here, ſhould all lay their heads in the lap of Providence, and he that does not teach his thoughts, deſires, *&c.* the way to that centre, does but ſhelter a troop of dangerous ſtraglers, that may be more than ſuſpected to drag him the wrong way. Though I think the World was never worſe for true deſert to traffick in, yet I know you are ſo well furniſht with what few can diſlike, as I hope it will coſt you no tedious trial to get a prop, if not an improvement, for your Fortunes. The vacant place which I refuſed to fill up in my Lord of *D.* ſervice

vice, I hear is reſupply'd by the ſame man that left it, *&c.* If I were able to ſhew you future events, like the Magicians glaſs, and ſtrip all the high deſigns of their preſent diſguiſe, believe it, you ſhould be admitted to the naked viſion; but wiſer men, than I do but rove with uncertain gheſſes, and make good the *Italian* Proverb,

—A Caſe troppo alte non ſi pigtia mira;

'Tis hard to take a true aim at things too high. Let me conjure you to be as exact and circumſpect in *I*'s behalf as is poſſible; I know you are moſt able to penetrate and ſcan the buſineſs, have ſtudied the Man, with his eſtate and diſpoſition, and can tell beſt how to ſift the conditions of his kindred, and diſcover how their propenſions ſtand in reference to the match; for believe it, this may paſs for a Maxime, She muſt never long think to preſerve her husbands affection that has only His, of all the kindred: yet pray do not conſtrue this my unwillingneſs to vote it, for what you deem fit, ſhall never want my approbation. I pray deliver my reſpects as they are due to all my friends you incounter in your progreſs; and tell my Nephew, if you ſee him, that he owes me a Letter. At your return tell me how my Uncle does, virtuous *L.* and my Brother *P*'s Family. I have no room to inlarge your trouble, only this; not only a good voyage to you, but all the requiſites that conduce to your perfect happineſs

ſhall ever be compriſed in the wiſhes and prayers of,

Dear Brother,

Your own to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXX.

To ——

Sir,

IF I could grow ſtudious in the illiberal ſcience of ingratitude, the leſſon of forgetting your courteſies would poſe me, when every glance on my preſent condition muſt needs undo my endeavours with the unreſiſtible thoughts of him that gave it being. But you have always taſted more delight in performing courteſies, than in receiving their acknowledgment; to which I have been ſo frequent a witneſs, that I have even fear'd to give you the full proportion of my gratitude leſt it ſhould provoke your modeſty to underſtand it complement. What conſtruction it will make of theſe words I know not, but they are only a rude draught of what I carry in the Centre of my breaſt, an Artleſs copy in black and white of what is there far better drawn in vermilion-characters. But I do but unskilfully repeat what I hope you knew before. Time has not lent me experience enough in my preſent imployment

imployment to let you know whether I ſhall be able to ſatisfie the expectations of them that command me, but as far as I have yet read in my L's diſpoſition, I have ſeen nothing that can diſcourage my indeavour of pleaſing. A few words will hold the news we have here, *&c.* and I ſhall conclude with what hath the ſame duration with my life, that I am

Your affectionate ſervant,
R. L.

LETTER CXXI.

To Sir. J. P.

Sir,

GIve theſe blots leave to mind you of a ſervant that does often recount to himſelf how much you have formerly oblig'd him; the remembrance of which compels me to tell you I muſt be ever yours; nor ſhall I ever conſent to be wavering enough to write them in a wave. If I had not laid out ſome wiſhes in vain, my Pen had wanted this task, and I had done my becoming reſpects in perſon; but ſo long as I bow to the commands of others, I am like thoſe that ſwim in ſtreams, *non eunt ſed feruntur*; and like a Cock-boat, muſt content my ſelf to ſtand ſtill, while the Ship I am chain'd to is at

an Anchor. Some failings in deſigns for preferment have deluded my expectations, and detain'd me in the Lord *C*'s ſervice; but I hope I ſhall not long repeat my ſteps in the ſame circle, where I content my ſelf to ſpend my time with as much ſtudious providence as I can. Sir, if I did not often retreit into my own heart, and find how much it honours you, I would not thus importune you: but methinks I am told by the perfect integrity it pays you, that it becomes me to preſume, you ſtill wiſh well to

Your faithful Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXXII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Shall not offend truth to tell you that I thirſted for your Ink with all that ardor and impatience which are uſually the troubleſome Companions of perfect amity, when ſhe is rent from her object by the double divorce of time and diſtance: and though few delights tickle ſo pleaſingly, as thoſe that get credit by abſenting themſelves, and after an advantagious interniſſion return freſh and unhandled to the ſenſes; yet true friendſhip has a conſtant and equal guſt

guſt of delight, is never tired, nor cloyed with fruition; and indeed, if it can be rightly ſtated in its perfection here, may be called the elder Siſter of Angel-like happineſs, Love being one of the faireſt plumes that deck the Creſt of divine Beatitude. But enough. If my laſt told you I was well, I muſt give this Commiſſion to unſay it, *&c.* But I am bound to ſuffer all without repugnance or repining, ſince whenever the Divinity corrects with the greateſt ſeverity, we ought to take alarms from thoſe ſtripes, not only to give the on-ſet, but perſevere to the overthrow of all that ſtands in our way to eternal felicity. I am very glad to ſee ſo many repeated confirmations of my Siſter *J*'s happineſs in a Husband; in which my affection goes a large Intereſt, and if my wiſh can get her a Leaſe of it for her life, ſhe ſhall not want it. I ſhould be fearful to ſay any thing to my Siſter *F.* though I were far more able, than I am, to adviſe, becauſe I neither know the Man, nor his diſpoſition, how qualified or inclined; but admit them all proportioned to her deſires, for my part I ſhould be hardly drawn to acknowledge it could much mend her condition, which, if I miſtake not, was very happy, if ſhe has but a true taſte to reliſh it: when I return to *London*, which will be about *Michaelmas*, I ſhall endeavour to do her deſires in reference to her Son; but am now upon the brink of our going into *Lincolnſhire*. I am ſo

full

full of buſineſs, as I am not maſter of an hours leiſure; therefore if you find any non-ſence here, impute it to the conſtraint of my precipitation: we muſt ſet out upon *Munday* next. When you write, (which I deſire may be often) direct your Letters to Mr. *G.* the P. in ——— and by him they will be infallibly ſent me, and my anſwers returned; in which I promiſe to be conſtant and circumſpect. Well dear Brother, I have now no time to ſay more; in my next I intend to be more ſpacious in the account of my own Condition, which in relation to thoſe I ſerve does grow Hectical, and unlikely to continue; and verily, ſhould I ſtay much longer with them, the non-competency of their allowance would undo me: therefore I intend to look out for ſome other imployment at my next return to *London.* Dear Brother, pardon my abrupt Farewel, and call me your poſſeſſion.

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Mr. J. E.

Sir,

ON *Munday* laſt at once I received both your Letters, which like people of the ſame noble

ble Parentage kept company; and I crave that their coming that day late to my hands may be called my excuſe for not returning an anſwer. This is a better opportunity to tell you, Sir, that your modeſty in expreſſing yours, and the Families worth, turns your artificial Pen into a Pencil, to which if it were poſſible, your ſhadows would add excellence. I muſt beg you would take a ruder draught of my heart, which is that I truly honour you; and what wants in that of art, is made good in reality. I am ſtill an Archer at Fortunes marks, and the other day narrowly miſt the White of preferment: the beſt of it is, I have many ſtrings to my Bow and the proverb ſays, *The blind man ſometimes hits a Crow*; but *ad januam virtutis excubant labor & ſudor*; and thats the hubbe I aim at, I muſt ever ſcorn to phyſick my weak eſtate with gilded venome. In the mean time, my breaſt leaves a ſwarm of wel-wiſhes to you, and the Honey they gather is your happineſs. Sir, to you, if I could, I would not clip the wings of my hearty expreſſions with Complement, leſt, like the new-voted-down money, they ſhould not paſs for currant. I will ſtill wear the impreſs, your obliging goodneſs has ſtampt upon me, and when I prove falſe coin, let me be puniſht in not being received for, Sir,

Your moſt faithful Servant, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

YOu have ſo overdone your acknowledgmẽt of what a ſilẽt acceptance had more than requited, as I can do no leſs than condemn you of a loving error. The eyes of Judgment are never dim'd with ſuch Catarrhes, as when affection ſhapes the Object to their Opticks; and like our dear ſins, hide their uglineſs in the maskarade of delight, profit, or whatever elſe is the fitteſt engine to undermine our frailty. If the trifle I ſent you, had not been ſpoiled before, your expectatiõ had done it to purpoſe; and, like *Æſops* labouring Mountain, would have brought it to bed of a Mouſe. But I will trace this talk no farther, leſt too modeſt a flight from my friends approvement ſhould give ſuſpicion of an ambuſh to ſurpriſe more; and palpably ſeem to act an Angler, who often draws away the bait, that the Fiſh may follow it the more greedily. I am glad you wear out your Pencils ſo faſt to your own advantage, which however you ſhadow, your deſerts cannot chuſe but add freſh beauties to your reputation. I forgot to mention your Quere about my Lord *W.* in your Couſins Letter, who had buried it ſo long in his pocket before I received it, as it had

put

put on the diſcoloured Livery of Time, and proved its Reſurrection, by wearing the duſt of its Grave about it. But to the purpoſe; that Lord is ſo far from Colonizing, as himſelf is newly tranſplanted from the *Barbadoes* (where he was Governour) by the Parliaments Forces, and is now coming home againſt his will, to refix himſelf in his Native Soil; and this is ſo generally known, as a Diurnal of two months old will tell you the Story. Major *W.* is much your Servant; we ſeldome meet, but we ſacrifice a glaſs to your health; and if there be the thing Philoſophers call intelligence of ſpirits, you fare the better for it. By that time you have read mine through, his Book will be with you, and come like the ſecond courſe to a Dinner, which always conſiſts of the moſt delicate fare. I ſend you this by my Mr. *C*'s man, who looks upon me, as if he were ſcarce my Cater-couſin, for you know what; but in ſuch caſes I am partly good at careleſneſs. But I have ſaid too much, unleſs I could have ſaid it better; and 'tis high time to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Dear Brother,

Devoutly yours, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

To Mr. W.

Worthy Sir,

IN the forehead of your kind Letter I am charged with what I was never guilty of, *viz.* Scholarſhip; but ſhould be of too much ingratitude, ſhould I forbear to ſhew you how kindly I reliſh theſe obliging Civilities, the remembring of which I muſt not part with, till I utterly loſe the faculty it ſelf of remembring. Let me beg then that you will fancy me, as I truly am, perfectly yours; and ſuffer me to tell you without ſuſpecting Complement, that 'tis no light groundleſs affection, but a clear experience of what I ſaw was deſerving made me love you; for I acknowledge much affection in your reſenting what you call my ſufferings, but it is my weakneſs if they be ſo; for believe it Sir, if the Peacock ſtirs any paſſion in me, it is laughter, which is the Daughter of content. I may find a time hereafter to ſhew ſome ſcorn to be ſo treated; but that muſt ſleep in my boſome till opportunity wakes it. In the mean time, I am more pleaſed that there are ſome which conceive me in love, than offended at the weak pride of others that contriv'd the Comical indignity. Sir, I am ſorry that I can do no more, than

ac-

acknowledge your favours, and bluſh that my defeated expectations have continu'd you ſtill my Creditor; but at our meeting that ſcore will be wip'd off without fail, and if my wiſhes were not too weak, my actions, as well as words, ſhould ſtile me

Your faithful friend and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CXXVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IT has not been the leaſt of my diſcontents, that I have been forced to let you want the content your laſt Letter mentions in the receipt of ſome of mine; but this let me intreat, that you will never ſuffer your conjecture to deal ſo unkindly with me, as to impute a literal intermiſſion to a flaw in affection. If you knew how much my ſtrict imployment does inſtruct me to ſay for my ſelf, you would grant I need not confeſs a neglect; and if you ſaw how well you are ſeated in my breaſt, your knowledge would ſuppreſs your doubts of my integrity, and leave them no poſſibility of a new inſurrection. The 100 Epiſtles did not ſpeak all my heart meant you.

you. It is only in visible effects that my affection will indure improvement, in my intentions it cannot; but as it can only that way appear to be more, so be confident it shall never find any way to be less: but time is now too precious with me to instruct you further in what you know. I received a brace of loving Letters from my new Brother, and his Bed-fellow; their expressions, like themselves, lay lovingly in a sheet together, only in this a little prepostrous, that he lay undermost; indeed the man does offer friendship so handsomly, that I should show my self ill-seen in civility not to accept it. I perceive (though you confess your self subject to the Palsie) your judgment was not level'd at his desert with an unsteady hand; the Character you have given him, with what he has spoke himself, hath help'd me to a longing to be known his Friend, as well as his Brother: but this will ask time, and perhaps more merit than I am master of. I am glad you do not yet let go your hold where you are; and though the wide miss of some former aymes may discredit my judgment, yet he that has but a twilight of Reason, may perceive the Cloud not far off, that is like to make us more fowl weather; (and while the Tempest lasts) safe shelters are precious. If you knew how glad your Letters make me, and were less guilty of that rare fault of undervaluing your own Commodities;

you

you would ſee leſs cauſe to confeſs the exchange gainful: but (as truth ingages me) I muſt needs commend the beauty that breaks out into your literal expreſſions with a daily increaſe of luſtre: I find you have thriving thoughts, (and though in men it always holds not) yet ſure in thoſe the height of the quality may be taken from the handſomeneſs of the veſture: if you go on thus, your Pen will plant Rhetorical Flowers, as skilfully as your Pencil paints others; and this word Paint leads me to lay hold of half a promiſe, which your laſt makes, to ſend me the *K*'s face in a Letter: let me firſt acknowledge ſome eager deſires of my own to poſſeſs it, and then inform you that I have a deſign to let ſome great ones ſee what you are able to do, and ſo make you known to them, before they know you. I will ſhortly tell my Siſter *F.* how glad I am of her recovery: preſent me dearly to honeſt *J.* and I pray take ſome occaſion to let my Aunt *H.* know that I do paſſionately deſire ſo to ſerve her, as may ſpeak her good opinion not miſplac'd. I am now about to ſtruggle hardeſt with my malady, but I am almoſt forbidden to hope a perfect Cure, by a rational Phyſician in theſe parts; but I hope I ſhall obtain ſo much power over my ſelf, as to reſign my wiſhes and will to his, that is the Fountain of Power. I ſnatch this time of writing this, from ſome occaſions that would hardly permit it: therefore im-

pute theſe blotted faults to that mother of blemiſhes, call'd Haſte. Expect another better poliſh'd at my neareſt opportunity, and ſuffer me abruptly to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your perfectly affectionate Brother, deſirous to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXXVII.

To his Couſin A. L.

Dear Couſin,

THough my ſilence ſince the receipt of yours may have done me ſome ill offices in your opinion, yet you may ſafely believe without incurring the danger of an error, that coldneſs of affection had no hand in the ſeeming ſloth of my Pen: the truth is, I had a double perſwaſion to ſtay my hand, as well to wait this occaſion of my Lady *P.* going down, that I might promiſe my ſelf ſome ſecurity for delivering mine into your hands, as returning an account of thoſe endeavours you hinted in yours, that refer'd to the removal of that unkind Law-quarrel betwixt your Siſter and Father-in-law, by a mediated peace: really, dear Couſin, I am ſorry to find my ſelf in no capacity to experiment my affection to both the parties, by rendring my ſelf

ſelf an inſtrument of ſo happy a Comprimiſe and accord, nor is it want of will or wiſhes that I am not ſo; but after ſome attempts that way, I find your Siſter has ſo intirely reſigned that buſineſs to the conduct and management of a diſcreet perſon, that has now (as he tells her) driven it very near a happy period, as ſhe cannot ſafely let fall, or ſuſpend her legal proſecution, without running the danger of loſing ſo powerful an aſſiſtant; and therefore I could wiſh, that you, and the reſt that cannot look upon her actions at this diſtance, but through the Proſpective of anothers report, would not uſe her too ſeverely in your thoughts, till the laſt ſcene be acted; for I am confident ſhe has ſo fair a ſtock of piety and diſcretion, as will take off the imputation of diſobedience to her good Mother, and unkindneſs to your ſelf, and the reſt of her friends. But I have touched that ſtring too much, unleſs I were able to ſpeak to the purpoſe with more ſatisfaction. I ſhould be glad to hear your reſolution ſtand firm of viſiting *London* this *Eaſter*-term; yet I could wiſh your choice would direct you to begin your Journey betimes in the Term, becauſe I fear I ſhall be ſnatch'd out of Town before it be half elapſed. Since affection help'd you to reliſh the firſt ſo well, I have ſent you the ſecond part of *Cleopatra*, for which you will pay too much, if you take the pains to read it; but, dear Couſin, accept it

from him that will ever be ſtudious to ſtart better occaſions to appear, what I am and ever will be,

Your moſt affectionate Unkle,
R. L.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Loving Brother,

IF I were not skill'd in the ingenuity of your nature, I ſhould fear your conſtruction of my ſilence; but you have done ſo much your ſelf in defence of that, as I hope I need not deſpair of pardon. I ſhall not poſe your belief, if I tell you that your laſt Letter, like *Xenophon* of his *Cyrus*, rather ſpake me, as I ſhould be, than as I am: and thus I am beholding to your goodneſs for diſguiſing precepts in the ſhape of praiſes; from whence I may take as fair a warning, as the Dunce did, that was commended into Scholarſhip; thus you have gently given me a Copy to Draw by, and I cannot erre in my choice, either in making your words, or your ſelf my original. If you meant it not thus, your affection deceiv'd your judgement, and help'd it to paſs by diſproportions and deformities, which it could never have overſeen, unleſs by looking with her opticks;

opticks; and I am contented to diſlike my own want of worth, becauſe it cannot render your opinion juſtifiable. I wiſh I could as eaſily obey, as I do gratefully reſent your kind ſummons to *Holt:* But we are ſhortly going to fix nearer you in *Lincolnſhire*, and then it is not unlikely but I may find an occaſion to ſlip my collar for a day or two, for no man taſtes more happineſs in the injoyment of his friends, than, Sir,

Your really affectionate Brother and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CXXIX.

To his Siſter J.

My deareſt Siſter,

SUffer this to requite the ſweet expreſſions of thy laſt, with ſuch, as if they fall ſhort of an equal kindneſs, it is not the fault of the heart that means, but the head that indites them, and be confident thou art ſtill as dear unto me, as thy wiſhes can fancy me; (and to ſpeak it better) as thy own language has made my ſelf to thee. I do patern thy own reſentments in thy own behalf, that thou canſt not yet recover thy health; but Providence has made us parallels in affliction, as well as in affection, and I fear borrowed

from the ſame unfortunate cauſe, *&c.* though the effect be different; for my malady ſtill haunts me like a Familiar, and ſpoils my familiarity with all the world beſide: if this Spring reſtores my health, as I am reſolved to ſtruggle hard for it, I ſhall ſoon let thee ſee that my longing to ſee thee, and my friends about thee, is as paſſionate as thine, but I am loth to come, till I bring my ſelf along with me; and though my affairs here be none of the weightieſt, yet, I thank thoſe that contrive them, they are urgent. I am not idle, though yet unſucceſsful in thy behalf. In the mean time, freely injoy thine own, and let what thou haſt help thee to hug thy ſelf; and be ſure thou ſhalt be happy, if it lye in his power to make thee ſo, that is

Thine for ever, R. L.

LETTER CXXX.

Loving Brother,

WHile I was moſt happy in the converſe of the moſt ingenious and communicable ſpirits, I would have call'd your ſilence unkind, but now I ſojourn in a Land of ſtrangers, it cannot be call'd leſs than uncharitable; for though I am very civilly uſed from the top to the toe of this numerous Family, yet in this throng I am forc'd

forc'd to find out ſolitude, none here being made of better Clay, than will render them fit inſtruments for Houſhold-affairs; and I confeſs I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him I faſten on, with a ſtronger tye, than the ordinary ſlipping knots of faint acquaintance.

I remember in your laſt (ſince which you have had three from me) you deſir'd news; then there was none ſtirring that deſerv'd your knowledge, and now we are gotten ſo far out of Fames way, that (bating the Northern occurrences) ſhe brings us nothing before it be ſtale with the reſt of the Kingdome. This ſtupendious victory of *C.* againſt the perfidious *Scots*, has made our Town of *Nottingham* an intire Gaol. Indeed the delight I formerly took in writing news to my Friends has loſt much of its former reputation with me; my moſt liquid diſcoveries, as I thought, of undoubted truths have ſo oft been confuted, that I would not have my Friends take it ill, if henceforth I prevent the cenſure of a weak Judgement, by forbearing to give them any more incertain hopes and fears by ſuch relations. My ſimplicity ſuffer'd me a long time to be cheated with that general error that gulls the whole herd of vulgar underſtandings; I weighed appearances in the common ballance, my Imagination took the print of things from my outward ſenſes, and I judg'd the conſtitution of affairs by

their falſe complexion: But at length, perceiving how wide I ſhot at events, and what amazing effects ſtarted from unobſerv'd cauſes, I found not only my inconſiderable ſelf, but many that made a brighter ſhow, and a greater noiſe in the World, with their quality and parts, had been catcht in the ſame nooze, and were ſtill liable to the ſame abuſe. At laſt I reſolved to try, whether I could learn to ſee without that Glaſs that had ſo often falſified the Object; at length by the illuſtration of ſome clear Judgements, (whoſe acquaintance I won by Inches) I arriv'd at this glimmering:

There is a certain ſort of active men, grown main actors upon one Stage, that only appear in their perfect ſhape to one another, to the World a homely out-ſide hides an out-landiſh lining. Their Education hath ſtor'd them with principles of excellent learning, a Taper they always keep in a dark Lanthorn, and either ſhew, or hide it, as the ſeaſon of opportunity, the nature of affairs, and the inclination of Perſons, with whom they treat, do either prompt or prohibit. They are the moſt exact ſtudents of men, the nimbleſt divers into diſpoſitions, the happieſt in inſinuation, and the cunningeſt in compliance with all humours under heaven. In fine, they appear to every inclination in the ſame ſhape, the predominant humour delights in; and with a provident policy and dexterous contrivance,

trivance, not only make the virtues, but even the vices of their active acquaintance ſerviceable to their main deſign: no doubt they were furniſht with better reaſons, than you are like to have of me, why they wav'd the Kings party, and adher'd to this; ſuch as the ſhort arms of my conjecture could fathom are theſe; Firſt, they knew a Parliament ſo univerſally deſir'd, as this could not chuſe but be ſtrong in popular reputation, eſpecially having indear'd it ſelf to them by that excellent beginning of removing unjuſt preſſures from the ſhoulders of the ſuffering Subject, by finding out abuſes, and abuſers of the Government, and by promiſing that ſame coſtly word of Reformation both in Church and State. Secondly, They knew they could hope for no Harveſt of their endeavours, till they had ſown pleaſing and plauſible inſinuations in the ears of the inferiour rank; The Royaliſts they knew were no fit ſoyl to entertain this ſeed; they of the lower Region being incapable of, and repugnant to any apprehenſion that at firſt gaze did not appear a viſible aid to the cauſe that unſheath'd their Swords; beſides their too free and open hearts, their careleſs and (indeed) diſſolute carriage, rendred them unfit to be truſted with any notion that demanded ſilence; and on thoſe of eminent degree they had as little hope to faſten their deſigns, for beſides that they hated any thing that but ſmelt of

their

their beſt bait Innovation, they wanted unanimity (the main Pillar that ſhould prop ſuch undertakings) for the ſtudy of advancing peculiar intereſt, feeding the inſatiate appetite of private ambition, indiſcreet competition for priority, quarrels, and hunting profit and pleaſure with too hot a ſcent, were the ſad cauſes of that unfortunate parties undoing, and the reaſons why theſe ſubtle Engineers found them unfit inſtruments to advantage their abſtruſe intentions. Thirdly, On the other ſide, they met with materials aptly diſpoſed to take that impreſs, they thought fit cunningly to leave upon the ſoft wax of their tender conſciences, they were furniſh'd with ready Mathematicks, to take the height and latitude of theſe ſpirits, which were as fit to carry on the deſign, as a general diſcontent with the Government that was uppermoſt, a vehement deſire of Innovation, the repair of ruinous fortunes, and the loud fame of a glorious victory (inſcribed with Religion and Liberty) could make them. Fourthly, They had the in-exhauſtible Treaſure of the Kingdom at command, which they could renew at pleaſure with the indiſpenſible Edict of an Ordinance: with this unreſiſtible Engine they battered their enemies fidelity, bargain'd for their ſtrong holds, and even bought thoſe victories that have coſt the World ſo much aſtoniſhment; nothing being ſo injurious to the Kings ſubſtantial rights as his own Pictures.

To

To diſplay the cunning theſe creatures uſed in ſpreading their Nets, to give you a plat of the intricate and oblique Path they trod to their deſigns, with what outward vehemence they at firſt declaimed againſt what they really aimed at; how, like cunning Hawks at the firſt whiſtling off, they ſeemed to fly from the Game they intended to fly at; laſtly, what Religion they intend to uſher in, by the toleration of tender Conſciences, why they lately crept into the ſhape and outward Profeſſion of Levellers, *&c.* I ſhould make a Volume of a Letter; and what follows, doth ask a more ingenious and judicious Pen to delineate.

I thought it not unfit to give you this rude draught of my obſervation and information; you have here certainties and conjectures blended. I would not have ventured them abroad in this ruffled undreſt faſhion, but that I hope you will only look upon them with the eye of affection, and ſo lay them by; however ſhew not their imperfections to any critical or cenſorious eye, for it was hudled up in haſte, and wants the beauty of Method and Language.

I am now about to give an eager onſet to the ſtudy of Phyſick, in which I conceive by this time you have more than a taſte: you cannot do me a more acceptable kindneſs, than to vouch ſafe your inſtructions, and impart your collections unto me; and I preſume you make no queſtion

ſtion, but that they will ſafely be returned, with the intereſt of true thanks from

Your truly affectionate, but now ſleepy Brother, R. L.

LETTER CXXXI.

To ——

Sir,

IF reality needed an artificial dreſs, I would ſtrive to put the acknowledgement of your laſt favour in the beſt attire I could cull from Rhetoricks Wardrobe: but the true affection of a friend is not ſo light a Huſwife, to jet it in gawdy borrowed attire, ſuch as the Times Politicians ſtrive to cloath her Counterfeits with: I uſe no fiction when I ſay I love and honour you; no ſupple flattery, when in plain terms I thank you, and of both I hope you are ſo well aſſured, as I do but injure your goodneſs to repeat them. That I trouble you with theſe blots, pardon it; and be pleaſed to think, I had rather merit the guilt of importunity than neglect: had I thought my perſonal appearance could have been ſerviceable to you, I had gladly taken my Pen-imployment upon my ſelf. I am loth that any ſlighted opportunity ſhould accuſe me of neglect to him I owe ſo much to. I could purſue this

this ſubject with ſuch delight as, *non ſic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres*; but I fear I have rang'd too far, and my Pen hath already too well ſhown from what wing it drives its pedigree. I ſhall not therefore farther tempt your patience, but humbly ſubſcribe my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt faithful Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXXXII.

Loving Brother,

I Muſt take my ſelf off with the old excuſe for my laſt weeks failing, *viz.* imployment; and preventions of this nature muſt be digeſted, ſince the weak brain of my eſtate will not ſuffer me to be my own man. I am ſorry for the miſcarriage of your Colours; if you deſire to have any more, let your next tell me ſo, and I ſhall take a ſecurer courſe for the conveyance. For theſe petty ſervices, I would not have you diſparage our friendſhip ſo much as to name them: 'tis fit we ſhould reſign ſuch Ceremonies to thoſe cold-hearted Creatures that love to ſell their kindneſſes, and have a balance to weigh before they deliver them. Nor let the flame of our amity be of an ethereal nature, always true to an equality of heat and meaſure. Methinks the Poets ſhould have meant ſuch a fire as this,

for

for that which *Prometheus* ſtole from Heaven; and they that have virtue enough to ſtay it from Evaporation, may carry it thither again; while the other is kept alive with the courſe Fuel of Commodity, and as that Flows or Ebbs, ſo does it Blaze or Languiſh, till at laſt it Swouns away into a Socket. But I have talk'd ſo much upon this Subject, and ſo often, that I doubt my repetitions may purchaſe me the account of a Conſider. And now to ſprinkle a little news; on *Saturday* laſt the fortunate and victorious Governour of *Ireland*, invited with as much Rhetorical importunity as the high opinion of his fortune and valour, joyn'd with the ſuſpicion of appearing dangers could indite, was conducted into *London*, with a ſpecious ſolemnity, and there had a loud welcome roar'd him by the Conſort of Guns, Drums, and Voices; from the City he received a Preſent of about 2000*l.* value delivered with abundance of creeping thanks for his faithful gallantry. On *Munday* following, with a numerous train of creatures and admirers, he enter'd the Houſe of Commons, where the Speaker welcom'd him with a Speech that tender'd the Thanks of the Houſe, imbroider'd with lofty Praiſes, a Reherſal of his moſt Signal Services done both here and beyond the Channel, mingled with the relation of his Pedigree; whereto he added, how much his Diſcretion, Fidelity, Religion, Policy, and Fortitude, had ennobled

nobled the ſleeping Aſhes of his famous Anceſtors; and clos'd with the cauſe of his invitation, told him that he had no ſooner nam'd what he had already done, but by the univerſal deſire of the Houſe he was to proffer him occaſion of improving his own merit with their gratitude; telling him that he had received Letters from their *Low-Country*-Agent that aſſured him of the certain agreement 'twixt the King of *Scotland*, and his Subjects; that there was nothing wanting but a wind to waft him thither, and in all probability being once ſeated there, he would not long ſit ſtill contented with that Crown; and concluded with the choice the Houſe had made of him, to Command their Army Northward: who return'd his high reſentment of their favours in a ſhort modeſt Speech, wherein he ſtrived to extenuate his ſervices, and to expreſs his reſolutions to ſpend his deareſt bloud in the ſervice of his Countrey. This is all, that time will grant me leave, but only that I am, and ever muſt be, cordially,

Yours to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Am well ſatisfied concerning your love, by your laſt miſſive, which withal, brought me the acceptable account of your health and beſt proſperity. Whether this will find you out or no, is very uncertain; yet to exerciſe my affection, and to quiet my heart, I took up a reſolution to write, though the Letter periſh in the midſt of the *Alpes*. That long intercourſe this way between us hath begotten in me both fears and hopes; which yet are not liable to exception, becauſe they flow from that limpid ſpring, which was never mudded with ſelf-intereſt. I priz'd you for your vertues, and that ſympathetical temper which I diſcerned in you, beyond which I had no eye; and yet I am ſecure in all my applications. But what doth my friend in thoſe remoter Countreys, thus long? why muſt *Belgia* and *Italy* have ſo much of you, and *England* ſo little? what curioſities do you ſearch for? what actions do you deſign? and what improvements do you attend? I will not believe you like him in the Poet, *Securus quo pes feerat*--and that you do *ex tempore vivere*. I have heard that a woman hath been defin'd --- *Ens Oviſmatum*; but this

this is not applicable to a wiſe man, who paceth the World with judgment, and asks upon every remove --- *Cui bono* ---- Not that I deſire to enter into your Cabinet at this diſtance, for I know you are arriv'd at that of the old *Roman* Courtier --- *Gli penſieri ſtretti & il viſo ſuotto.* You can Engliſh it better than I; notwithſtanding I wiſh my ſelf ſometimes better acquainted with the project, that I may ſerve you better. I am buffeted with the whiſpers of men, that *Thames* hath ſwallowed *Tiber*, and that my *Engliſh* friend is *Roman* all over. Will you credit me? this I deem a witty ſuggeſtion of an enemy, which I can anſwer without you; yet to raze this to the foundation, I call for your help. It cannot be that we ſhould vary here, when in thoſe higheſt concernments we have been always one---*Et quoad rem, & quoad modum*; but enough of this. Your friends are yet alive both here and elſewhere; but the Orb of Learning has loſt of late Stars of the firſt magnitude, Dr. *Collins* and Dr. *Cumber*; the former had his *Apotheoſis* a year ſince, the later is commemorated this day. Thus things and perſons dye, but the Lord abideth for ever; to him let us direct our thoughts and ſervices, and by his revealed Truth alone let us meaſure our beſt way to eternity ---- which you pray that I may find. If I hear no more from you, yet know that you live in my heart and prayers, and that

the varieties of Providence cannot alienate you from

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dear Brother,

SInce you are pleas'd to call that your delight, which with a ſafe conſcience you might have nam'd your trouble, I mean my tedious lines, I will learn of affection to make it mine, by a continu'd ſupply of that weekly ſatisfaction. Since thus, though debarr'd of a perſonal interview, our nobler parts that evidence our immortality, meet, converſe, and exchange the dear entertainment of mutual embraces. I am beholding to your loving error as well as the Worlds, for ſetting my toy at ſo high a rate: But now for the hard words you ſpeak of, I know they have made work for ſome of thoſe *Cato*'s of Language this Age has hatcht, which came with a like intent to the peruſal of books, as *Balaam* did to view the Army of *Iſrael*, on purpoſe to give them ill language; and I would fain know of thoſe Cenſors, if preceding Ages, by a like deſign, had not providently inoculated ſome of the faireſt Cions of foraign fruits upon our *Engliſh* ſtock, whether our barbarous Tongue would ever have been compre-

prehenſive of ſuch rich and rational expreſſions, or grown up to that ſtrength and beauty it now poſſeſſes: nor does my judgement deal leſs ſeverely than theirs with ſuch rumbling fuſtian words, big with nought but wind, that ſome affect; this were to humour *Midas* opinion, that preferr'd *Pan*'s Pipe before *Apollo*'s Harp, becauſe it made more noiſe. The word Raillery you return'd me for interpretation, ſignifies a kind of jeſting, ſcoffing, diſſimulation, and is now grown here ſo common with the better ſort, as there are few of the meaner that are not able to conſtrue it; which makes me wonder by what miſchance it ſhould ſcape the knowledge of that living Library of Languages Mr. *F.* to whom I pray return my ſervice; but he muſt allow me the Liberty to think he knows too little of the *French* to rank it juſtly with the reſt of his Languages: but enough of that. And I now eagerly wiſh your propoſal were improv'd to a reſolution of ſeeing *London* next Term, ſince I am more than half aſſur'd we ſhall not turn our backs upon it till that be expired, and then whether we ſhall ſteer our Courſe Weſt-ward or North ward, is not yet concluded in the thoughts of thoſe that ſit at the helm. But I am ſorry I cannot wind you up to any forward expectation in what refers to my Lord *R.* for I daily perceive the fruits of my indeavours that way do rather wither than ripen; and I am glad you

are ſtruck in with ſo friendly a man-mender. If you have not taken an oath of ſecreſie, I ſhould gladly welcome the participation of thoſe rare *Recipe's* you ſpeak of. Major *W.* is overjoy'd at your promiſe to ſee *London*; he ſays he hopes to deprecate your cenſure for neglecting to give you his thanks for your kind token (which he is very proud of) under his hand. I cannot yet learn by my inquiry that my Lord *W.* has any ſuch deſign for a plantation as you ſpeak of. But I have made no conſcience of your patience: Dear Brother farewel.

Your own intirely, ſincerely, religiouſly, R. L.

LETTER CXXXV.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

THis ſhould not have contracted an anſwer to two Letters, if the waiting a return of ſome others from *Lincolnſhire* had not retarded my hand; but I know not how to conſtrue their ſilence, and cannot tell whether I may call it ſloth or deſign; however, my hopes are yet big enough to make my judgement charitable, and

and till we ſee more ſo, I would have yours. By this time you have found out the reaſon of my hopes to ſee you on this ſide the Channel, and the event that defeated them; wherein you have liberty to deride my pur-blind judgment, that has ſo much ado to ſee her, much more to ſee into the nature of ſuch affairs; I never could make ſo ſtrong a party of Reaſon, as might keep out the invaſion of over-forward expectation: 'tis the hardeſt humane Leſſon to learn to judge aright; which granted, a light reflection upon my weak capacity will ſoon get my Pardon, with a promiſe of endeavour to leave out my *Errata's* in the next impreſſion. And now, my dearest Friend, accept as many thanks, and as real ones as ever came from a true heart, for jogging my drowſie ſoul with thoſe excellent *Memento's* of vertue and piety; itſhows your Friendſhip has choſen the beſt Baſis, and you deſire to caſt mine in the ſame mould: well, my dear Friend, though the Scholar be very unapt, he loves his Maſter well, and eſpecially becauſe he gives ſuch Leſſons. I long for that ſame meeting you ſpeak of with more impatience, than I can well juſtifie, ſince we muſt wait Providence with a total reſignation, or elſe we cannot ſay that *Fat, &c.* Indeed I would fain knock off my bolts here, but would do it ſo, that I might not afterwards repent it. I am ſtill here like a wild Beaſt in a Gaol, who though he walks up and down

in it all the day, yet at night he is got no further than where he was i'th' morning. I am glad with all my ſoul to find you the firſt propoſer of *L*'s affairs: I ſee you are confirm'd; and could you read my heart at this diſtance, you would ſee I do not waver; but while here I muſt be inſlav'd, and at leaſt in exterior ſubjecting my ſelf to that ſame *Video meliora proboque, &c.* I am as ſick of this World as ever poor paſſenger was of a ſtorm at Sea, and would bleſs the hand that could ſet me aſhore, where I might learn to look upon the vanities of it in their full proportion, and ſo deſpiſe them. ——— I have no cauſe to boaſt my health, and the leſs, becauſe my diſpoſition comes in ſuch diſguiſe as poſes my ſelf and all the World beſide. I am ſorry for the loſs you dread ſo paſſionately; but whatever happens, ſay but that ſame *Fiat voluntas, &c.* heartily, and all will be well again. I will never releaſe that promiſe you have made me, to let me hear from you whereever you go; for none has more intereſt in your happineſs or misfortunes, than, my deareſt Friend,

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

To his Siſter F.

Dear Siſter,

THough ſince my Pen laſt ſaluted you there has not paſt a day wherein you have not found work for my memory, and been concern'd in my well-wiſhes, yet leſt you ſhould give ſilence the name of neglect (an error familiar with tender affections) I am content to think it buſineſs enough for a Letter to repeat what I have ſo often made the only buſineſs of my Pen, and tell you that I truly love you: this from a ſtranger perhaps would ask more than a ſingle proof to be believed not Complement, but from a Brother that has ſo often ſhewed you his heart, I know you cannot ſin ſo much as to doubt it; and let me ſay this to the commendation of our honeſt-hearted Family, that though we are below others in the rich gifts of Fortune and nature, yet for perfect integrity, unmixt with what they call politick ends, and ſincere ſpotleſs affection one to another, we are not excell'd by any that ever yet my obſervation medled with; and ſince it traded with variety of humours and diſpoſitions, it has not been altogether pur-blind. If there needed Arguments to keep this affectionate temper from a cold decay, I ſhould ſtrain hard

for ſuch as ſhould reſtore us the beauty of this lovely loving inclination; but I know there is little want of ſuch reſtoratives in you, and I borrow a confidence from experience that bids me ſay as much for all the reſt: well then, let us ſtill cheriſh this mutual affection, that makes our ſouls as near a kin as our bodies, for by loving one another, 'tis the way to purchaſe his favour who is Love it ſelf. If there were any alteration in my condition ſince you received my laſt Letter, I ſhould be ready to let you know it, as one that has no little intereſt in me, but while I am here, my endeavors do but labour like a mill-horſe, ſtill repeating their ſteps in a circle, always going round, but not a foot forward in the path of preferment. I am now once more in a courſe of Phyſick for my malady, and in hope it will ſtruggle ſucceſsfully with it: but I am like to buy theſe deſires ſo dear, that to recover my health will ſicken my purſe; but of the two 'tis a diſeaſe leſs grievous. I pray preſent my much affectionate ſervice to my excellent Aunt *H.* her good Mother, with the reſt of the Family: ſalute the reſt of my Friends with love or ſervice, as they are due; and to your ſelf, Dear Siſter, take the heart of

Your affectionate Brother, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVII.

To his Siſter J.

Dear Siſter,

I Have long forborn to write, out of an hopeful expectation to find thee ſuch news as might claim a juſt welcome; but now I am forc'd to ſay, that my failing in thy behalf is added to the reſt of my own misfortunes. I ſuppoſe my Brother acquainted thee with my hopes to prefer thee to the Lady *A. W.* a Lady, in whoſe praiſe I will be ſilent, leſt I ſhould too much vex thee with the miſs of ſo much happineſs; and it was a narrow miſs, for I procur'd a Letter from my Lady to her in thy commendations ſo ſoon as I heard her Gentlewoman was to part from her; upon which the motion was entertain'd willingly, only (ſhe replyed) that ſhe had intreated her Aunt the Lady *W.* then at *London*, to procure her one there, but ſhe would immediately write her word that ſhe was provided; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe received news that her Aunt had already agreed with a Gentlewoman, which was then coming down, and in honour could not be refuſed. Thus have my unfortunate endeavours born thee no other fruit, than falſe hopes indeed; this failing does the more afflict me, becauſe I know the value

of

of what is miſt; though we ſhould beſides have liv'd moſt of this Winter together in a houſe, a thing ſo paſſionately deſir'd of us both: but we muſt not repine too much at croſs events, leſt in it we upbraid Providence; the younger Siſter does yet take none, but when ſhe does thou art ſure to have it. Mr. *W.* in whom I repos'd moſt hopes to effect thy deſires, is now out of the Kingdome; beſides, our reſiding in this barren Countrey will much diſable my induſtry in thy behalf. I ſhall conclude with ſuch advice as I believe thy diſcreet goodneſs does daily practiſe: be ſtill the ſame thou ever wert, of a ſweet vertuous winning carriage, ready to pleaſure all, loth to offend any, and thou wilt ingage even Incivility it ſelf to uſe thee civilly, and Inconſtancy to love thee conſtantly: keep ſtill the complexion of Lillies in thy innocence, and of Roſes in thy modeſty; for if once ſully'd, the water is hardly purchas'd that will reſtore its whiteneſs: thy diſpoſition was always intimate with virtue, endeavour daily to improve thy amity, and truſt Heaven with the reſt, whoſe bleſſings, though they be long a coming, will richly pay thy patience: loſe not a grain of that pleaſant temper which makes thy company ſo much courted; for there is nothing ſo happy here, as thoſe calm ſouls that can make unforc'd ſmiles ſhine through a harmleſs jollity. But thou art born to too rich a goodneſs to need

need the charity of my weak advice: but give me my Preſent back again, and I will take it kindly; and be ſure you love me truly, or elſe you will dye much in the debt of

Your truly affectionate Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To his Siſter K. L.

Dear Siſter,

HAd I met with any thing that might juſtly have deſerved thy acquaintance, my hand could not have been ſo ſlothful to withhold thee from that knowledge: but concerning my ſelf, though my endeavours have not proved altogether fruitleſs, yet I cannot ſay their ſucceſs has anſwered my wiſhes; but be aſſured, if kind Providence favour my deſigns, I will own no good fortune but what you ſhall claim a ſhare in. I ſhall be ſuddenly called by my affairs to *Yarmouth*, and if I ſee you not before my return, it ſhall be the unkindneſs of my urgent occaſions, not my own neglect. To conclude, if ever Fortune be diſpos'd to ſmile upon me, I ſhall not debar my Friends of its reflexion, in the number of which thy active affection has

has deſerv'd a place in the former rank; and in that perſwaſion I remain

Thy conſtant affectionate Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dear Brother,

THough my preſent imployment be ſomething preſſing and importunate, yet it cannot diſſwade a reply to you with all the Arguments that Buſineſs can urge; for to hold my peace, becauſe time will not allow my fancy elbow-room, is to be confuted in Friendſhip, and non-pluſt in the proofs of affection. I confeſs I love a little to be pos'd in theſe Leſſons, to inure my Faculties as well to violent, as gentle Exerciſe, and teach my Pen to run races, as well as walk gravely. Promptitude in diſpatch, when it keeps a fit diſtance to precipitation, often commits a happy rape upon preferment, and takes Reputation by ſurprizal; while that ſerious exactneſs that weighs and poiſes every hair and grain, does but clamber to that which the other flies at; and I think the Maxime is equally fitted to this and Fowling, The firſt aim is beſt. But I ſhould call back and unſay theſe words, becauſe I have haſtily ſhot ſo wide from the purpoſe; yet to you I dare

dare draw my thoughts with bold ſtrokes. I thank you for your laſt incloſed, though my intentions of printing my Letters be deferr'd till *Trinity*, if not till *Michaelmas*-Term, by the late interpoſition of ſome Commands that have ingaged my Quill, *&c.* Whoever of my friends you incounter in your Journey, pray give them my reſpects in a due proportion. You ſeem to hint ſome deſign of your own by the way that may prove advantagious; I ſhall be happy to hear it diſclos'd, becauſe by that time I ſuppoſe it will be ſucceſsfully effected; for I perceive you are maſter of that old prudential Maxime, Never to reveal a deſign, whilſt it is in a capacity of failing. I cannot chuſe but applaud your happy blending of the Chriſtian and Politician; which gives you a buckler of caution to defend your ſelf, but not a revenging weapon to return blow for blow. If you ſee my Siſter *F.* before you return, preſent me to her with much affection. The Major ſends you his affectionate reſpects, and bids me mind you of a promiſe to ſend him ſome Pictures upon *Muſcovy*-glaſſes. I told you at firſt I was in haſte, but I have confuted my ſelf by the tedious progreſs; but you know how to pardon all faults of this nature

To your intirely affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXL.

To W. A. *Esq.*

Sir,

MY last did but pay the obligation of my word; so your million of thanks are ill laid out for what you might challenge as yours: yet I love the reward, though no due, so dearly, as I should imbrace the power with much indulgence, and use it with as much industry in your service, that might help to deserve them. It was assurance enough of my safety, that it had a harbor in all your well-wishes; for which my stupid weakness cannot find a better present requital, than really to wish they may effectually recoyl upon your selves, in which you shall but reap the fruit your fair deserts have planted, *&c.* I dare boldly affirm, you may promise your self as much safety here, as in any part of the Kingdom. In the mean time, if I may be instructed how to serve you here, be assured, I will find out a no mean delight in the imployment. I pray present my most humble service to that gallant Family, those fragrant buds of beauty in particular, whose happy society is armour of proof against melancholy, and adds wings to times feather'd off-springs: to each of which I think it will prove no unwelcome office to you, to reduplicate

duplicate the old token; but leſt my trifles ſhould prove the tryal of your patience, I will put a period to them; but never to my reſolution, to remain,

Yours, R. L.

LETTER CXLI.

My Dear Brother,

I Can ſcarce credit it, that you have quitted *Holt*, (though the Poſt tells me ſo) ſince ſo many of mine diſpatcht to *Berningham* have not been able to rowſe you to an anſwer, yet I have always found you ſo forward in repaying theſe literal debts at your day, as I begin to ſuſpect, that my two laſt which were ſent to welcom you home, came to congratulate your recovery, either periſht or loiter'd too long by the way, which has induc'd me to ſhoot this ſhaft after the reſt, and hazard the ſoleciſme of a repetition to tell you again, that I have celebrated your return to health, with as perfect a gladneſs as the deareſt and cleareſt amity ever yet brought forth. But now let me beg you will hold me no longer in a painful ſuſpence, nor defraud my longing to ſee your perfect recovery confirm'd by your own hand; for believe it, my wiſhes have deſerv'd that ſatisfaction, and

in-

indeed have laid out themſelves for your welfare, with a zeal ſo induſtrious, as if it had not only been my intereſt, but propriety, and mine own vital thread been inſeparably twiſted with yours: for my ſelf, I can neither ſay I have been ſick nor very well, ſince I ſaw you, but rather in that ſame mingled condition, compounded of health and ſickneſs; but a cuſtomary experience hath ſo familiariz'd me with that valetudinary temper, that a little patience ſerves to Man the Works againſt all thoſe faint Batteries. We are here in *London*, where I think we ſhall faſten for moſt part of this enſuing Summer. I ſtill tread the old Circle without any viſible improvement or impairing, and would be glad to underſtand upon what legs your affairs walk in reference to your Intereſt at *B.* I am earneſtly provoked by ſome of my friends to Print a Volume of Letters, to which at laſt I have conſented, though not without much diſtruſt of the worlds approvement; however, I cannot loſe what I never had, I mean much reputation. I remember your Pen once told me, you had preſerved all ſuch fragments as fell from mine by way of Letters to your ſelf; I never priz'd them ſo high as to reſerve their Copies, yet in this deſign I ſuppoſe they may do me ſome ſervice, though I intend not to Print the fourth part of what is there expreſt. I pray do me the favour therefore with your moſt expedite convenience to ſeal them all

all up carefully, and direct them to me at one Mr. *G*'s in——for that is now the Rendezvous of my Letters, ſince my Landlords death in *Holborn*. Well, dear Brother, pardon this haſte that crowds forth my words in a miſhapen form, becauſe they could not ſtay for a mature conception, indeed much dreading Mr. *A*. ſhould be gone without my Letter; but I will requite your patience in my next, and now haſtily ſubſcribe, Dear Brother,

Your own cordially, R. L.

LETTER CXLII.

To Mr. E. A.

Dear Ned,

TO ſpeak the full excuſe of my ſilence were to give you a liſt of my Countrey-adventures, and to deſcribe the chains of my leiſure ling by link. But that there may be room enough for ſomething elſe, take it thus in contract; Our Family was ſcarce ſetled in the Country before it caught the head-ach, and began to grow dizzy by the ſickneſs of my Lord and Lady, who ſtill languiſh of this new Diſeaſe, that has almoſt ingroſſed all the buſineſs of Fate, and kills by Monopoly: if you ſaw what epidemick havock it makes in theſe parts, you would think every Pariſh changed into a great

Hoſpital, and every perſon the Phyſicians fee-ſimple, either in poſſeſſion or reverſion; for my ſelf, I have been all this time in an Emblematick battel, where ſome are ſtill dropping round about me, though my ſelf be yet ſhot-free: whether I ſhall paſs the pikes ſafely is beyond the reach of my knowledge; for Diſeaſes, eſpecially of this nature, give ſo little warning as the arrow is in us before we know the bow is bent; but among ſo many Patients, at laſt I have found leiſure to be the agent of my own affection, and an opportunity to tell you, that it ſhould be your fault, if our revived amity do ever relapſe into another Lethargy. And now dear *N.* how doſt thou? haſt thou yet unſheath'd thy Family of the Chamber? I would fain hear thou art crown'd King of *Eliſium*, and the honeſt ſouls of thy acquaintance like good ſubjects, conglomerate to pay their homage, and drink allegiance. I could wiſh to dye to this dull Countrey, that I might be enroll'd one of thy Gueſts of good Fellowſhip; for we have none but ſuch clods here in the ſhape of men, as by a forc'd imitation do hold up Converſe. I am in danger to go out of my wits for want of exerciſe, yet never incur the aſperſion of madneſs, but a weekly Dialogue with your Pen may prove a Soveraign preſervation againſt ſuch ſtupid contagion; but 'tis time to leave prating. Preſent me cordially to vertuous Mrs. *A.* kindly

ly to Mr. *N.* and to your ſelf, take me intirely, Sir,

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXLIII.

To his Brother, Major W.

Loving Brother,

IF like a ſlow pay-maſter I have too often adjourned the performance of my promiſe, call it not coldneſs of reſpect or affection, for of thoſe to you I can never be guilty; but if I do not give you a ſound reaſon for my ſilence, think it comes from a ſick head, and let that ſatisfie; for ever ſince I entred this dull and unwholſom Country, that daily puts on the morning waſcot of a fog, I have been ſuch an uſeleſs thing to my ſelf and others, as if I had left my ſoul behind me at *London*, and only liv'd at the charge of my ſenſitive faculty; and I have ſuffered ſuch an amphibious interthing betwixt health and ſickneſs, as it has pos'd me to chriſten it. I have had ſuch a languiſhing pain in the head, ever ſince my arrival, with ſuch a drowſineſs to boot, as if the Heavens had mingled Poppy with their dew, and ſhed it upon this Climate; and I have ſlept like a Snake in winter to that exceſs, as nothing but a Lethargy which I half fear'd could out-do it; but *quantus quantus ſum*, I am ſtill yours at the ſame height

and vigour of affection, as when the double diſcovery of your excellent qualities and inclinations to love me, firſt finiſh'd the fabrick of our friendſhip, and took me in your toyls; and though there may be allow'd an Infancy, and a pubeſcency in friendſhip, yet when once it hath climb'd by degrees to the full ſtature, none but baſtard affections can grow old and ſhew their wrinkles, as the ſcars of time or accident, ſince that friendſhip that is not ever equal, uniform and conſtant, was never ſo; but you ſhall ever find it invulnerable from him that will ceaſe to be himſelf, if not

Yours in ſervice and true friendſhip, R. L.

LETTER CXLIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

NOthing but impoſſibility could have forc'd me to intermit my weekly ſalute; for the laſt week we conſum'd at my Lord of *Weſtmerlands* in *Kent*, where my Lady ſuffered her reſolutions of a ſhort ſtay to be overcome by the importunities of a gentile entertainment: my affection has as great a quarrel to the narrowneſs of my expreſſions as yours, and does even upbraid my Pen with the diſgraces that its ill guidance puts upon it; but 'tis well I am not able to draw

draw it in its full dimenſions, leſt the abundance ſhould diſcredit the reality, and even poſe your belief into ſuſpicion with the incredible quantity. But upon better thoughts, I could be angry with my ſelf for ſuffering ſuch words to get looſe from my Pen, and could willingly puniſh them with a great blot, if I had time to write new ones; for I am confident you do match me too well with the ſame materials to doubt its purity, and we never wonder at any thing that we can pattern in our ſelves: your flint is a true Embleme of perfect friendſhip, which in the boſom carries fire ready to ſtart forth at the ſummons of occaſion: how ſoon I would obey ſuch an alarm to ſerve you, I hope you will find prov'd in my future endeavors; but I have not skill enough to add beauty to that which never had a blemiſh. My old Cough, with a great cold to boot, do conſtrain me at this time to be bad Company, which you may eaſily perceive by the languor of my ſtile: this Cough I find has lately fed upon my fleſh, and carried away enough from the poor ſtore I had to make me doubt a Conſumption; but whatſoever the hand of Heaven ſends me I ſhall endeavour to bid welcome. I pray let us not fail in our intercourſe while we are ſo near. My preſent indiſpoſition, with ſome haſte beſide, will let me ſay no more, but that I am, and ever will be

Your own to love and ſerve you,

R. L.

LETTER CXXX.

To Mr. J. G.

Honeſt Mr. J.

I Acknowledge the receipt of yours with a Diurnal, Proverbs, and Tobacco, beſides many other preceeding civilities and courteſies; which believe it have rendred me perfectly yours. You may ſafely take my word, this is really meant, and will be as cordially confirm'd when any occaſion ſhall becken me to it. We are arriv'd at our Countrey habitation, where in a double ſence we may be ſaid to be out of the lines of communication: we dwell at large, and people it, as our fore-fathers coloniz'd the World in its Nonage; Melancholy, that they wanted partners in their vaſt poſſeſſions: and thus like the Children of *Iſrael*, we are come out of *Egypt* into the Wilderneſs, only we have the Fleſh-pots ſtill, and therefore none of the Manna. This Countrey is ſo barren of good company, though fruitful of all things elſe, that even tyr'd out with ſolitude, I am forc'd ſometimes to make ſhift with the Parſon of the Pariſh, and he more than half a Presbyterian; you will ſay that's a hard caſe for one that has been us'd to Mr. *G's* company. But I confeſs theſe defects are not ill ſupply'd by my dumb ſociety.

ciety. Beſides Books, we have good Horſes, handſome Walks, pleaſing Groves, which repreſent variety of objects, and they Idæas enough to make Fancy a good companion, and Thoughts my recreation. By the help of them I oft remove *London* into the Countrey, and injoy the friends I left behind as well as fancy can preſent them, in the formoſt rank of which Mr. *G.* is plac'd. Pray render me very kindly to Captain *W.* and tell him when I ſee the Major, I ſhall not forget to ſpeak his deſires. Mention me kindly to honeſt *P.* Mr. *A.* and the reſt that know me, and to your ſelf, take me as I muſt ever be

Your real friend, R. L.

LETTER CXLVI.

To Major W.

Dear Brother,

I Shall not need ſtrain a ſinew in my invention to frame an excuſe for deluding your expectations of me at *Holt*: for as if we had left *London* on purpoſe to come and take up diſeaſes in the Countrey, and *Pandora* had ſtaid the ſecond opening of her box, till our coming; our Family has been ſo infeſted with that they call the New-diſeaſe, which like the Elements blended

in the Chaos, is but an accumulation of all other maladies, as they have made me a Priſoner, though not yet a Patient, and diſabled me to point at the time when I may be in caſe to be as good as my word. This diſeaſe is of late grown more cruel than ordinary, and become the Meſſenger of Fate to many Perſons of quality, amongſt which it has murder'd Mr. *R. F.* your old acquaintance, but I hope it will uſe my Lord and Lady more gently, who are both ſick of it at this preſent. And now, my dear Brother, ſince I cannot ſee you, let me beg this ſatisfaction from your Pen, to let me know how your ſelf and the reſt of my friends enjoy your ſelves, & health, both in community and particular, how the air, company, and entertainment of *Holt* arrides your liking, and how much of the Winter you deſign upon that Climate; when and how long the Cardinal was with you, from whom I have not received a ſyllable ſince our parting. Let yours give me the condition of my friends in reference to this Epidemick Malady, among whom pray diſtribute my affectionate reſpects. Speak me cordially to my Brother and Siſter *W.* Siſter *F.* *&c.* and to your ſelf promiſe all that is due to a perfect friend from, Dear Brother,

Eternally your own to diſpoſe of, R. L.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVII.

Sir,

I Muſt not give you cauſe to ſuſpect I can forget you by the neglect of ſo fair an opportunity to kiſs your hands with a Letter; but I confeſs I had rather (if there were no *Remora*) have taken my Pens employment upon my ſelf: how oft have I wiſht for a Mercurial *Caduceus* to inſomniate the *Argus*-eyes of jealous people, that I might ſafely ſteal a viſit, and with it the enjoyment of your happy ſociety? till when I ſhall account my ſelf but a ſlave to that piece of liberty I now am Maſter of, ſince its narrow limits ſhut out a large ſhare of my highly valued happineſs. The malice of the times extends beyond the ſuſpenſation of eſtates, to the ſeparation of friends, yet they cannot be truly ſaid to be abſent, whoſe free-born ſouls (not inſlav'd to the bodies reſtraint) can hold a mutual commerce and an intelligential converſe one with another; nor can I ſo much diſtruſt Providence, as to ſuſpect this corporal ſequeſtration can prove an utter privation. My deceiving fancy ſometimes in a ſlumber, ſtrives to make me believe I am at *L.* yet in the dream it ſelf I ſuſpect it is but a dream. I could wiſh, methinks, that *Plato*'s year were no fiction, ſo the revolution might be ſpeedy, and we again happily reviſe and live in the Sun-

Sun-ſhine of our former Halcyon days, *Sed jam deſerunt ut omnia Mortalium aſſolent.*——

I cannot dart my thoughts ſo eagerly upon other things as to loſe a reſtraining power of calling them home to the memory of my friends, and they are beſt imploy'd in abſence, when they help to draw themſelves in white and black. I am not of that Philoſophers opinion, who affirm'd *Silence* could not hurt, for too much is a diſeaſe in love, and helps to intomb friendſhip in the dark Grove of oblivion, when the dumb Language of a Pen can, like the Phœnix, remove it from its own aſhes, and keep it ſtrong and healthful, *&c.*——

By the World thoſe are accounted the only Cowards, which dare not do that which is ill; which concludes no ſuch ſoleciſm in policy, as the intire friendſhip 'twixt tongue and heart. Honeſty is grown ridiculous, Integrity ſcoff'd at, and Amity it ſelf never found ſo few friends. Thoſe intentions are contemptibly thought mean, and ſhallow, with whoſe vertuous rectitude *Meandrous* falſhood is inconſiſtent; the Worlds erroneous Eſtimation has married Vertue to Caution, Juſtice to Self-injury, Religion to a Scarcrow, Honeſty to Self-deceit, Faith to Folly; for the execution of particular ends, Vice filches Vertues apparel, though her want of skill in wearing them often diſcovers her impoſturous deformities. Whilſt thus Reaſons eye is put out, or at leaſt

leaſt blinded; the ſouls mortality forgotten, and the Almighty rejected, and eternity diſreſpected, this Pigmy-ſtatur'd life is the only Idol we wickedly adore, the oblations to which are the many horrid *Acheloan* ſhapes our ſerpentine wills and actions are transformed to ſtill. To reſerve and increaſe our *Cornucopia*, what long-breath'd flatteries perfum'd with fictious Rhetorick do we ventilate the warmth of great mens favours, in the Sun-ſhine of whoſe ſmiles we play like flies, buzzing forth our own ſhames and vertues injuries.

R. L.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

I Lately received your laſt of the ſixteenth of *November*; for though our Letters glide nimbly when they are once aboard, yet they do but crawl by land, and contrary to natural violent motions, do make leaſt haſte when they are neareſt their journeys end: and I have nothing to ſay to your overprizing my barren endeavours in your behalf, and undervaluing your own, but only to entreat you to call to your own knowledge for the true definition of perfect amity,

and

and that will tell you I am the indebted perſon, and the occaſions you have given me to ſerve you, have inſtructed me to ſet ſo many ſteps toward my own happineſs. But now, my dear friend, I would I could find it fit to leave the reſt out, and if I had not cauſe to love you for diſcretion as well as goodneſs, I confeſs I ſhould leave you to know this accident from ſome other Quill; but I know you are skilful in all the dictates of wiſdome, and can ballance mortal accidents without oppreſſing the ſcale with too much paſſion: this gives me more confidence to tell you I received a late Letter from my Brother, whom I engaged to ſend me an account of your friends, which tells me that your father fell ſick upon the ſixteenth of *September* of a Flux, and left the world the tenth of *October*; and now I conjure you by all thoſe clear proofs of your prudent temper, and (to ſpeak ſomething for my own ends as well as yours) by my intereſt in you, to preſerve us both from the injuries of an over-ſad reſentment: you have all the reaſon that I can urge, and much more, why you ſhould not abandon your ſelf to an immoderate ſorrow, and therefore I will throw no more drops into your Ocean, only this, do not chew the Pill that will work better if you ſwallow it, &c. Your Siſter ſeem'd much to bewail your abſence at ſuch a time, and deſir'd my Brother, who preſents his affectionate ſervice to you, to uſe

ſome

ſome means to let you know this, and intreat you would entertain no prejudicial conceit of her ſelf or her husband. Let me intreat you to anſwer this as ſoon as you can, and tell me what I may do further to ſerve you: if you love your ſelf and me, let not ſadneſs ſhrink your ſpirits, but let us reſerve our ſelves for that ſame happy meeting you ſpeak of. I confeſs I do more than ſuſpect a Conſumption, and if that be deſigned to fetch me from this World, I think I ſhall go without reluctancy; for I have already received enough of the Divine hand to make me admire his bounty: but I have fair hopes of a recovery. Well, my dear Friend, you know how to be happy in ſpight of this World; and that you would be ſo, is the earneſt intreaty of

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER CXLIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Think Providence has given a larger Commiſſion to Fortune than formerly; for I confeſs I was nipt with the ſame Paſſion you complain of, *viz.* the unkindneſs of Oblivion: now I ſee 'twas caus'd by the ſtragling of our Letters; mine were ſent by *W.* out of *Lincoln-*

ſhire,

ſhire, and becauſe they promiſed a faithful care in their deliverance, I thought it a better way for expedition, than to ſend them about by *London*; but it ſeems Haſte brought forth her blind child Error. Yours, after my expectations had loſt many longings (as if they had ſtayed for one anothers company) came almoſt all together; and that's my Landlords fault, for which I ſhall ſchool him: but we have as little cauſe to lay the injuries of Chance to one anothers charge, as to quarrel with a River, becauſe ſome adventitious Dam forbids the freedom of its courſe. If there be a poſſibility to raiſe ſuch pure and unmixt deſires from our ſouls as will not be dawb'd with the clay they are confin'd to, I have ſuch to ask and claim your Friendſhip; and thus, in ſpite of all our Leaden frailty, we may take a taſte of Heaven, and reliſh the joys we cry up with ſuch impotent expreſſions, in that one word, *perfect amity*. I do now begin to be ſo unwieldy to my ſelf, and I doubt ſo troubleſome to others (though they expreſs not ſo much) that I borrow reaſons from my Capital infirmities, to excuſe thoſe, you may account the Diſeaſe of my mind, *&c.* But if this trouble be deſign'd to fetch me from this World, I think I ſhall go without reluctancy. I am ſtill here (in relation to my dependency) like an unskilful Paſſenger at Sea, that knows not how long to promiſe himſelf a calm, nor when to expect a ſtorm. If

I

I may vaunt to have pleas'd in any thing, 'tis my fidelity, which amounts to no more than you have done as becomes you. I am glad I was not born to ſtand at the Sterne of an ample fortune, (to favour my ſelf the beſt I can) I ſhould have abus'd the Divine bounty, and perhaps imploy'd it chiefly in paying dearer for my ſins than I have done. I have receiv'd enough to make me admire the goodneſs of him that gave it me; and indeed, did not his grace help me to contrary thoughts, 'twere enough to make me an unequal Arbiter of my own imperfections: to act ſuch conceptions as theſe, is a buſineſs to which we ſhould ſacrifice no cold endeavors; and we live to no purpoſe, unleſs in this life we learn to bid it adieu handſomly. Doing well is the only requiſite mark of mans Induſtry; and he that aimes at any other, miſtakes that for a white which is but a ſpot: there are ſo many examples of ſuch as angle here for happineſs (and ſometimes with ruine to boot) as methinks to obſerve, ſhould be enough to take heed, how many mount Fortunes ladder, and break the ſtaves as they go up, ſo as they have no way to come down but by a Precipice; many ſhoot wide, and perhaps hit moſt happineſs by miſſing what they fancied for it. I could mention more miſtakers: but to cloſe it, there is no man ſtudies the other life better, than he that ſtudies this enough to deſpiſe it. It is not my deſire to be underſtood

skil-

skilful in this Science; for I am bound to confeſs my ſelf ſubject to moſt wicked reluctations; and there paſs few hours that are not witneſſes not only to ſtumblings, but groſs falls from my beſt reſolutions: but I want your pardon. I thank you for the account of my Friends, which I deſire you would renew, as you are hinted by any extraordinary accidents. I have this day wrote the ſad news to Mr. *W.* but I confeſs left out ſome of the Circumſtances, leſt he ſhould chew the bitter Pill too much that he ought to ſwallow. I have preſented you to him, as you ordered, and mentioned your endeavours for his ſatisfaction. I have been ſo often call'd away while I was writing this, as 'tis no wonder if my words fit not handſomely upon my meaning, when I am forc'd to make ſo many ſeams. I pray preſent me to thoſe friends that oblige me with remembrance in a grateful garb; and believe it, for 'tis truth it ſelf, you are firſt in the ſoul of

Your affectionate and moſt deſirous Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CL.

To Mr. W.

Dear Friend,

YOur laſt I received, which by the date I perceive has halted by the way like ſome of his Pre-

Predeceſſors: but it had not half done its meſſage to my eyes, before I confeſt an ample amends for the loitering; and if there be a word that may ſpeak more than welcom, conceive it uttered, for indeed it is meant. I ſee you have made uſe of that which has made you always happy to ſuſtain the ſhock of what might have ſtagger'd a reſolution leſs fortified with prudence; and I wiſh my power were as great as my deſire to copy that and the reſt: ſo long as you compound and apply theſe ſoveraign medicines of piety and diſcretion, 'tis impoſſible your better part ſhould grow ſickly, *&c.* I inclos'd the Note to your Siſter, in a Letter to my Brother, and oblig'd him to be very careful in ſending it, and to ſhew her the way to return you an anſwer of it to my hands. If no weighty impediment intervenes, I intend to viſit my Eaſtern friends about the beginning of *April*, therefore I pray prepare your commands. And now, my dear friend, I find my health tendred by you with ſuch an over-flowing of affection, as it hath taught me to wiſh it with the more ardor, becauſe I may poſſibly incounter with occaſions that may render me able to ſhew how highly I reliſh ſuch an indearing kindneſs. But pardon me, 'tis more than I can do, when I write to you, not to be guilty of too many words, ſo loth I am to come to an end; but my comfort is, you know me for what I am,

Tours to perpetuity, R. L.

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